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I am thy affectionate friend

John Ford

MEMORIALS

OF

JOHN FORD.

EDITED BY

SILVANUS THOMPSON.

SECOND EDITION.

YORK:
WILLIAM SESSIONS, 15, LOW OUSEGATE,
1879.

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INTRODUCTION.

Amongst the instructions left by my beloved friend John Ford were the following relating to his Journals, bearing date 26th of Eleventh-Month, 1873.

"I wish my private Manuscripts of all kinds to come under no other eye than that of my dear friend Silvanus Thompson, until they have undergone his revision and selection.

"I have Journals kept at intervals from the Sixth-Month, 1820, to the present time. I have at various periods reconsidered and recorded my reasons for the practice so long continued. Primarily the benefit to myself has been the motive. This benefit has been continually associated in my mind with the words of the Psalmist, lxxvii. 10, 'I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.' The reading over at times of these records of answered prayers—of constraining, restraining and directing grace—of help in extremities—of counsel in difficulties—of deliverance and blessings—of times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord—of heartfelt, personal love for a personal,

ever-present, living Saviour—recurrence to these has often refreshed my spirit and cheered me to hold on my way. More especially at this late period of life, with fast failing bodily powers, these memoirs kindle feelings of lively gratitude for the unnumbered mercies and blessings of the past, and help to cherish the confiding trust, that the same loving-kindness, which has followed me all my life hitherto will keep me to the end. For these reasons and for others occurring among the memoranda I do not feel at liberty to destroy these memoirs and manuscripts.

"In addition to the foregoing, most of my memoranda are the records of efforts directed to the conscientious fulfilment of professional duties, in dependence upon Divine counsel and direction sought in earnest prayer, heard and answered, and followed by grateful, heart-felt acknowledgment. With these thoughts I leave the disposal of these Manuscripts to the judgment of my dear friend Silvanus Thompson and to such friends as he may incline to take into counsel, after careful revision by himself.

"In coming to these conclusions, my desire is that whatever use may be made of the records whether private or more public, they may tend to promote the interests of Christian education and to the encouragement of all engaged in the solemnly responsible work.

"JOHN FORD."

I believe that the records of John Ford's professional career are well calculated to cheer and

encourage others who are labouring in the same deeply important occupation, a calling in which trials and discouragements arise such as can be fully apprehended by those only who have had personal experience of them. It has appeared to me that the Journals also contain much that is valuable in the record of the strife maintained in the daily battle of life, by one in whom the work of Divine Grace was eminently conspicuous in toning down and bringing into subjection much that betokened human infirmity.

Some readers may be disappointed that the extracts from John Ford's Journals no not contain more of the *details* of his professional life. It may be said in explanation that he was in the habit of keeping a separate "School Journal;" but as this necessarily contained much of a personal nature respecting many now living, he destroyed a great portion of these memoranda a year or two before his decease.

It will be noticed that the extracts of the Jour-

nals consist largely of records of mercies and "times of refreshing" rather than of failures or mis-steppings. In reference to this point John Ford writes: (4 mo. 23, 1865)

"I dare not indulge in a morbid anatomy of thoughts and feelings, by a record of temptations yielded to or resisted. I know them but too well. But the loving-kindnesses of my Lord through all the past, I am too apt in the cloudy day to forget, and thus to live below the privileges even of a poor, erring, sinful believer such as I am; and so I record them still."

I have felt deeply the responsibility thrown upon me by my dear friend as to the disposal of his private papers. It has been my earnest desire to let him speak for himself, and to add only such brief explanatory and narrative matter as seemed needful. My acknowledgments are due to various kind friends and correspondents for valuable letters and other contributions that enrich the volume.

SILVANUS THOMPSON.

1, St. Mary's, York,
9th mo. 26th, 1877.

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Yea thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed:
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

F. W. H. Myers.

MEMORIALS

OF

JOHN FORD.

SECTION I.—ROCHESTER.

JOHN FORD, the second of the five sons of Joseph and Elizabeth Ford, was born on the 21st of Third month, 1801, in the City of Worcester, where his father carried on the business of a baker. For some generations the family had been members of the Society of Friends.

At the early age of six years and four months, John Ford was sent along with his elder brother Joseph to a boarding School at North Newton, subsequently removed to Overthorp, near Banbury. Whilst there he lost his mother, who died almost instantaneously from an attack of apoplexy as she was waiting in the surgery of their medical attendant to consult him about her youngest child. On leaving Overthorp, after remaining at home a few months, he went to Ackworth School in 1811. Little is known of his course there, but from what information has been gathered from some of his contemporaries, and the fact that he was appointed a "monitor," he appears to have maintained a respectable character in the school.* His principal companion and friend besides his brothers, was Thomas Pumphrey, also a native of Worcester, the future superintendent of Ackworth School. The close friendship between them continued till the death of the latter in 1862.

Leaving Ackworth School in Third month, 1815, at the age of fourteen, John Ford was articled for seven years as

* John Ford used to relate that the only time he was put into the "light and airy rooms" at Ackworth, was (by an apprentice) for the offence of leaping over a pool of water, left after a thunder-storm in the shed-court.

apprentice to Robert Styles, a schoolmaster of Rochester. There is an almost total dearth of information respecting him during the earlier part of his apprenticeship. Happily in his twentieth year he began to keep a Journal, which restricted as it was in the earlier portions to the few weeks of the annual vacation, affords some insight during those years into his pursuits as well as his intellectual and spiritual growth. Later in life, after making abstracts of the contents of these early records, and copies of portions of them, he committed the originals to the flames. From this revised manuscript which extends down to 1852 the following extracts are taken—

I have several manuscript records of the past. I have often found it instructive, sometimes encouraging, perhaps sometimes gratifying to self to read over these records. Sometimes too they have kindled love and gratitude in the recognition of the "arm unseen." It seems time to determine what to do with them. I feel hardly at liberty to burn them all, and yet there is much in them not worth preserving if even there is anything that *is*. Nevertheless I may perhaps still find instruction in reverting to the leading characteristics. Wherefore I propose to make an abstract:—

The earliest record is a holiday journal commencing 6th of Sixth month, 1820. I was then nineteen years and two months old. This summer, Robert Styles, with whom I had been since the 25th of Third month, 1815, as an apprentice, gave up his school at Boley Hill, Rochester, to Richard L. Weston, and I was transferred with the rest of the stock. The journal extends to the 17th of Seventh month. It contains many traces of affection for several interesting boys, one of whom continues to this day an attached friend. With regard to occupations, it seems they had been various. Manual labour of many kinds was expected and performed by young men in my position. This system ended with the departure of Robert Styles and the accession of R. L. Weston and his wife. The journal then notes time devoted to French, Latin, Mapping, translating French into English verse, &c. In the way of amusements, riding, boating and cricket are included, also bathing in the beautiful Medway.

In this journal I see no trace or scarcely a trace of religious

feeling. There is one memorandum of expression of thankfulness to God after a day spent very pleasantly as I then deemed it. Happily not one record is associated with the smallest recollection of any vicious propensity or act. I can feel grateful for this to-day, if I did not appreciate it then. Affection was my idol. I had been long isolated from all ties of consanguinity, and so fixed my affections on a few as above noted, with an intensity unequalled by any other sentiment till a higher love found place in my heart, and these were in some measure subordinated. [1853].

7 mo. 30, 1821.—Accompanied R. L. W. to London, travelling by steamboat from Gravesend, the first time by this then new mode of locomotion. [In this visit there is notice of going to Westminister Abbey to see the Coronation decorations, George IV. having been recently crowned. Returned from London with twenty-two scholars. Thus ends this second vacation journal. It appears to contain some traces of a sense of want, some perception of a need of patience, kindness, forgiveness, forbearance, &c.; but yet scarcely an indication of where and how help was to be obtained. Still the same absorbing affection for two or three interesting and affectionate boys. The vacation was more distinguished by frolic and gaiety than any previous or subsequent one. Happily again there hang about it no criminal recollections, except that of forgetfulness or ignorance of that which can alone gild the past—the Love of God in Jesus Christ. 1853.]

1822.—[I find notices of trains of thought in Meetings for worship that indicate the dawn of morning light;—also of an intense perception of enjoyment in the beauties of natural scenery. 1853.]

1823.—[Notices of solitary walks along the banks of the Severn and in other beautiful localities, in which, mingled with some sentimentalism, I see much of vivid enjoyment of scenery—the harmonies and beauties of nature—(not extinguished now by double years) and then beginning to be tinged with holier aspirations. 1853].

6 mo. 29.—[The anniversary of my father's wedding. All that remained of our family once more assembled in the paternal home, the first time for sixteen years,—the last time! 1853]. My thoughts turned to those whose place on earth shall know them no more: [my mother struck down by apoplexy in a moment in 1809, my eldest brother Joseph drowned whilst bathing in 1815,] and

believing as I do that the exchange has been for them a good exchange—earnest desires arose in my mind that I might by following their footsteps finally attain the desired haven: but the knowledge of my many deviations forcibly brought to my mind the language of Cowper,

> "But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
> Always from port withheld, always distressed,—
> Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
> Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
> And day by day some current's thwarting force
> Sets me more distant from a prosperous course."

7 mo. 10.—[A memorandum occurs at this date that seems to exhibit the sentimental merging into something better.] Walking along the Severn on a wet, mizzling evening, spiritless and desponding, the beautiful lines of Moore occurred to me,

> "There's nothing dark, below, above,
> But in its gloom I trace Thy love;
> And meekly wait that moment, when
> Thy touch shall turn all bright again!"

Cheered and encouraged by this beautiful sentiment, I regained a more lively air and a lighter heart, resolving with humility and distrust of my own strength to pursue the path of rectitude.

[Another note of a lonely, meditative walk, concludes as follows]:—How encouraging to the mind which conscious of numerous failings and frailties still wishes at times to keep the narrow road, is the following,

> "He reads the language of a silent tear,
> And sighs are incense from a heart sincere."

7 mo. 27.—Went to Meeting with ——— this evening, for the last time perhaps at Worcester. It was a solemn Meeting to me. I was enabled earnestly to desire for myself that I might be endowed with strength sufficient for the weight of my fast approaching engagements, and with that patience, meekness and condescension so requisite to one engaged in the arduous and important task of educating others.

1 mo. 13, 1824.—I frequently, and I think with sincerity, resolve to be more guarded in some particulars; and then in one short hour all seems forgotten as though it had not been. We are now commencing business again. Oh may He who was meek and lowly of heart graciously condescend to be my teacher,

and be pleased to create a more earnest desire to become His scholar. I see increasingly the beauty of meekness, humility and forbearance. May I be more and more enabled to practise those excellent Christian virtues, and with reverence and tears, I write, may the Almighty of His infinite goodness grant His blessing on my labours during the present half-year.

6 mo. 9.—Private interview with a scholar who had given me much trouble. To a few words kindly spoken, he replied that he was extremely sorry, and that when he returned to school he would endeavour to avoid troubling me by his conduct. After this I took a walk in the fields, and though looking back on the half-year just elapsed I find much, very much, to deplore, yet the remembrance of this interview and of one or two other times, created a feeling of humble gratitude, and a cheering hope that I was yet, though totally unworthy, an object of the compassionate regard of my Heavenly Father.

6 mo. 20.—Favoured to feel the spirit of supplication, and, with tears confessed my many failings and entreated for pardon. I know whilst thus writing how very frail, how liable to err, how continually unwatchful I am, but I pray that I may yet be enabled to persevere.

During this vacation John Ford was engaged in teaching an interesting little boy, W. Curry Hillier; who subsequently became an architect, built a Christian church near the Jaffa gate in Jerusalem, and died there. Latin and Greek also occupied J. F's. attention several hours almost daily; on one occasion 8½ hours study are noted; on another, ten hours spent on Homer, Ovid and writing Latin prose.

7 mo. 27.—The holidays are now over. I am once more starting afresh. Oh may I not only start well but continue to run well. I know by mournful experience that I am utterly incapable of doing so by any strength of my own; therefore may I make it my more than daily endeavour to look unto the never failing source of strength. Of patience, humility and meekness I stand in peculiar need; may I so seek after these as to find them.

[The next series of memoranda relate to the school session. They abound in self-condemnation in reference to the want of patience, meekness and forbearance. In looking back on the

period I can see that much of this arose from over-tasked physical and mental powers. The experience has been useful to me in my care of young men as Teachers. 1853].

8 mo. 21.—I have been on duty this week, and in some respects have been favoured to get through pretty well. Sometimes I believe when I make use of angry expressions and manner, it results in a great degree from an almost entire exhaustion of the physical powers. [I am more inclined to accept that excuse to-day than when I wrote it: that is, in looking back at the modes of teaching, the circumstances of the school,—the head having little authority,—exhaustion of spirits acting upon a highly sensitive nervous system, and a mind consequently subject to intense feeling, account for these outbreaks and the ever recurring lamentations over them. The strife was maintained. 1853].

8 mo. 29.—Called on ———; asked to take wine: took a glass: a second pressed: refused, but as ——— was peremptory I yielded much against my will. I will not flatter myself that I shall for the future be able to resist earnest entreaty to take a second. I intend not to do it, and if I should I will make a memorandum of it.

9 mo. 12.—I have destroyed several cantos of a poem, which though I have highly admired parts of it, I can no longer retain with peace.

A subsequent entry records the destruction for the same reason of a set of the works of the same author, which had been a much valued gift.

11 mo. 8.—To-day after dinner I went up to my bedroom and read a chapter in the Testament, and endeavoured to prepare myself for the duties of the afternoon: but alas, before the afternoon was half gone I got entirely out of temper and was very cross.

In a retrospect at the close of the year 1824, the following memoranda occur.

Convinced of the danger of conviviality, I some time ago had resolved never to drink more than one glass of wine at a sitting, but for want of firmness I have frequently broken through my resolution. One evening lately I supped at ————'s: I

drank one glass, resisted the second for a time—gave way to banter—and drank three or four more. Another failing is I talk too much at random. If in the course of conversation an idea arises likely to excite mirth, I almost invariably give it utterance. I sometimes omit to devote a little time at noon and in the evening to retirement and perusal of the Scriptures.

New Year's Day, 1825.—With respect to employment, I am more and more convinced that the important one in which I am engaged is the right one, and that to which I am to look not only as the means of subsistence but as the post allotted me to fill; so that with my present impressions I think I should be unwilling to accept a situation affording better pecuniary profits were such to offer. With respect to the pursuit of knowledge, I desire to use all the diligence and ardour that may consist with and subserve knowledge which shall remain when tongues shall cease.

1 mo. 30.—I have endeavoured with some success to avoid anger. I have been frequently much provoked with ——— [a sort of boy Topsy, 1854]: but yesterday I had a little conversation with him, apparently accidental, he being the first to introduce it, in which his manner seemed once more to revive my hopes. I spoke to him in the spirit of love and meekness, and I trust that the effect on both him and myself was beneficial.

2 mo. 17.—This week I was on duty, and had some delinquents to detain this afternoon. I omitted to do it, not wishing to dissipate any feelings suggested by the foregoing topic, [an address to the boys on the death of a young person], and desirous too of availing myself of the argument of kindness. In the evening some of them when retiring to bed noticed it to me and said they would try to be good boys in return. I encouraged them so to do. I also spoke to ——— [the Topsy before noted]: he received my remarks kindly, but he is too much like myself, he so soon forgets!

3 mo. 16.—The powerful ministry of Ann Alexander, who was visiting Rochester, had I believe a stimulating and encouraging effect on my mind.—[I completed my 24th year and my 10th of residence at Rochester about this time. Both these circumstances appear to have awakened serious thoughtfulness, and to have excited to renewed strife against all evil—a strife which possibly might have been more successful, had the Saviour

and His love, and faith in Him,—and reference to Him and prayer expressly offered in His name been more frequent exercises of my own mind, and more frequent topics of the ministry. I trace much contrition of mind, much of prayerful exercise; and yet possibly a misconception as to the mode by which peace of mind and a sense of reconciliation were to be attained: perhaps something of a "going about to establish" my own righteousness. And yet how gratefully, I think I can say in reviewing these painful struggles, how gratefully now I can recognize the hand that led me through the wilderness, and that has kept me to this day. 1854].

[Will any eye ever glance over this page and gather encouragement from the following? 1854] 4 mo. 16.—Took a solitary walk after tea; reflected with sorrow on the expired week because I have been extremely cross several times.

5 mo. 1.—This evening again, during a few solitary moments in the schoolroom whilst the boys were at supper, sorrow for the manner in which my time was occupied in Meeting seemed to prevail. [This is one of the most frequently recorded difficulties of these my early days. They stand in marked contrast with the notices of heavenly favour and enjoyments in the retirement of my own bedroom—in solitary walks numberless, and in silent hours in the schoolroom, of which after eight o'clock, I was often the sole occupant, sometimes till midnight and beyond. I believe there is a wondrous and most merciful adaptation in the Divine dealings with man, varying with his mental habits and constitution. To a mind of great power and able to control the imagination, and to concentrate itself upon the solemnites of united public worship—our silent Meetings may be and doubtless are seasons of refreshing enjoyment. My mind was never such—but unconcentrative—a winged imagination too little subject to control. Highly as I estimate the privilege of public worship as beyond all price, much as I owe it, in the remembrance of instruction sealed on my spirit, sometimes by vocal ministry, sometimes by the immediate teachings of the Divine Spirit—and often as I can recall seasons in which I have been sensible of the Divine presence covering our assembly with a solemnity beyond the power of language to describe—yet the heat of conflict—the wrestling in prayer—the overwhelming sense of gratitude and love, the flashing train of thought and feeling too rapid and too deep for the poverty of

language to express—these have been—they still are—the exercises, the enjoyments of brief moments of intensity in the solitary walk, in the silent chamber. 1854].

5 mo. 10.—Very unkind. Scarcely anything like meekness or gentleness in me. I feel this evening as if a line from Milton expressed my condition, "Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen!"

5 mo. 12.—This day I have felt the tendering influence of Divine love: for this unmerited favour may I feel grateful this evening. [And so the conflict was maintained. "I was brought low and *He* helped me." 1854].

6 mo. 13.—Though I think I have got through the half-year just closing better than any preceding one, I sincerely hope that the next may be much better: there is abundance of room for improvement. Unkindness, to give it no harsher name, has been too often the stamp of my conduct, though I have generally been favoured to see my error, to acknowledge it or to make amends for it. Oh that this spirit may be entirely rooted out, and instead of it, the meekness, gentleness and forbearance of our Holy pattern, Christ Jesus, implanted.

7 mo. 10.—Thomas Pumphrey spoke in Meeting, "Are there not some amongst you who have heard a voice saying, 'this is the way, walk in it?' I am certain there are such. This is no other than the voice of Christ, calling, inviting and alluring us to follow Him." He went on to allude to the calling of the several apostles as described Matt. iv. 18—22, dwelling on the word '*immediately*'—no conferring with flesh and blood—that we must be willing to follow Christ not only to the Temple and the Mount, but also to the Garden and to Calvary—that the same feeling of desertion which prompted the words "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" sometimes attended His faithful followers.—Before I came to Worcester I had a prospect of a requiring of a very arduous and distressing character. Since I have been at home it has revived with great force, but I had hitherto avoided it and endeavoured to get from under it. It was again brought before me whilst sitting in Meeting. I felt something like a prayer for resignation, at the same time wishing for some prospect of escape.—Just at this moment Thomas Pumphrey appeared in prayer. He prayed for those who might be thinking the Divine requirings hard—that they might be

strengthened to submit to do whatever the Lord might be requiring at their hand, thinking nothing too trivial, but yielding implicit, unreserved obedience—that those who had in some degree come out of bondage into the glorious liberty of the sons of God, might be preserved in deep humility—that those who had to drink of the cup of affliction might witness His everlasting arms to be underneath for their preservation. Part of this seemed so applicable to my state of mind that it appeared to me his prayer was granted, and strength was given me to submit. Great tenderness of spirit was prevalent with me till the close of the meeting, so that when T. P. shook hands with me after Meeting, I was obliged to turn hastily from him to conceal my emotion. I walked home with my dear father and did what I believed to have been required of me, and found inexpressible satisfaction, resulting from obedience, so that I could have uttered the voice of thanksgiving which did indeed rise in my heart! [It was the simple acknowledgment of a fault committed years ago; humiliating as it was to an over-sensitive nature, it was abundantly blessed: few things have seemed hard since: it was in some degree taking upon me the yoke of Christ —borne since that day sometimes restlessly and impatiently, but never I trust shaken off;—more and more meekly, more and more willingly may I ever bear it! 1854].

9 mo. 18.—I was on duty last week—got out of temper terribly on Sixth-day—better on Seventh. * * * * [Terribly cross as I wrote myself to be, I can yet remember a maxim that helped as a counterpoise—never to go to bed at variance with anyone if it could possibly be prevented by a concession—a kind word, a kind look—a friendly farewell—and so though often terribly cross, I had a very large share of enjoyment in the affectionate attachment of a large number of interesting youths. 1854].

6 mo. 12, 1826.—This day brings another half-year to a close. The retrospect is perhaps less painful than that of many preceding ones. Of all that affords pleasure in the review, of all the instances in which the spirit of love and kindness has checked the propensity to impatience or anger, the praise belongs to Him alone without whose aid I am nothing. To Him I desire to return the tribute of a grateful heart for His innumerable blessings. Notwithstanding my weaknesses and failings, Divine help has at times been very near. The remembrance of it is

transcendently precious. Love has increased in a remarkable degree amongst the members of our large family. I do sincerely rejoice in the belief that many of my beloved young friends here have witnessed a growth in that which is supremely good.

11 mo. 30.—To-day after dinner, I thought of retiring to my room as usual for a few minutes, when a suggestion crossed my mind that it was of no use, but something like a solemn farce or mockery. However I felt disposed to reject the suggestion and went as usual. I read a few verses in the New Testament—one seemed to arrest my attention, "Peter followed afar off." I felt an earnest desire that I might still aim at following, though I felt myself exceedingly "far off." Tenderness and contrition revived; I confessed my extreme unworthiness and asked for help. Since then I have felt more cheerfulness and serenity than I have known for a long time.

Family troubles which need not be referred to more particularly, had for some years been casting their depressing shades over John Ford's path. About this period they reached their climax; and at times they seemed almost overwhelming. Trials of this kind were permitted to be his lot till far advanced in life. Yet it was evident that these troubles were blessed to his spiritual growth, and from his own deep experience he was enabled to enter into close sympathy with others in their afflictions.

1827.—[In looking back on this time of deep distress, I think I can thankfully acknowledge the preserving love and mercy of my heavenly Father to me in that I was not also a fugitive or worse. How often in those days did He forgive and restore, and when "in sins and sorrow sunk, revive my soul with grace." I can dimly at least see too the wisdom of the discipline of distress and sorrow. "Who hath made thee to differ?" 1857].

1 mo. 7.—Dined with ———. In the course of conversation he applied the term mysticism to some sentiments which I advanced. Oh may neither this nor far sharper sarcasms ever shake my confidence in Divine guidance even in small matters. Those who earnestly seek it, will I believe never be confounded. The prospect may at times appear gloomy and events contrary,

but in the end all will be found to have been directed by Eternal Wisdom.

2 mo. 21.—Let me put repining and murmuring far away, and endeavour with heartfelt, humble resignation to say "Thy will be done!" Oh may the gracious intents of Divine Goodness in these multiplied dispensations of sorrow, be carried forward to their completion unfrustrated by my perverse and unsubdued will. This evening I trust an humble and resigned spirit is in a very small degree prevalent. Oh! I could even rejoice in these afflictions, could cherish them as the choicest blessings, did they but humble my proud heart. Oh! may they yet affect it! Neither wealth nor honour, nor fame nor long life do I crave. Grant me O merciful Father the true riches, and I will be even more than gratefully content! "Thou hast been my help, leave me not neither forsake me, O God of my salvation."

3 mo. 21.—Entered my 27th year. Rose soon after six, took a walk to the dell, read in my pocket Testament. Got back just as the bell rang for school. Several times to-day I have felt desirous to attain to a feeling of gratitude and that gratitude might become a strong influential principle. "If ye love Me keep My commandments." May I be enabled to maintain the watch so that when the 27th year of my life draws towards its close, it may present less cause of regret in retrospect than its predecessors. If the silver cord should be loosed ere that period arrives, may the day's work have so kept pace with the day as that I may entertain a humble hope in the mercy of God through the ever blessed Redeemer, our Lord Jesus Christ, that all will be well.

5 mo. 15.—I could at times almost believe that I am in my right field of labour, but my own many deficiencies seem to forbid my labouring as I would for the good of others. How can I recommend meekness, kindness, gentleness, humility and the rest of that lovely Christian train, whilst manifesting that I do not possess them myself. "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways." Oh that I could with David deeply feel the necessity of this and earnestly pray for it; THEN indeed I think I could with some boldness endeavour to teach.

This afternoon was perhaps the happiest I ever knew. I do not think I either said or did a single unkind thing. I felt grateful for the blessing. I am most sure it was not of myself.

7 mo. 26.—As I was leaving the schoolroom this afternoon, the thought occurred that probably the next time I should enter there, I should have commenced my solemn engagements again; and feeling the spirit of prayer prevalent, I paused, and on the bended knee and under a sense of my own utter inability to preserve myself, petitioned the Almighty to protect and guard me from evil, and to increase in me the love and fear of Him, my gracious God. Oh how precious is the spirit of prayer! Even now I would entreat the Lord to take away from me all evil tempers, all anger, impatience, ungentleness and unkindness, and to bestow upon me a humble, a meek, forbearing, forgiving disposition, and to be with me when tried and tempted.

10 mo. 24.—"I sometimes rejoice," says Henry Martyn, "that I am not 27 years of age, and that, unless God should order it otherwise, I may double the number in constant and successful labour." Such were his sentiments when at my present age, and what are mine? Perhaps somewhat as follows: "I am not 27 years of age, and am almost ready to faint by the way, and to long for the end of the journey. If I look forward to a continuance in my present field of labour, my heart sinks within me; unsubdued evil within, so frequently manifesting itself without, makes me fear that I shall be an unprofitable servant at last." [So I wrote in 1827. More than twice twenty-seven years have now passed over me and I am still in a like field of labour. I look back upon those early years of trial and of much severe self-condemnation, not only as useful discipline but as useful experience. Much that tried me, impatience and its humiliating results, arose from over pressure. Nearly all the moral weight of a school of more than sixty boys fell upon me. My days were sometimes 16, 17 and 18 hours—up before six—retiring between eleven and twelve—highly sensitive and easily excited nervous system—poor digestive powers—frequent headaches—ceaseless activity—all these combinations account for much that distressed me. They have taught me that early hours of retiring—cares and burdens better adapted to the ability to bear them—ultimate authority to appeal to in difficulty, would tend greatly to aid a young teacher to fulfil his daily duties with more peace of mind than was often my portion. 1858].

3 mo. 23, 1828.—On sitting down in Meeting to-day something very precious was felt—a perception of the full adequacy of the Saviour's sacrifice to atone for sin. This appeared of inestimable value. I felt the need of it, and some degree of faith in its sufficiency. This was a strength to me through the day. A hope in eternal mercy seemed like a cordial under trials and discouragements. I find myself very unwilling to get up early enough to read, &c., before commencing. I am afraid it is idleness, and yet I feel very languid and unrested in the morning.

John Ford had now entered his twenty-eighth year, and he had been thirteen years a teacher at Rochester. The time for a change had arrived. William Simpson, the writer of the letter alluded to in the following extract, had formerly resided at Rochester, but for the last five or six years he had kept a boarding school in Lawrence Street, York. On account of health he was desirous of withdrawing from the profession, and he applied to John Ford to see how far he was prepared to become his successor. Ten years previously Yorkshire Quarterly Meeting of the Society of Friends had had under consideration the establishment of a boarding school under its own control, "which would afford a liberal, guarded and religious education, on moderate terms, to the sons of Friends who were not considered objects of Ackworth School." The project however was not then carried into effect. But now when William Simpson announced his intention of giving up his establishment, which had been carried on in premises the property of the Quarterly Meeting then considered eligible and commodious, the scheme was again revived. After full consideration the Quarterly Meeting decided to establish a school; a committee of management was empowered to carry out the details, and John Ford was appointed Head Master or Superintendent.

3 mo. 28.—This evening I received a letter from William Simpson of York, which may possibly lead to a new epoch in my life. My first thoughts were painful as involving the idea of leaving a place so full of beloved recollections, and friends whom I love so truly, as well as so many dear ones among the

scholars, such altogether as I may never meet again—giving up my beautiful flock to a stranger, and disappointing some who had looked to my continuance here. In the other scale I placed the idea of increased ability to minister to the comfort of my dear father, whose residence at York favoured this idea. Perhaps too some visions of possible happiness floated before me. But alas! I *am* and I sometimes really feel myself to be utterly unworthy of the least of the Lord's mercies. I believe I can honestly say in reference to this prospect, my prayer is that if not right for me it may be frustrated.

3 mo. 31.—Wrote to W. Simpson to say I was willing to treat with him. I did not come hastily to this conclusion, not if I may say so, till I had sought for the direction and committed the matter to the disposal of Infinite Wisdom.

6 mo. 10.—Another half-year has at length passed away? How I long to be clothed with that spirit of kindness and love which is

> "Ne'er ruffled by those cataracts and breaks
> Which humour interposed too often makes."

In reviewing the past I find abundant room for improvement, and long for the time of commencing again, and making under the Divine blessing a fresh effort to attain a little nearer to the high standard which I strive to keep in view, and to illustrate if possible in some degree the beautiful character of a true Christian teacher. This is a high ambition, but a worthy one I believe. That I may continue, though through trials and difficulties, discouragements and infirmities, to follow after, if so that I may attain, is my very sincere desire.

6 mo. 15.—In my retirement in my bed-room, I took up "Sacred Poetry" and found the hymn "There is a fountain," &c. The sacred spirit of prayer seemed poured upon me instantaneously; and prostrating myself as at the footstool of the throne, I found more than usual freedom of access, and poured out my prayer before the Lord, offering also thanksgiving for the fountain opened, entreating that I might experience its blessed cleansing power; pleading in the name and through the merits of Him through whom alone we have access by one Spirit unto the Father, even our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

9 mo. 13.—I spoke to ——— and ——— about disorder in Meeting, and from their conduct when spoken to I felt much disposed to be angry; but it happily occurred to me to try the effect of a mild remonstrance. I did so; and it succeeded excellently. I believe all three went away with tears in their eyes. The thoughts of being about to leave this beloved circle are very painful.

11 mo. 2.—First-day. Though about to leave to-morrow, I called the boys and attended to scriptural instruction till breakfast time. I attended to them at supper time and heard them repeat some pieces of poetry. I lastly informed them that I was about to leave. I expressed the regret I felt that I had in too many instances departed from the law of kindness and gentleness; that nevertheless it had been my endeavour to live in love with them and to promote their interests in every way. I alluded to the time spent in scriptural instruction, and expressed my wish that fruit might yet appear. The deep silence that prevailed, and the tears that many shed, surprised and affected me deeply. They withdrew silently to the schoolroom and settled quietly to their books. After evening reading I attended them to their bedrooms, and took leave of each boy separately. I received fresh proofs of their affection: many shook hands with me in silence and tears.

John Ford left Rochester the following morning, and after staying a few days in the neighbourhood of London, arrived at York on the 15th of Eleventh Month, 1828.

SECTION II.

LAWRENCE STREET, YORK.

On arriving at York, John Ford became the guest of his kind friend Samuel Tuke, until the School opened on New Year's day, 1829.

Any account of York School would be incomplete without some notice of the important services rendered by Samuel Tuke in its establishment, and as an active member of the Committee of management during the succeeding twenty years. It was largely through his exertions and the deep interest he took in the cause of Education, that the Quarterly Meeting was induced to undertake the responsibility of the School. His eldest son, Henry, had been a scholar at Rochester, and it was in his visits to the school there that Samuel Tuke became acquainted with John Ford. How deeply the latter was indebted to the wise counsels and unvarying sympathy and kindness of his revered and honoured friend, cannot be told. "Amongst my choicest outward blessings," writes John Ford shortly after the school opened, "I number that of having such a friend as Samuel Tuke."

1 mo, 4, 1829.—A new era has opened in my life. A situation of great and awful responsibility has been exchanged for one still more so. Yet I cannot but believe in my best moments that my post is of Divine appointment, disqualified as I feel for it. May faith be granted me to believe that "the Lord is nigh unto all that call upon Him in truth,"—that those who come unto Christ, He will in no wise cast out.

1 mo. 29.—I have had some favoured visitations of Divine goodness I think I may venture to say, and I do not know that the

truly consoling and strengthening doctrine of the atonement ever presented itself so forcibly to my mind as of late. I think our evening readings have sometimes been condescendingly owned, and prayer has silently ascended on behalf of the flock that is given me.

2 mo. 22.—Let the fire do its work in me, there is much that wants consuming. Already I believe the name of Jesus is become to me increasingly precious, the blood of atonement, *God reconciled in Christ*, more frequently recurred to, and more highly prized; the necessity felt not of daily only but of hourly, yea continual supplies of strength to sustain and of grace to preserve. Oh mayest Thou who alone art able to keep us from falling, and to present us before His presence with exceeding joy, be near me so that I at last may be one of the happy number.

6 mo. 14.—First-day. I spent the day almost entirely among the boys and very pleasantly. They repeated poetry as usual and answered questions in Scripture before breakfast. In the evening I addressed them as about to separate. I began under a feeling of incapacity, but as I went on, a precious covering seemed spread over us; several of the boys were in tears. It was worth a half-year's toil and watching to attain it. [Such was my first leave-taking of a beloved circle 29 years ago; many a precious leave-taking has been granted me since. May the last when it comes, (if it be not already passed) be thus blest! 1858.]

8 mo. 9.—Last Second-day evening my mind was much exercised with a prospect of vocal prayer (at reading time) for the Divine blessing on the commenced half-year. Several friends were present, and I put it by for "a more convenient season," but not without a feeling of condemnation I have since prayed in private for strength to perform the duty should it be again presented. This evening after considerable conflict, I obeyed, and in a few words besought the Almighty to grant us His blessing. Felt a peaceful reward.

11 mo. 4.—(Referring to domestic troubles.) The clouds of last evening continued nearly all day—dispersed a little in the afternoon but gathered again towards night. Heaven is a blessed place! Oh that a mansion may be prepared for me there by redeeming love! *There* are no clouds—no surmisings

—no distrust—neither pain nor sorrow nor sighing nor any such thing!

3 mo. 21, 1830.—I have completed my twenty-ninth year to-day. Though not under a very lively feeling, I have not been without sincere desires for advancement in the Christian course. I have no one here to notice the recurrence of the day and wish me well as on former birthdays, but if I have advanced one campaign nearer victory, it matters little if I still fight alone.

4 mo 17.—I have often lately seemed objectless and lonely, often recurring to the scenes, the friends, the pursuits, the pleasures of the past! Then again better thoughts arise. I wish to tread patiently the path before me and to keep my eye fixed on the *end*. "Finis coronat opus." "Gad, a troop shall overcome him, but he shall overcome at the last;" may the latter part be as surely fulfilled in my experience as the former has been! Often has the troop of evil from within and from without, overcome; but what a glorious promise, "He shall overcome at last."

2 mo. 22, 1831.—Oh when feeling that it is a painful and sometimes dubious warfare, pressed from without by hostilities of various kinds—the world, the flesh and the Devil in arms, traitors in the camp threatening to surrender, a heart prone to idolatry—feeling all these and more than these, who would not long for the dawn of the glorious day of ultimate freedom! who would not long to be "absent from the body and to be present with the Lord!"

6 mo. 16.—The annual examination of the scholars was conducted to-day. I committed the cause to God in prayer repeatedly, and during the examination in the Scriptures the sense of His mercy and goodness was richly felt. It expelled all anxiety as to what might be thought by others. Secretly, and perhaps it should have been openly, I ascribed to Him to whom alone it was due, all the praise. Most unfeignedly can I testify that I feel my love for my "beautiful flock" increased; I look with pain to their departure, to our separation. Oh that daily we may remember each other, and be remembered and presented by each other before the Throne.

6 mo. 25.—And now they are all gone! Oh the painful, aching vapidity that comes over me in every interval of employment! The empty, noiseless play-ground, the absence of every face that would expand into a smile or kindle one, not a single thing left to receive or return an affectionate word or look. "This is to be alone." Oh that all my affections were set on heavenly things!

During the vacation of 1831, John Ford made a tour on the Continent. Crossing from Dover to Calais, he travelled chiefly by diligence, visiting Paris and Geneva, and the vale of Chamonix, and returning across France via Rouen and Dieppe. After he settled at York it was his custom to leave home during the annual vacations as much as circumstances permitted, not merely for the sake of health and recreation, but being necessarily associated chiefly with the young whilst the School was in session, he felt strongly the desirability of mixing as much as he could with others nearer his own age; and so by contact with those who lived in a wider sphere, maintaining that freshness which, without care, is apt to be impaired by confinement to "the little world of a School."—For the same reason he was glad to mingle in the social circles of his friends, where his literary tastes and conversational powers made him welcome.

1831.—[In Paris on my return, on the occasion of a grand review in commemoration of "Les trois jours," I saw several of the great actors in the past, destined also to illustrate again in a few years the uncertain tenure of exalted rank—Louis Philippe—Don Pedro, Ex-emperor of Brazil—the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, sons of Louis—Generals Soult and Sebastiani. The Queen Marie Louise and her other sons and daughters were in the balcony of the Palais de Justice. Little Monpensier, eight or nine years old, was dressed in the costume of a national guard. 1864.]

6 mo. 3, 1832.—A single case of cholera occurred to-day in York. On the 18th all the scholars had gone home. The city wears a most melancholy aspect. Hearses, mourning coaches, tolling bells, assail the eye and ear continually. Great hostility

is manifested against the medical men. "Burker," "butcher," "thief," &c., are lavished upon them; but the spread of the disorder quelled a little these unchristian outcries.

6 mo. 17,—First-day. Upwards of £60 collected in Meeting to-day, for the distressed poor in the cholera. The city divided into districts. Samuel Tuke and myself appointed for Walmgate.

6 mo. 28.—Drank tea with Thomas Backhouse at the Friars' Gardens. We went on the City-wall which overlooks the Cholera Burial Ground. The service was being read over a poor woman who twenty-four hours previously had been alive and well. There was no mourner but the bereaved husband. The numerous recent graves and one more preparing, raised feelings of sympathy with the afflicted, and a sense of awe in observing these outward signs of the Divine chastisements.

The contrast of the scene immediately below me, and that which met the eye in looking beyond it, was very striking. It was a beautiful evening—the sky as clear—the birds as musical—the slowly-sinking sun as splendid—the river as bright and tranquil "as if earth possessed no tomb"—nothing in the external aspect of nature to remind us of *Sin*.

From Samuel Tuke to John Ford.

York, 7 mo. 21.—The accounts for the last week of the disease in our City have been so favourable that we are (perhaps too hastily) pleasing ourselves with the hope that it is about to leave us at least for a time, and that our Schools may be permitted to re-open either at or very soon after the usual time. As many of our committee are likely to be at Ackworth next week, we conclude to consult those who may be there on the subject of re-opening, and to issue a circular stating the decision. * * *

I am pleased thou hast enjoyed thy Westmorland tour. I recollect my own impressions on the first visit to those scenes of gentle sublimity and apparent peace. I dare say thou almost wished to tabernacle amongst them, and quit the toils and cares of an arduous public station. Solomon's result—vanity and vexation—is found however in this as well as every other search after peace—save *one*. Alas! that with so many this *one* should be the *last* they try, and that so many would fain try it

when it is too late. I judge of thy hankering after a snug cottage by Grasmere water or in Patterdale, by my own *often longings* in former days when I used frequently to visit Westmorland, and was very wont to fancy that some *place* of peace was to be found other than by Siloam's brook, or beneath the shadow of that Rock which is so grateful to the pilgrim in a weary land;——— and *yet*, spite of experience, like the poor Israelites, I have often hankerings after the good things of Egypt, though they may take a more refined form than that of onions and flesh-pots.—Oh, how happy are those who like Paul consult not with flesh and blood, but are obedient to the heavenly message, and by a holy decision count all as loss and dross that they may win Christ.

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8 mo. 24.—After rowing about two miles up the river and back, I returned tired: before night I became very unwell with choleritic symptoms. C. Williams took prompt measures, and sent me to bed where I remained till the 27th. During this illness, knowing that the fatal cholera was in the city, I could not but look seriously towards a probable summons. I trust it was not insensible stupidity, nor yet the more fearful malady of a hard heart that enabled me to contemplate a change without dismay. Death seemed fearful, but the gloom reached not beyond. I examined the ground of my hopes; it was not good works—nor full dedication of heart—nor yet cheerful obedience—nor yet sincere attempts and arduous struggles. It was a calm hope in Redeeming love and mercy, not so much joyous as tranquil. I felt that I could quietly commend myself and the result to God. Though I often fall, sin is not my delight; it is my burden, my grief, my abhorrence. I long to serve Christ more ardently, more faithfully. Since I have known the Christian's hope—and I dare not doubt that I do know something of it—I can say with Cowper,

> "I never trusted in an arm save Thine,
> Nor hoped but in Thy righteousness divine."

On leaving my bed for the first time, I enjoyed the unspeakable favour of a heart overflowing with gratitude, and was enabled to pour it out before the Lord.

8 mo. 31.—I attended the evening reading, and read the 145th Psalm. My voice faltered at the verse, "The Lord is

good to all: and His tender mercies are over all His works." It is indeed a blessed thing to be smitten. I would not choose for myself unvarying health. Many times during this brief cessation I have felt the love of God exceedingly near, the Saviour in whom is all my trust exceedingly precious. My heart has been contrited in reverting to the past, and expanded with hope in looking to the future. May the remembrance of these things stimulate me to persevere! May I be preserved in watchfulness and prayer hour by hour, till "well done" shall dismiss me into the joy of my Lord!

12 mo. 31.—I have seen many of the parents this time: they seem without exception well satisfied. I desire to be thankful for this, and that I may be enabled to stand approved not only in their sight, but in His, whose servant, though most unworthy, I wish to consider myself in my station here.

At our evening reading, I alluded to the preservation from pestilence that we had experienced; and in consideration of the goodness of God to us, invited all to unite in lifting up our hearts to Him in thanksgiving for His many mercies, and in prayer that He would continue His goodness to us and increase in our hearts daily the love and fear of Him. Solemnity seemed to cover us, and I trust aspirations did ascend and some renewal of covenant was entered into. For myself I look to the new year with a trembling hope. Something seems to whisper at times—it is of no use—things will go on as heretofore—a temporary resistance—and then a parley, and then a defeat—but still a better voice is at times heard saying, "fight on—take the whole armour—watch as well as pray—watch unto prayer." Lord help me to say in Thy name, in dependence on Thy Holy Spirit's aid, "So I will," and then at the last day of all—though a troop may have overcome me at times, I may overcome at the last.

2 mo. 22, 1833.—Nearly two months have gone by since I noted down any of the fleeting events of a little-varied but conflicting journey. I have indeed not done all that I would have done—and much, very much, daily that I would not, *that* I still do, but still I hope on.

5 mo. 16.—I breakfasted this morning with my friend John Phillips.* I admired his varied and successful application of

* Subsequently Professor Phillips of Oxford, the noted Geologist, at this time Curator of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society's Museum at York.

talent. He makes his own barometers, and with such accuracy of construction that he says he can measure the height of a wall by them. His thermometers are also his own manufacture, and he has invented a new form of a self-registering thermometer. He has a dipping-needle and one on which he observes the variation of the compass—this morning he says it is 25° west. He has a rain-gauge of his own contrivance which I intend to adopt. In his garden he has a stone tablet with a meridian line drawn upon it. He has telescopes—geological maps of his own delineating and colouring—he is a lithographer and has a turning lathe. I have enumerated these pursuits of my friend to stimulate myself to more diligence in science.

6 mo. 6.—I begin to look with painful thoughts towards the dispersion of my flock. Ill qualified as I am, and I make not the assertion lightly, yet I find so much happiness, even in the struggling, toiling, self-contesting life which I lead—so much pleasure in intercourse of various kinds with the boys, that I really look with sad forebodings to the dreary vacuity of the approaching recess. I have no other object yet in which I find a response to those feelings in which I delight—affectionate interest in the happiness and advantage of others, and to which I please myself with thinking that I do find some response in many by whom I am surrounded.

6 mo. 18.—The examination in the Scriptures was held this evening. It was attended, I thought with some evidence of Divine regard. A feeling of chastened pleasure during the progress of the evening's proceedings affected me deeply. In conclusion Samuel Tuke addressed the scholars. I felt pleased with the proceedings of the day. Much gratification was expressed by many whose judgment and sincerity were to be depended upon. Neither was I devoid of gratitude to Him whose help I had sought in prayer. Nor was this help withheld. I was enabled to go calmly and temperately through the arduous duties of the day.

1 mo. 13, 1834.—The close of last year and the commencement of the present have abounded with trials from without and from within. I have pondered the step of quitting this post, but I cannot lose the belief that this is my *right* post, and that in no other could I expect to find peace ; and that here, through evil report and good report, I may have peace within, if I do

but keep a single eye to Him and His help, who, I cannot but believe brought me hither.

4 mo. 30.—I got rid of a heavy load to-day in admonishing an individual not of my household. I endeavoured to do it faithfully. Few things that I remember have oppressed me so much. I made it the subject of more than one prayer. I trust that in setting forth the enormity of the sin in the sight of a pure and holy God, I did though weakly and imperfectly discharge my conscience.

1835. [Nearly a year passed by with only very brief notice of incidents and almost no reference to the inner life. In the early part of this year I frequently visited Stephen Robson, then an invalid dying of consumption. His course ended in peace. 1864.]

9 mo. 13.—Oh that desires and endeavours after true holiness may increase in me! I have no hopes of salvation but in the unmerited mercy of the dear Redeemer, and I long to show that I love Him by living near Him, and trying to copy His example. A subject of personal interest sometimes comes before me, in the thought that "it is not good for man to be alone," and yet the way does not appear open for a change. My path in life has been so little of my own choosing that I do not like to venture on my own contriving in this: and yet I fear lest I should be looking for too specific direction and may not be doing my own part. I should rejoice in a little light on the subject. I can honestly say I should prefer the Lord's choosing to my own, whether for single life or for the apparently more happy lot. May I, which ever it be, attain to that name and place, better than that of sons and daughters.

12 mo. 26, 1836.—I have at times of late had so much pleasure in the company and conversation of the elder boys, that I have seemed almost to realize the "beau ideal" of preceptor and pupils. It is not that I assume credit to myself in that which afforded me so much pleasure. Hour after hour daily during the last week, I spent with six or seven of them in the library, with scarcely a moment's interruption of kind and cheerful freedom. They were engaged on their maps, I with the accounts.

1837.—An attack of influenza began in the school, 1 mo. 21,

and occasioned great anxiety; yet mingled, as such periods have ever been in my experience, with the unspeakable mercy—the choice blessing, of closer communion with God, to whom the heartfelt tribute of gratitude did often arise on my account and on that of the beloved boys, for His preserving care. On First-day the 29th, only seven boys out of forty-nine attended Meeting: that day week all were at Meeting but four. I have several times lately, withdrawn for a few minutes to seek a little renewal of strength, by entering into the closet, shutting the door and praying to Him who seeth in secret, and have found at least a temporary calm and a little abiding sweetness. "Why art thou cast down O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

6 mo. 22.—The vacation began to-day. I parted with regret with some who had greatly contributed to my happiness. I do not think I had ever had more enjoyment in my work, in the company of the beloved boys. A large party accompanied me to Selby Monthly Meeting in the Fourth month and to Cottingwith in the Fifth. In the Fifth month I had a most pleasant visit from three warmly attached old scholars. I may never again stand so much in need of all those numerous little daily interchanges of kindness from those under my care, which so often cheered me during the last twelve months, but nothing can efface the remembrance of it. ["I may never again, &c." quoted supra, refers to an event which was to provide a help-meet for me. My beloved Rachel and I exchanged vows the 30th of Sixth month, 1837, at Dewsbury. To me it was a peaceful, chastened, joyful day,—a joy which sometimes tears best interpret,—solemn, thankful joy. 1864.]

Rachel Robson was the daughter of Nathan and Rachel Robson, of Darlington, and sister of Stephen Robson, whose death is alluded to under the date of 1835. It was a union that was eminently blessed.—The frequent allusions to her in John Ford's memoranda render it unnecessary at present to say more of this beloved one, whose memory is still cherished by not a few.

7 mo. 28.—The first Meeting of the Friends' Educational

Society was held at Ackworth to-day. I was appointed one of the Secretaries, colleague of Samuel Tuke and John Newby.

John Ford became one of the most active members of the Friends' Educational Society. The Papers he contributed excited much interest. One entitled "Influence and Authority," read in 1853, and another in 1856 on "The Duties and Difficulties of Young Teachers," may be specially mentioned as of great value; both were printed by the Society, and they have gone through two or three editions.

4 mo. 30, 1838.—Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life hitherto. May my happy lot be at last to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever! What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits? A little renewed health after some weeks of frequent languor and pain, have turned my eye once more to this record, and though I would gladly have seen a few memorials of the many blessings of the blank interval, I cannot admit though not registered, that they have been unnoticed or unthankfully received. Often at various resting places in my pilgrimage I have felt the language of the poet to be a not unfitting expression of my gratitude; and to the other parts of his beautiful hymn, I can fervently add a hitherto omitted stanza:—

"Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a *kind and faithful friend*
Has doubled all my store."

6 mo. 30.—To day my dear R. and I left home for Balby, near Doncaster. My dear R. remained there while I travelled a few days to recruit health. On the 6th of 7th month I arrived at Banbury, and met with a warm welcome from my cousin Samuel Beesley. In company with my cousin I visited Overthorp, the first time since I left it, a little school boy of nine years old. The next day I visited North Newton, the village where the school was located when I first went there a scholar in 1807, six years and four months old. The houses at both places are inhabited, but the old schoolrooms are deserted depositories of lumber. I paced alone for a few minutes the old

orchard, that first served me for a play-ground. How vividly every little long forgotten circumstance was recalled! I remember how we cut our names and injured some fine old elms, one or more girdled—our consternation when the mischief was mentioned in the Preparative Meeting (to which body the property belonged), the alarm we felt when assembled in the school-room on account of our evil deeds, expecting some sore infliction which happily we escaped. Around me were now growing five young elms, the successors of those which I at least had innocently assisted in destroying. I remembered the house we built like the one in Sandford and Merton—our gardens with the wattled hedges—the cave not far off which one day some of the more venturesome, my elder brother Joseph, among the number, explored with lighted candles.—I remembered too the river Cherwell where he was nearly drowned in the spring of 1809—drowned at last in the Severn in 1815. I passed along the fields through which I had so often walked to and from Banbury meeting. It seemed as though all the past, the very thoughts and feelings of eight years old came over me again. Then recurring to the man of thirty-seven, remembering the boundless, countless mercies of the intervening period, mercies which had followed me and surrounded me, and marked my path from year to year, I wept tears of thankful joy.

From Samuel Tuke to John Ford.

8 mo. 9.—Several times last week and again this morning in thinking of thee and thy cares, these words have come to my mind, "Be sober, and hope to the end." I am not going to write thee a homily upon the passage: thou dost not need to be told how much true strength there is in soberness, or how much consolation in hope. I am sure in thy arduous situation, thou needs all the strength and comfort too which can be had from the Divine storehouse, and encouraging indeed is the thought that niggardly as man is in his poor gifts, our Heavenly Father loves to be asked and to distribute of whatever our largest desires after true good can ask of Him. Be sober then, my dear friend, and hope to the end. I do not yet despair that thou and thy dear partner may reap some fruits from your present labour, which may prove that it has not been in vain in the Lord—only let it be in Him.

4 mo. 19, 1839.—Accompanied the Directors of the York and North Midland Railway Company, by invitation of my kind friend Thomas Backhouse, on a short inaugural trip. In walking from the terminus towards the village of Fairburn, I had an interesting conversation with the noteworthy George Stephenson, in which he unfolded his since well known theory of the geological storehouse of the sun's heat, our vast coalfields. His strong sense, his pure Saxon, his genuine Newcastle dialect, were marked characteristics of his discourse. George Hudson, then approaching the zenith of his power and fame as Railway King, was of the party.

[In the ninth month, 1840, Edwin Tregelles and Thomas Pumphrey paid a religious visit to the school. They spoke encouragingly to my dear R. and me, intimated an approaching time of trial, counselling so to live from day to day as to have no cause of self-reproach when trial came. They spoke very closely to the boys. In Tenth month, William Janson, who left school in 1839, died after a very short illness. Somewhat distressed at the little apparent impression made upon several of the boys by this event, I said one First-day evening whilst addressing them, "perhaps it has not come near enough to you." Within a very short period four of the company were seized with fatal illness, and before the year 1841 closed were all summoned away. * * * * One of them arrived at peace through sore conflict. The other three had found peace through their Saviour's love, before the time of trial and sickness came. * * *

A few brief months ago all of them were in the full enjoyment of youth and health,—two or three looking with eager anticipation towards the fair promising period succeeding school-boy days;

"supremum
Carpere iter comites parati,"

prepared I trust through the alone merits and mercy of our Saviour, and through the sanctifying power of His Holy Spirit, for an inheritance eternal in the heavens. My dear, kind, gentle Rachel was an inexpressible comfort to me and these dear ones in this time of sore trial. She won the love of the poor invalid boys and the lasting gratitude of their parents. I believe the

whole series of events was blessed to the school, to the invalids and to ourselves. 1864.]

[I was taken unwell 12 mo. 3, 1841, with low-fever. The half-year had been one of intense trial. Many of the elder scholars exercised no beneficial influence in the school: a few of them a most injurious one. In looking back I cannot see that either the teachers or myself neglected our duty. To myself the half-year was one of continual conflict with the known evil in the school. The manifestations of it in a few were of a malignant character—a fearful want of love either of God or man—unkind to their school-fellows—hostile to the government. And yet there were a few who held their ground, who if powerless to stem evil, kept clear of its influence. Their characters since have borne the same testimony. Two of this small number have entered on their eternal inheritance.

During my illness, the result of long continued pressure, my dear brother Thomas Ford died at Worcester, on the 6th of Twelfth month. I was confined to bed and could only weep that I had not been with him and that I must leave him to strangers to inter. 1864.]

1843.—[In the summer vacation of this year, we spent some weeks with our cousin Sarah Wheeler at Bristol. We made several pleasant excursions—to Sidcot,—to the Banwell caves,—across the channel to Chepstow, Tintern, &c., and to the Cheddar Rocks and the Paper Mills. Here for the first time I met with William Tanner, little dreaming what a treasure of companionship and friendship was in store for me in him. 1864.]

To one of his Teachers.

11 mo. 26.—I have not much to say in reply to thy little note, except to tell thee that it raised in my heart fervent desires for thee and for myself, that we may increasingly seek after watchfulness and prayer, for therein consists, not only our own safety, but in no small degree the safety of those intrusted to us. That is, our *own* watchfulness over our *own* hearts, is, I believe, blessed to them, and is as a hedge about them. So much for both of us: and now one word for thyself. Do not forget that one of the most pleasant offices of the great adversary is that of

"the accuser of the brethren." Suffer him not in this capacity to gain an advantage over thee. Take thy burdens to the cross, (I can from some small experience testify that it is a blessed errand); and then if the accuser reproach thee, refer him to thy Captain, who will assuredly rebuke him.

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12 mo. 31.—First day evening. I felt some freedom and earnestness in commending to the boys the solemn thoughts connected with the closing year. My heart was lifted up in prayer for them and for myself. I enjoyed a calm and solemn feeling during the rest of the evening. Some of those "not lost but gone before" were very sweetly brought to my remembrance. My spirit was increasingly tendered, and under a sense of access I bowed the knee in solemn thanksgiving for the abundant mercy that has followed me all my life long, and which I thankfully believed was still continued to me. Humble confession of unworthiness,—of many transgressions,—was followed by earnest entreaty for forgiveness for the sake of Him who shed His blood for sinners. My friends, my brothers,—the boys,—the family,—my dearest—all were livingly brought before me,—and the language of intercession was raised on their behalf and the Divine blessing craved. The feeling of entire dependence, the utter renunciation of every plea but one, was the clothing of my spirit, and I was enabled to adopt the language,

> "Other refuge have I none,
> Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!"

Oh may this inexpressible favour, this contrite and humble spirit be oftener mine and increasingly prized! May the remembrance of this evening's song encourage me to press onwards! May the closing year find me lying down in peace to sleep in the blessed assurance, "Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety!" May the new year begin with renewed dedication of heart to Him who alone is worthy.

1 mo. 14, 1844.—First-day. A little chastened pleasure this evening, although a laborious one, spent with the boys from tea time till near nine. I heard some of them repeat from Cowper's "Hope," and read to them Cowper's account of himself similar to the description of a condition in the poem. "As when a

felon, &c." I was led unexpectedly and with deep feeling, to speak to the boys of the importance of knowing that great and joyful change accompanying the sense of reconciliation with our Father in Heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

> "'Tis Heaven, all Heaven, descending on the wings
> Of the glad legions of the King of kings;
> '*Tis more.*"—

I pointed out how this might be attained by living from day to day in the love and fear of God, cherishing every gentle intimation of His Holy spirit, welcoming it as an honoured guest. And now one more Sabbath evening is closing; how many more may intervene between this and the dawn of the never ending rest, the eternal Sabbath, I need not ask: sufficient to know that a "rest remaineth," and that Christ is the way (the true and the living) to that rest.

I think I have lately experienced those times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, in which the Christian is favoured to know his sins blotted out in the blood of the Lamb. In some small ability to believe this, and to pray "help thou mine unbelief," I feel able to rejoice that mine is a laborious allotment, and at times a capacity to labour is granted, so that I can as now,

> "Forget my labour as I toil along,
> Weep tears of joy, and burst into a song!"

11 mo. 16, 1845.—Seventeen years ago this day, I first took my seat in York Meeting as a resident, an almost penniless, friendless stranger. "What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits?" He has spared me hitherto. He has blessed me abundantly in basket and store, and has given me one of His most precious temporal gifts. And though unwatchful, volatile, careless and sinful, He leaves me not, but grants me from time to time seasons of refreshment from His presence, in which a lively hope in His mercy, for my Saviour's sake, fills my heart with gratitude to Him. Oh that I might this evening, under some tendering sense of His love, renew my covenant with Him, who, I believe, assigned me my path and post here. Oh that more singleness of heart and true allegiance were mine. Forgive, O Heavenly Father, for the sake of Him who shed His most precious blood to save us, my many transgressions, my

forgetfulness of Thee. Help me to seek after, and graciously grant me more frequent and more fervent communion with Thee. Increase in me the longing after holiness, the hunger and thirst after righteousness to which Thy blessing is promised. Save me from lukewarmness and indifference. Keep me humble and dependent upon Thee. Help me with increased diligence and with a single eye to Thy glory, faithfully to labour in this Thy fold. And whether it may please Thee to continue my service here a few more years, or whether Thou mayst please to summon me away in the midst of my days, grant me for Thy mercy's sake in Jesus Christ our Lord, to be found with my loins girt about and my lamp burning.

SECTION III.—BOOTHAM.

The period during which the School was carried on in Lawrence Street was now drawing to its close. Continued indisposition in the family in 1841, had directed attention to the sanitary condition of the buildings and of the surrounding locality. Previously to this, the visitation of Cholera in 1832 had been gradually forcing on the public mind throughout the country, the importance of good drainage and adequate breathing space for the maintenance of health. The small rooms, low ceilings, and narrow passages of the Lawrence Street premises were felt to be insufficient for the accommodation of so large a family; whilst the proximity of a tract of low, undrained land, called the "Foss Islands"—a name full of reminiscences to old Scholars—was in the opinion of many sufficient in itself to condemn the locality. The managing Committee was empowered by the Quarterly Meeting to look out for more eligible premises. The result was the purchase of an estate in Bootham, on the North side of the city of York, on which stood a mansion erected by Sir John Johnstone, of Hackness, near Scarborough. The nett cost including alterations in the buildings and the erection of School Rooms was about £4500,* towards which, by the liberality of Friends, donations were received amounting to £2679. The School was opened in the new premises in First Month, 1846.

1 mo. 11, 1846.—The last Sabbath day at Lawrence Street after a residence of seventeen years.

I desire to commemorate this evening the merciful kindness of our Father in Heaven to my household and myself during

* Subsequent additions to the buildings, and purchases of adjoining property have raised the cost price of the Bootham Estate to £8494.

our residence here. I attempted this acknowledgment in a few words, at the close of our last evening reading under this roof. May the remembrance of the tender mercies of Him whose mercies are over all His works, go with us to our new abode: and may we be enabled so to live to His glory as that our hopes in His mercy through the dear Redeemer may be strengthened from day to day. Help us, Heavenly Father, help my beloved partner and myself and all our fellow labourers to seek daily to Thee for strength and ability to do Thy work! May our dependence be upon Thee alone. And oh for myself, the weakest and unworthiest, keep me humble and meek and sober-minded. Increase in me a longing after holiness, lead me away from all self-confidence and self seeking. Qualify me more and more if it please Thee for Thy service. Forgive all my past transgressions for Jesus' sake: and when my work here is done, may Thy mercy be near to sustain me at the last, and grant me a good hope that one of the many mansions in Thy house may be prepared for me when my earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved in death.

3 mo. 21, 1847.—I am forty-six years old to-day. I have been reading over some of the memorials of the past, and have felt earnest desires that I might be enabled with increased energy to pursue the heavenward journey. In reviewing the past year I cannot but lament the want of earnest diligence, much lukewarmness and many sins of omission and commission: at the same time I recall many blessings;—peace and harmony, prosperity and health have been granted to the flock entrusted to my care. There has been less of apparent evil and more of what is hopeful and pleasing than perhaps at any former period. Oh that I could live up to a true sense of "what shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits?"

Among the blessings of the past year I would number a few days of illness in the summer. For several hours I had much pain, yet resignation and peace and some increase of filial love filled my heart. It was indeed good to be afflicted. I am now much relieved from the daily routine of teaching. Whilst I gratefully accept this relief and feel comforted and thankful in its results, may I be doubly diligent on other points, and turn to good account the increased time at my disposal to the truest interests of the school.

Life is rapidly hastening away. How are the great purposes of life being answered—the glory of God—the good of my fellow men—and my own eternal peace? Lukewarmness and indifference are too frequently my besetting and prevailing sins. Nevertheless I can thankfully acknowledge that at times I feel more earnestness of spirit, and also a measure of peace in yielding to little openings to call the minds of the scholars to serious thought. Our evening readings are sometimes owned. I believe it was so this evening. May I more diligently seek after more frequent communion with my Saviour. I sometimes feel Him to be precious to me—my only ground of hope.

8 mo. 19, 1849.—The vacation is over, the school opens to-morrow. I have been reading this evening the closing scene of Dr. Arnold's life. He had just completed his forty-seventh year. I am in the midst of my forty-ninth. He could write "vixi:" I can write neither "vixi" nor "vici." He had no further ambition to gratify, or rather, as he says, "I thank God *that* is fully mortified." He had no desire to rise higher in the world, but to step back from his present place. The reading of these things made me very thoughtful—very sad—almost to despondency. I have no wish to step to any higher station, but I do most earnestly desire to be found more faithfully, more zealously, and with far more singleness of purpose fulfilling the duties of my post, before called upon to give an account of my stewardship; that by increased fidelity and zeal and singleness of eye I may more testify of my love to Him whose preserving love and care have kept me hitherto. For the sake of Jesus Christ Thy dear Son, our Saviour and Intercessor, pardon, O Lord, all my past transgressions and sins and shortcomings; blot them out for His sake, O Lord, and let them be no more remembered against me. "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right Spirit within me." Kindle renewed desires for communion with Thee. Help my faltering resolutions—incline my heart daily to increased watchfulness unto prayer—endue me with kindness and gentleness, with wisdom and firmness to fulfil as in Thy sight from hour to hour my duties in this school and family. Help me to watch against every incipient temptation to evil in myself, that thus I may more effectually warn and assist those whom Thou hast entrusted to our care. If it please Thee, O Lord, bestow on my beloved partner and myself health of body and stedfastness of heart and

purpose, that we may do for Thee cheerfully all the service Thou mayst require at our hands. Grant that we may be increasingly, each other's joy in Thee, O Lord! and if trial of any kind await us—sickness or separation, give us a good hope in Thy pardoning mercy, and help us to receive all as from Thy Hand; "for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord."

8 mo. 21.—This evening feeling (perhaps unduly) perplexed, the passage of Scripture, suddenly (shall I say strangely) occurred to me, "The peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." It affected me forcibly, and led me silently yet earnestly to petition, that I might be enabled to live in so close communion with God as to know for myself this peace. I then remembered the lines:—

> "Soul, then know thy full salvation,
> Rise o'er sin and fear and care,
> Joy to find in every station
> Something still to do, or bear."

I prayed that my restless anxieties might be taken away, and that I might increase in patience and humility.

11 mo. 27.—Within this year my property has been reduced (by the Railway delinquencies of ———) by more than half: but I can truly and thankfully say, I have been freed from all pain or anxiety about it. We have unitedly sought for a thankful spirit for what is left—for the ability still to labour in this our appointed field—for a capacity to leave the things that are behind and to reach forth unto those that are before, and so to press towards the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

1 mo. 9, 1850.—Our short vacation is near its close; the school reassembles on Second-day. May I take for my abiding memento, "Gird up the loins of your mind," and, "be sober and hope to the end." May I be enabled to keep from hour to hour a single eye to my Master, if I may call my Saviour by this name—that so my constant aim may be to do work as for Him. I crave Thy help, O Lord, to lay aside every weight and every easily besetting sin, that so I may throughout the commencing year, run with renewed patience the heavenly race, looking constantly to Jesus, seeking conformity to His mind and will

and image, laying aside every inordinate affection, providing treasures that wax not old,—treasure in Heaven that faileth not, where no thief approacheth neither moth corrupteth. May I seek oftener than the day communion with Thee. For Thy dear Son's sake bless this school and family, and my beloved partner and myself. Whatever of anxiety or trial may be our portion, keep us from sin, from all that could grieve Thy Holy Spirit, and give us grateful and rejoicing hearts for all Thy many mercies. Amen!

9 mo. 28. 1851.—As years accumulate I find myself—as others have been before me—lest frequent in noting down incidents and feelings marking the onward course of life. It is not that I have no mercies to record—no blessed seasons of access to the place of prayer—no contriting sense of the abundance and largeness of Divine Love—no humble confidence in a Saviour Lord. It is not because I have none of these to note down—thankfully I can say this. Nor is it because I have nothing to say of unsubdued self—of sin indwelling still—of conflict—of defeat. Alas this mingled condition is too much mine yet. Faint yet pursuing—rejoicing too at times in a cheering hope of victory at the last. Weighed down sometimes with the formidable array of responsibilities presented by my post here, and yet again encouraged to work on, and glad that such a post is assigned me. I am often reminded that I hold life on an increasingly uncertain tenure; health is more easily disturbed; slighter causes affect it. Oh may I increasingly, and even now as I write, seek to dedicate the remainder unreservedly to the love and fear and service of a long suffering and most merciful God and Saviour!

To Josiah Forster, in reply to enquiries respecting the course of religious instruction on First-days.

11 mo. 10, 1851.—Some of the intervals of First-day are occupied by the scholars in committing to memory passages of Scripture of my own selecting, illustrative of Christian doctrine and practice. They also learn hymns and selections from Cowper's Task, &c.; these are repeated to the teachers. I spend some time with the scholars assembled. Each boy has his Bible and biblical atlas. They read to me in turns. We endeavour to go through, although but cursorily, the principal

parts of the history, both of the Old and New Testament. The course of reading is interrupted by frequent questions, and by a variety of information, historical, geographical, &c., illustrative of the period before us: and as opportunity offers, remarks are made pointing out the moral and religious instruction derivable from the narrative. In the course of these readings, it is obvious we must sometimes encounter passages which we do not read. On these occasions, as I have felt ability to do it, I have pointed out in general terms the lesson to be drawn, and have endeavoured to show that all these things were written for our instruction; at the same time warning against that most fearful perversion of Scripture, which would seek to gratify an impure imagination by reverting to these passages. The propriety of this course has I think been proved by facts which have come to my knowledge.

I mostly avail myself of time on First-day evening for special remarks upon any circumstances which seem to afford a good opportunity for illustrating Christian principles and Christian conduct—sometimes by reference to facts, which the school is not cognizant of, but which are known only to myself and the individual alluded to but not named. I have sometimes been a little encouraged by finding a boy dating his commencement of some good habit, or his abandonment of some bad one, from these First-day evening remarks. * * * *

The number of my assistants, and the ability, tact, good temper and kindness, and I think I may add the Christian concern which actuates them,—these circumstances combined, by diminishing occasions of angry feeling, afford proportionably more scope for the application of scriptural precepts and principles in conducting the discipline of the school. Appeals to those principles have not to contend with the feeling that both parties have equally violated them.

I recur with much pleasure to our little conference; it is very refreshing to find that we are not labouring alone in this great work, but that we have the kind sympathy and the wise counsel of our friends thus freely offered. If any suggestions have arisen in thy mind, or should arise on perusing this imperfect sketch of our proceedings and aims, I should feel greatly obliged by thy communicating. We are still but learners and are still glad to learn.

1. mo. 23, 1852.—The return of the scholars and the resumption of duties have been pleasant; and we have been permitted to enjoy a sense of our Heavenly Father's love, and an interest in Christ our Saviour. Last First-day evening, feeling helped in my work and believing that it was graciously owned, my heart was filled with joy and peace and thanksgiving.

On Seventh-day last I was enabled in patience and quietness to labour with a beloved boy, successfully I trust. This evening again with the same, and yet hopefully. I sought the Divine blessing on my labours, and when I found hardness yielding under kind and gentle words I could but rejoice. Among other blessings, privileges and enjoyments I number that of having as aids three young men, and two juniors, all of whom kindly and efficiently co-operate with me. The attachment of the two juniors is particularly grateful to me. * * * * Till Adam Smith is still as a pillar and *buttress*. His strong sense, animation and good humour, combined with energetic and vigorous capacity for teaching, are of excellent service in his post * * * * With all these and many unnumbered causes of thankfulness and gratitude, I have a partner beyond all expression dear, Heaven's most peculiar and most especial blessing to me, fitted to my every want, dearer and dearer every day, the frequent solace of my fainting spirits, my daily cheerer in my onward path. For all these what shall I render? The morning of life is over; it has ceased to be high noon; the sun has passed the meridian and is pointing westward; more faithful service, more constant love—more frequent communion, more watchfulness, more frequent prayer.—Grant me these O Lord: in Thy dear Son's name and for His sake I ask, all unworthy as I am.

3 mo. 21.—One more birth-day! Fifty-one accomplished years! The end nearer! How near? What preparation? What hope? What ground of hope? A quiet, thankful, peaceful feeling is my portion this evening. I sought and found some ability to advocate the cause of the Redeemer with the boys. The solemnity of our evening reading gladdened me. I acknowledged my sense of this, and pointed it out as a cause for thankful gratitude. Weak as is my faith, faint as are my hopes, wavering as is my allegiance, yet faith and hope and allegiance I still strive to maintain. I read the hymn (at reading time) "There is a fountain." The last two stanzas, moved me almost to tears:

" Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me : " etc.

I can truly say, in Christ and in Him alone centre all my hopes.

5 mo. 29.—I attended the Yearly Meeting in London and took more part in the proceedings than on former occasions. I felt it to be a privilege, though not without its snares, to be associated with the wise and good in two or three special services. In these I earnestly sought first, for that wisdom which comes from above, and also for humility, that self might be laid low and that all might be done to the glory of God. An unmerited favour (there can be none but unmerited) awaited my return home. All my fears and apprehensions of physical or moral evil were unfulfilled—neither ailment of body nor trouble in regard to conduct had occurred to report. I solemnly returned thanks for this mercy with soul and body prostrate before the throne.

6 mo. 13.—Another "last First-day" has come to its close. Quiet, peaceful thankfulness is my portion this evening. We had a short but solemn time at reading and a still more solemn pause at its close, when I felt constrained to invite all to unite in lifting up our hearts to God in grateful thanksgiving.

1 mo. 16, 1853.—Our short winter vacation of two weeks closes this evening. Once more about to engage in the solemn duties and responsibilities of my post, let the injunction, "work while it is called to-day for the night cometh," be ever increasingly present. The afternoon has come. Twenty-four years of service here, may well remind me that I am no longer a young man—even if other symptoms did not sufficiently declare it. If bodily power and mental vigour have passed their meridian, how is it with the far nobler part, the immortal spirit? Longing sometimes for rest—for more of the heavenly, less of the earthly mind: enjoying at times (alas too seldom) a taste of the blessedness of communion with the Saviour, and enabled to trust in Him for time and eternity. Too frequently cold and lifeless, I want more constant watchfulness, more frequent and more fervent prayer. Whilst anxious and seeking to be diligent in my care of others, I have too often to fear "mine own vineyard have I

not kept." May it be my more than daily exercise to see to this: as a means let me try to press through the obstacles so often in the way of private retirement and prayer. "Careful and troubled about many things" is my too constant condition. May the one thing needful obtain a more decided earnest attention. * * * * Often on First-day evening after the hour spent with the scholars in which I have felt helped to speak perhaps a word in season, what a blessed sense has been given me of quiet peace. May I, now commencing my twenty-fifth year of service, seek with ever renewed earnestness to maintain the warfare—to take the whole armour of God—so that whether permitted to labour longer, or called to give a final account of my stewardship before the year closes, may I, trusting in the dear Saviour alone—renouncing every other claim—be found nevertheless with loins girt about and lamp burning.

3 mo. 21.—A time of trial and perplexity has been ours since I last wrote. For six weeks hospital cares for thirty patients in the mumps, distributed over that time—in one instance fifteen at once—engrossed our time and thoughts.

* * * Duties besides those of my very responsible post seem to increase upon me. My connexion with the Retreat, with the Bible Society—the Museum—the discipline of our little church—present claims upon time and thought, and bring too their snares. "Rendering service" (in civil, religious or scientific matters) "as to the Lord and not as to men" is indeed a great attainment. Self and self-exaltation, self-complacency and self-seeking would fain mingle with and mar every good. I have been instrumental in promoting a certain plan of action at the approaching Jubilee Meeting of the Bible Society. Engaged to take a part in the proceedings, I feel truly desirous that I may keep a single eye to the service of Christ; that no thought of self-exaltation, on the one hand, no shrinking from service for fear of exposing my incapacity on the other, may interfere.

6 mo. 26.—Long intervals between these memoranda cause many links in the chain to drop. The Bible meeting just impending when I wrote last proved a very successful one. The Earl of Carlisle presided; the plan sketched was carried out; nearly two thousand persons were said to be present; the funds of the Society were increased, and I hope renewed interest excited. This was cause of grateful thankfulness. In the

Fifth month I again attended the Yearly Meeting and again found it a time of renewal of faith and hope, and of increased attachment to our own little corner of the Christian fold. Some little service seemed to fall to my lot and some ability given to perform it. I was favoured with good health nearly the whole time, freedom from headache with only one day's exception. * * * *

This evening we have again an empty house. The scholars left on Sixth-day. In reference to those who leave us this summer, I think we may look forward hopefully. I believe that our morning and evening readings and our First-day evening exercises, have not unfrequently been marked by deep and solemn attention, whilst the truths of Christianity—its duties—the spirit it inculcates—the love of Christ to us—our debt of love to Him, were set forth, not without a sense of help from Him, and that not unsought. One of the elder scholars on taking leave mentioned his grateful estimate of the First-day evening Addresses. May I derive encouragement from this incident, and give all the praise to Him without whose help all such efforts are but

> "Tinkling cymbal and high sounding brass
> Smitten in vain! Such music cannot charm
> The eclipse, that intercepts truth's heavenly beam."

With one solitary exception which looks like incipient insanity, love and harmony and affection have largely prevailed amongst us all reciprocally. No painful revelations of the pestilence that walks in darkness have marked the half year, nor yet indications that awakened suspicions of its presence.

This evening though feeling to need relaxation and repose, I cannot entirely dismiss a sense of vacuity and sadness that "resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles the rain," at the thought of the beloved ones dispersed and the sight of the empty rooms. The privilege of association with young life—the power of exciting and the heart to reciprocate affection, transient though it may be—are elements of daily happiness, the peculiar advantages of my post. With these too are permitted at times to mingle the thought that my beloved partner and myself may not only not have hindered, but have helped some of the lambs of Christ's fold in their early efforts, in the

first buddings of youthful love for Him their dear, their ever loving Redeemer.

The vacation now before us will soon be with the past! Chequered as its predecessors it will probably be. The recollection of the last encourages the belief that even trials may be transmuted into blessings by the wondrous alchemy of the love of God in Jesus Christ.

Poor and empty—faith and hope and love not extinct but feeble,—I would fain come this evening before the mercy seat, and with the Intercessor there, for without Him I dare not go, acknowledge remissness, coldness, unworthiness, sinfulness,—plead for pardon in His name—plead His most precious blood—cast all my cares down *there*—small and great—perplexities, anxieties, hopes, fears—and ask for one thing—ability to say, with deep and earnest sincerity, "Thy will be done." I would fain offer too, feeble and faint though it may be, a note of thanksgiving for innumerable and ever accumulating mercies that have followed me all my life long to this very hour.

To Josiah Forster.

8 mo. 22, 1853.—In reference to thy inquiries respecting religious instruction, I have been looking at a copy of the letter which I sent thee in the Third month. I do not think I can add much to the delineation of the plans pursued at York, as there detailed, nor have I seen reason to distrust or to modify those plans, considering the party who communicates and the parties who receive the instruction. The proceedings described in the letter referred to, involve a larger amount of direct viva-voce instruction, than I have seen or heard of in our schools in general. I rely for this on the testimony of some of my young men as well as upon my own observation. I do not mean to represent this circumstance either as a good or bad feature per se, but as a peculiar one in regard to the extent to which it is carried here. I may further observe that it is not so much the result of preconceived ideas as to what might be best, as it has been the growth or development of time, experience and circumstances. I can readily admit the belief that had I attempted at thirty-two, that which I am practising at fifty-two, in all probability the plan would have been a failure. Do not understand by this that I have any exalted idea of the efficacy of the

plans I am now practising; all I can say is, that from time to time I am permitted a measure of peace in following them out, and am not altogether without occasional evidence of pleasant results. I believe that my plan of religious instruction is availing as far as it is the result of deep, heartfelt experience of the truths communicated, and as far as ability is sought and granted rightly to communicate it. These expressions appear to me to involve the idea of earnest endeavour to *live* these things as well as to *speak* of them.

I think it will follow from what I have written, that I could not venture to prescribe to a teacher, especially to a young one, to follow out a similar plan: it might be injurious entrusted to youthful zeal and inexperience. At the same time I am not sure that more of direct teaching would not have been practised by wise, judicious and religious-minded teachers, had they taken larger views of the liberty, the duty and the responsibility associated with the possession of the Truth.

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10 mo. 31.—Four months have sped away since my last memorandum here. In the interval many things have occurred worthy of a passing note, if it were only to arrest a thought or a feeling that might instruct the traveller or enliven the yet remaining road. Last week was one of most painful labour—oppressing the spirits—exhausting the intellectual powers—followed of course by prostration of health. The moral "pestilence that walks in darkness," manifested by some of its incipient symptoms, happily incipient, not rife—demanded prudence—promptitude—decision—adaptation. Again and again under a sense of extreme need, the knee was bent in secret for wisdom and prudence equal to the need. Last evening sitting alone—late—all retired but myself—reviewing the labours of the week, the toils and the help of the evening—feeling too though weak and exhausted, yet a merciful relief from bodily pain of which I had had much—I felt a more overpowering sense of the love of God in Christ Jesus than was (I think) ever before my portion. It absorbed all power of words: it was beyond expression: bended knees and streaming eyes were the only external evidences: thought upon thought, glowing, rapid, well-defined, like lightning flashes in quick succession, passed through the

mind—entire confidence in the Saviour—that I could in that happy moment trust Him without a single mistrustful doubt for time and for eternity.

Last Seventh-day evening I brought my labours on the aforenamed subject nearly to a close by an interview with the members of the senior class, when though labouring under the depression of indisposition, I was enabled in somewhat general and yet in intelligible language, to press upon them their responsibility in regard to the purity and delicacy of thought and speech and act, which ought ever to characterize the Christian schoolboy. Whilst thus appealing to them and marking the beaming and beautiful countenances of some, whose hearts I believe responded to the appeal, I felt the love of Christ towards them so manifestly present, that the sense of it nearly choked my utterance. To-day I have finished this painful labour—tracked out the foe to I trust his last lurking place—tried to do all that my hand found to do—and then once more commended myself and my charge to Him who assures us by inference, that whilst He keeps the city the watchman shall *not* wake in vain.

11 mo. 21.—I have employed the evening hour from 10 to 11 lately in looking over and making an abstract of some journals of vacations commencing 1820. I find some interest in looking back at the unfoldings of character, moral, intellectual and spiritual, as indicated in these narratives. Last evening having spent a little time this way, I felt before retiring a strong sense of that preserving love and mercy—for some years "unseen" truly—that at length "conveyed me safe and led me up to man;" and more, far more than that—led me to intercourse and acquaintance with the wise and good, kindled in my heart love for them, and slow and backward to learn as I was, taught me something of the preciousness and excellence of a Saviour's love.

To William S. Lean.

12 mo. 19, 1853.—Thy continued interest in Bootham is very gratifying to us. I think I may confirm thy supposition that things are going on satisfactorily on the whole. Good and evil are still manifest—and the evil does not predominate. I have had again as on many past occasions, thankfully to recognize that watchful providence, which does not permit evil long to

remain unnoted, even that class of evil which emphatically walks in darkness. I have had to rejoice too in the fact that among the senior scholars there was moral courage enough, first to warn, and then to denounce to me one of their number, who not satisfied with the negative gratification of being wrong himself, must needs point the sneer at one who was unobtrusively pursuing the right. * * * * * But these, dear W., are not the things to discourage us: if there were no conflict there could be no victory. I rejoice with thee in believing that among those whom thou knew, and among those who have since entered the school, there are some "honourable characters,"—and I will use this word in an apostolic sense—true disciples, even though young ones, of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. ————, a new scholar, and ———— whom thou knew, are two of whom I could say with Dr. Arnold, "I could stand hat in hand to them," so highly do I honour every appearance of the meek and gentle and courteous spirit of the young Christian.

* * * And now a word or two on another topic—one of deep interest—thyself. If thou told me that thou wast sensible of no opposition in thy own heart—that thou found it perfectly easy to live the life of a Christian, I should think of thee as I should think of a school said to be cleared of evil—a little paradise regained—I should think there was a mistake somewhere. And here let me remind thee, and if it be a repetition excuse it, that thy Saviour was once exactly the age thou art to-day. The record of Him forbids the idea that He was a stranger to conflict—"tempted in all points like as we are yet without sin." Mayst thou, dear W., ever increasingly look to Him in every conflict, and may His loving spirit be very near to strengthen and to help thee.

Thy mention of conflict—of willingness of spirit and weakness of flesh, brought vividly before me my own early days. When about two years older than thou art now, I was in the thick of the conflict. The banks of the beautiful Medway were to me the place where prayer was wont to be made, and many a tear shed, over innate depravity, an over-sensitive temperament, and many a besetting sin. Write over all such scenes "Hæc meminisse juvabit!" The pain and the strife and the heart sinkings will be forgotten in the sense of that mercy and love which then at times unseen, sustained. Thou wilt at length find, and mayst thou find it earlier and more abundantly than I did—not ultimate victory but—success and progress.

I assure thee it was with no self-complacent spirit that I read thy encouraging remarks respecting our First-day evening exercises. They were often conducted by me under a deep sense of weakness, unworthiness and incapacity, and yet preceded at times by prayer, and followed by a tranquil feeling of peace and thanksgiving. To know that they were received and valued cheers my spirit and renews my trust. And thus it is that the members of Christ's Church (may I say of "the Church in our house," for I love the term), may help and encourage one another. There needs no apology for thy three volumes of notes. I am sure thou wilt not misapply them; and I am glad I never knew that they were taken till now. The knowledge might have been injurious once—now it is a little testimony which, in conjunction with a few occasional admissions made to me by the scholars, serves as a brook by the way.

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12 mo. 31.—A letter from dear William S. Lean a few days ago moved me deeply. He mentions that he possesses three volumes of notes of First-day evening Addresses. I was humbled and yet pleased with this—glad I never knew it whilst it could influence my Addresses—thankful for it now as an encouragement to labour on. Is "non omnis moriar" altogether an unhallowed sentiment? Is it wrong to hope to live in the memory of the wise and good? Is it permissible to be pleased with the gift of ability to attract and attach the young? Are we to press after entire abstraction? Oh may I, if I must acknowledge that I still feel the force of these motives—seek with ever increasing earnestness to have them all baptized in the love of Christ, and all entirely subordinated to His service. To my Heavenly Father, this evening, through the ever dear Redeemer, His Son Jesus Christ, I would offer in the retrospect of the year heartfelt praise and thanksgiving, and ask for ability to dedicate my all to His service! Amen.

The First-day Evening Addresses mentioned in the preceding letter and paragraph, formed a marked feature in John Ford's course of instruction. They were usually given in the School Room, when only the Scholars and Teachers, and occasionally one or two old pupils, were present. The subjects were varied; points of Christian truth—passing

events of the day and the lessons to be deduced from them—anything that had awakened uneasiness regarding the flock—and earnest invitations to accept the offers of a Saviour's love. Not a few of the old Scholars will endorse the opinion of one of their number, who several years after leaving school wrote as follows:—"I think in looking back to the three years spent at Bootham, that the times most impressed on my memory were those First-day evening Addresses, which often seemed so to touch and solemnize my mind, that I wished to go to bed without speaking lest the feeling should be dispelled."

12 mo. 31.—The year is nearly closed. All our scholars have left. Peace without and peace within, my dear R. and I can acknowledge is our pleasant portion. And yet whilst quietness and repose are grateful, it is with no feeling of delight that I hear no echoes of youthful voices. Pleasant intercourse with them from day to day is so much a daily pleasure, that the absence of it throws a pensive air over my spirit. Perhaps the more so from the circumstance, which not boastingly but rather with the deep humility of gratitude, I may record, that I have been enabled from time to time to minister to them of the things entrusted to me for their good.

3 mo. 21, 1854.—To-day I complete my fifty-third year! Though poor and lifeless I can hardly let the day pass by quite unnoted—if it were only to number my blessings and deplore my ingratitude. A day of probation prolonged whilst many contemporaries are removed—a measure of health and strength still granted for daily duties—my beloved R. though just now far from well, yet preserved in a measure of health demanding thankful gratitude—able and united officers—allegiance and affection still characterizing the scholars—all these and many more blessings are still prolonged, loudly demanding more zeal, more constancy, more earnestness, more singleness of purpose, more seeking after frequent communion. May I bear these thoughts in mind, and with more tenacity of purpose seek to realize them. May the spirit of prayer be granted me for that aid without which all effort is vain.

4 mo. 9.—Yesterday evening I was passing out of the parlour,

to bed. I had felt for some time a want of capacity for communion with God—not careless—but poor, very poor and helpless. A feeling of sorrow and of longing flashed across my mind as I was about to close the door. I turned back under these feelings, kneeled down, and was favoured with access to the throne, with thoughts and words and feelings in unison, so that with a contrite heart and with tears of joy and thankfulness, I availed myself of this glorious privilege of access in the name of the dear Redeemer. Confession—entreaty for pardon—for strength—intercession for my beloved ones—were offered under an overpowering sense of Divine love and mercy.

This evening, without making any allusion to the foregoing, I set before the scholars the duty of availing ourselves of such like offers of Divine love;—that whilst daily seeking, even under a sense of poverty, unfitness and discouragement, for communion with God in the name of Jesus Christ, and for His sake—we should avail ourselves especially of these precious moments when invited as it were to the very presence chamber.

To William Kitching, Jun.

5 mo. 19, 1854.—I was much interested in thy little review of the past. It seemed to indicate to me something very much the reverse of a careless or indifferent state of mind; rather, that condition which, seeking to profit by a review of the past, both of its lapses and its successes, is earnestly pressing forward. It is a rare felicity, seldom experienced by those who engage in this world's warfare, never to suffer repulse or defeat. Perhaps it is still more rare in regard to the conflicts in which the Christian is called to engage. To profit by repulses and defeats so as to renew the strife with fresh courage, and with still firmer faith, is a safe and wise course. It is cheering to me to believe that some such experience as this has been thine; and I interpret thy expression of feeling thyself again on "firm ground" to mean, that by watchfulness and prayer and by frequently looking to that loving Saviour, who was tempted as we are, yet without sin, temptation is successfully resisted. * * * * * It is a good omen of success in a calling, when we feel we prefer and love it. This preference and love are absolutely essential to success in the teacher. It removes obstacles, smooths down difficulties, and gives courage in times of trial; I am therefore

glad to find that thou still entertains these feelings in regard to thy future allotment.

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7 mo. 2.—The session just closed has been one of some continued anxiety in regard to health. * * * The senior class has been a company of contrasts; high intellectual power, amiability, kindliness and religious thoughtfulness have been the characteristics of a few. On the other hand two or three have manifested very opposite tendencies, and have occasioned much care and anxious thought as well as not unfrequent painful labour. In reviewing the course pursued with both these classes, I may thankfully acknowledge that I have not withheld the language of kind encouragement from the one, and that I have again and again been helped in labouring with and for the other. Our evening readings and our First-day gatherings in the school-room have often I believe been owned by a solemnizing sense of our Heavenly Father's love in Jesus Christ.

With many symptoms of powers past their prime, may I yet not turn faint-hearted, but be willing to abide at my post till He who allotted it shall be pleased to grant a discharge. May my dear partner and myself be permitted to realize the promise, or rather to fulfil the injunction in which a most precious promise is involved, "casting all your care on Him, for He careth for you." "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

To William S. Lean.

11 mo. 3, 1854.—In the first place, a few words about thy prospects. My dear R. and myself are much pleased with thy sentiments on this subject. Circumstances certainly seem to point plainly towards the arrangement, and whilst we are not to allow ourselves to drift in the current of circumstances, irrespective of their tendency, yet when their tendency appears to be in the right direction, when no manifest duty is neglected in following them out, we may commit ourselves confidingly to our Heavenly Father's care, trusting that He will lead us on safely if right, and arrest our course if it is wrong. I can gratefully record my own experience of the safety of thus accepting openings of service, in preference to attempting to cut and hew them

out for myself. Therefore far from disapproving of a decision in which thou hast the very important element of thy father's and mother's approval, I shall trust that it is a right decision, and that it may prove a field of service, and lead to fields of service in which those who love thee will rejoice to see thee labouring. Thy letter appears to contain evidence that thou hast given the subject a very careful consideration, and though we felt sure thou wouldst so consider it, yet it is a satisfaction to have these proofs of it. Entering upon a new engagement in the spirit indicated in thine is I believe a safe course, and one which will bear reverting to whatever may be the result. * * When I feel as though I could rejoice in the aspect of a School, I find something of that "trembling" mixed with it, of which the Apostle speaks. I think I feel a little of that joy just now. I may be mistaken, but I believe that for several years we have not had so unexceptionable a Senior Class—open, confiding, generous, intelligent,—and several I believe serious-minded. The only one of the lot whose antecedents would make it folly not to be somewhat mistrustful, has so conducted himself since the vacation, that I took an opportunity of his coming to the Library a few days ago, to tell him that I had entertained the belief that he was making better principles the guide of his conduct, and that I wished to encourage him so to do. He did not look as though conscious of unmerited confidence. A flush of pleasure, with something of the grateful in it, adorned his not unintelligent face, and strengthened my hopes.

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12 mo. 31.—My First-day evening labours, of which I have kept a record, have again and again been blessed with a spirit of prayer before engaging, help whilst labouring and peace in retrospect. For all these and many more favours and mercies what shall I render? Poor, empty, cold and lifeless—this evening I would at least acknowledge my indebtedness; and confessing poverty and penury, yet seek to come just as I am, a poor petitioner but having an all-powerful Advocate. What would I have? Pardon for *His sake* for all the sins—omissions and commissions of the past—pardon for the want of earnestness in asking—pardon for a want of a sense of thankfulness and love and gratitude for so much and so many kindnesses—faith to keep alive in the hour of depression.—O Heavenly Father, for Thy dear Son's sake forgive.—Help me with in-

creased vigilance, fidelity and alacrity (leaving the things that are behind) to press toward the mark for the prize. May a sense of Thy love still extended to my dear partner and myself stimulate us to more devoted service, if permitted still to serve in the coming year. "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." Enable me to lay aside every weight and every besetting sin, and with a single eye to Thy service, to Thy glory, to commence the new year. For Thy dear Son's sake, our ever living Advocate, accept my poor, cold, lifeless, not insincere evening prayer: for His sake pardon its very coldness and lifelessness, and accept it in Him. Amen.

1 mo. 14, 1855.—To-morrow commences another six months' session. Though daily watchfulness and more than daily prayer must be mine, in order to maintain the daily warfare, first for myself, and then as delegated guardian of others, yet now on the eve of commencing I would earnestly pray for the guiding, protecting, controlling and loving care of my Heavenly Father in the name of His dear Son, to guide and to guard and direct and help and strengthen and preserve my beloved partner and myself through the session.

I travelled with three friends lately, each of whom denounced the system of the school in which he had been educated—each different—each among Friends. One of them said that what good might exist in those subjected to such training, was in spite of, not by favour of the influence of school—in short that evil was predominant. I listened with silent concern, querying what will be said of York training—what under-currents of evil will be the theme of the men twenty years to come. I think it will be of under-currents only that they will be able to speak. In some recent fearful conflicts with evil, I had reason to believe it was only an under-current—that it was limited and recent. May I be kept in that prayerful vigilance from which even under-currents shall not be long concealed, and endowed with true wisdom to track and to arrest their course. I would fain hope even now, that it might be said *evil* was in spite of, and not by favour of the influence of the school—that the good have a fair chance—that evil is in a minority. Heavenly Father help us still for Thy dear Son's sake, our only Saviour.

2 mo. 26.—Since I last wrote in these pages a depth of sore trial has been permitted us in the breaking out of scarlatina in

the school. This is the thirty-eighth day since its first appearance, and we have still three patients in the nursery. In the interval I have been very unwell. My beloved partner has been able to fulfil her usual daily duties, though sometimes faint, weary and almost desponding: and yet both of us have been enabled from time to time to renew our confidence in our Heavenly Father's love and care.

3 mo. 18.—Since I wrote last, illness increasing, the Committee resolved to disperse the school, and all that were well left us on the 9th instant. Twelve invalids remained; they are now reduced to two still with us. Two months' tension has produced its not unexpected effects, abated health and prostration of spirits.

3 mo. 21.—This evening our kind and able committee met once more to consider various circumstances connected with the state of the school. I was present, and in the course of the discussion expressed my apprehension that my beloved R. might not be equal to the post she now occupies, except at a cost that I was not warranted to incur—that I could see no medium between continuing as at present, or entirely withdrawing—that I was not prepared peremptorily to withdraw, but after having stated these views we were satisfied with placing ourselves in the hands of our friends, and for the present to abide by their judgment, trusting that we should be adapted to the burden, or the burden to us; or that way would be more plainly made for our release. The will of the Lord be done!

To William Kitching, Jun.

(About to enter the school as a Junior Teacher.)

7 mo. 26, 1855.—I had intended to converse with thee a little on the subject of thy last letter, when at Ackworth; but my ability to converse or indeed any other ability was very limited, quite unequal to ordinary duties. However I do not know that I should have had much to say, except to express my wish to encourage thee to look hopefully forward. * * * * The right fulfilment of a Teacher's office consists less with the extent of his attainments than with his aptness to teach, the largeness of his sympathy with youth, his love for them, and above all, the love of Christ ruling in his heart and regulating all his

proceedings. I look forward with pleasure to thy joining us; and I believe it will be the study of my dear R. F. and myself to do what we can to make thy path pleasant and happy.

On the 3rd of Ninth-month I went to Scarborough. I had been extremely unwell. A few days' residence at Scarborough produced a surprising change. I returned home on the 7th. On the morning of that day immediately after breakfast I ascended Oliver's Mount. It was a glorious morning—an almost cloudless sky. I was too early for the crowd of visitors. I reached the summit, retraced the ground almost to the level of Seamer Mere, then returned to the top, walked round the whole drive, and only encountered one set of Tourists just as I had completed the circle. Whilst alone on the summit, struck with the beauty, seclusion and extent of the scene—the blue sky—the expanse of sea—the freshness of the morning air, and superadded, the sense of renovated health,—my heart I think I may say overflowed with gratitude and love. I was constrained to bend the knee on the turf. Prayer and confession—and a sense of pardoning mercy—and heartfelt thanksgiving in the name of the dear Son of God—a renewal of covenant—a fresh desire to love and to serve—all these rendered it a consecrated spot and a consecrated moment, never to be forgotten. The God of nature and the God of Grace—the great Creator, and the loved and loving Saviour seemed in some sense realized. The scene brought to my mind,

> "From the blue rim where sky and ocean meet,
> Down to the very turf beneath thy feet,
> All speak one language, all with one sweet voice
> Cry to the Universal realm, Rejoice!"

12 mo. 30.—Lifeless myself, dry—empty—hard—the opening of these pages has revived past mercies, and kindled some little feeling, some renewed sense of gratitude. The year almost closing has been marked by mercies innumerable: among those mercies I enumerate the capacity to perceive, to acknowledge and to enjoy them. Many of them have been connected with sore trials—songs of praise and deliverance. Some of them have been connected with deep concern for others, and permission given and access granted to petition for them at the footstool of the throne in the dear Redeemer's name. The verbal mention of my young friends and of some who are not young, has seemed

to intensify prayer and intercession. And now twenty-seven years of service have nearly closed: but few can remain, possibly very few. "What is that to thee? follow thou Me." May I receive and appropriate the admonition and the command —seek still to occupy—more diligently, more faithfully, with less of self-seeking—more of singleness of heart as unto the Lord.

1 mo. 20, 1856.—At reading time after some conflict—not a little—I bent the knee, and was strengthened to implore in the name of the dear Redeemer the blessing of our Heavenly Father on the session just commencing—that He would guard us against every inroad of evil—that He would imbue the hearts of the beloved young ones assembled, with the love of Him and of their dear Redeemer—that He would so fashion them by His Holy Spirit that they might be His for ever. I had peace in this offering.

Soon after the re-assembling of the school, measles broke out, and many of the boys were laid by in the complaint. All went on favourably for a time till one of the scholars, the son of Henry Bewley of Lota, near Dublin, became a cause of anxiety. Before he was seriously unwell, an inmate of his father's family had come to nurse him. Alarming symptoms coming on, his parents were telegraphed for, but they did not reach York until some hours after his peaceful close. John Ford thus alludes to this severe dispensation:—

2 mo. 21.—Since I wrote last a time of deep trial has been allotted us. "Fire and hail, snow and vapour, stormy wind fulfilling His word." This may not unaptly characterize the events of the last three weeks. All these are called upon by the Psalmist to praise the Lord. May such be the blessed results of this dispensation. * * * * Sleeplessness, watching, anxiety, deep sympathy with the bereaved parents, the very delicate health and the distress of my dear R., bore away all refuge except one, and that did not fail: again and again prayer was found to be a hiding place. * * * * * After the funeral, in the Meeting House after much conflict I bent the knee in prayer. My feelings were wonderfully calmed by this offering.

To Thomas Puplett.

2 mo. 26, 1856.—Whilst we have been sensible on many occasions during the last two weeks of the visitations of our Heavenly Father's love to our own beloved circle, it gladdens our hearts to know that this blessing has been extended to other circles in connection with the same sorrowful event. Some more wondrous connecting influence than that of the electric wires, might seem to have subsisted between Ackworth and York last First-day evening. In the course of our engagements in the school room, the *missing one* (though no new topic) was incidentally alluded to, and yet another of the many lessons offered for our instruction was pointed out. The deep and touching solemnity that attended and followed—a silence that no one seemed willing to break—cheered my heart again, with the belief that the love of our Heavenly Father was especially extended to the youthful company before me—to all of us.

I am glad that the invitation to seek communion with God, in prayer offered in the name of His dear Son, was extended to your interesting flock. I have found myself drawn frequently of late, both before and since our late loss, to press the invitation here, and on more than one occasion the *united* spirit of prayer has been granted us. Whilst "Non nobis Domine" is the inmost sentiment of our hearts, we may tell one another of His loving kindness and tender mercy.

We have had several interesting letters from Dublin. One from the father of the beloved boy, whilst it bears evidence that their hearts at times feel their desolateness, yet expresses the earnest desire that the event may be the blessed means of drawing many young hearts to the Saviour. "*He* can do it," he says, "may He give us faith to believe that He will."

In addition to our anxieties, our sorrows were not merely sympathetic. We truly mourned the loss from our circle of a good, a bright, intelligent, loving and lovely boy—one whom we thought it would be a delight to train for his *Master's* service on earth, and He has early transferred him for service in Heaven. Besides an evidence sealed on our spirits that he is safe for ever—an evidence which I dare not call in question—we have the confirming testimony of his previous life and conduct, of his patient and thankful demeanour in sickness, and of the peace which hovered over his dying bed. His pleasure in listening to, and his affirmative responses to the beautiful hymn,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," and his emphatically earnest reply to my dear R. F.'s enquiry, "Was not his Saviour near him, was he not sensible of His presence and His love?" "Yes, indeed I am!"—all these considerations remove all thoughts of gloom in remembering this beloved child.

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3 mo. 10.—Last Sixth-day the quarterly Committee met at Bootham to consider the best arrangements for the carrying on of the School. Members of the sub-committee had already conferred with me. * * * * * For myself I may say as I have already said to the Committee, that I place myself in their hands, to carry out cordially and earnestly such plans as they may deem most likely to promote the benefit of the School.

Ten years ago my property was larger than it is to-day. Perhaps I once indulged the idea that I might be in circumstances to quit this post, and might be permitted *peacefully* to quit it with an adequate competence, by the time I had arrived at my present age. It seems to be not so permitted—not my will, but that of my Heavenly Father be done! I had once thought that when my time of dismissal came, it might be an entire dismissal—that a successor might be found who would revise and reform and renovate, and that I might be permitted to find an abode elsewhere, leaving the field clear for new and better men and measures. It seems it is not to be so.—I am told that there is a general wish that the system of management should remain unchanged—that there is a general desire that my successor should be of my own training—that R. and I should continue to render such service as we can, and await the unfoldings of events and times. To this I would repeat, even so "Thy will be done!" A little ability to render service whilst required, a willing heart to render it—a heart to render it as to the Lord—industry, fidelity, courage, faith, true-hearted allegiance—all these I need. Bestow them upon me, O Heavenly Father, for Thy dear Son's sake. Amen!

3 mo. 21.—The difficulties always attendant upon the introduction of new officers, make me look to the future as not involving relief; perhaps as tinged with sombre uncertainty, not to say gloom. If trial still awaits *us*, or awaits *me* only, may I be enabled to accept it as the appointed discipline of a

Father's love. If it draws me nearer and nearer to Him, if it should prepare and strengthen me for further and more faithful service, it shall be indeed welcome. Even now in reverting to the trials of the last few weeks, and calling to mind the "joy unspeakable" of free and frequent access to the throne of Grace —the realization of the love of Christ—the delight of seeking and finding a sense of that love, with body, soul and spirit prostrate—I could exclaim with the Patriarch of old, "oh that it were with me as in days past." If less of sensible enjoyment *is*, and *is to be* for a time my portion, may I be kept faithful and watchful so that I may lose no opportunity of access in prayer, by carelessness or indifference.

To-night, remembering the innumerable mercies that have marked every year of my life, I would ask for an increase of faith and love, a deeper sense of the immense debt of gratitude due for the purchased salvation; and hence more constancy, fidelity and diligence in service if still permitted to serve: and if before another birthday should come round my term of earthly service should have closed, may I be permitted to entertain the hope, that for His sake who died to save us and who ever liveth to make intercession for us, I may (most unworthy as I am) be accepted in Him. Amen.

6 mo. 22.—Our scholars all left us on Sixth-day, and another vacation has begun. We parted with our two faithful aids, Till Adam Smith after nearly fifteen years of service, and William Robinson after three. It was not without much emotion, that my dear R. and myself took leave of these beloved friends. * * * * Prevented going to Meeting by indisposition, incapable and needing rest as usual at this time, yet also as usual feeling the silence and vacuity of the house and grounds, I am poor and depressed this evening, and yet not without a thankful remembrance of past mercies, nor yet without some trust for the future.

* * * * I believe that on several occasions lately I might without presumption, without running not being sent, have said a few words in our Meetings for worship. Fearfulness and faithlessness have prevented. I earnestly desire to be preserved on either hand. The gospel is livingly and frequently preached in our Meetings here at York; but that is no excuse if an offering be really required: again, "who hath required this at your hand?" is a very solemn question. "Make my way

straight before Thy face." Help me to be faithful and obedient! I have often had to acknowledge thankfully the help afforded in my First-day engagements with the scholars—a gift entrusted to me for them; a measure of the same feeling has attended me at times in Meeting. Keep me from mistakes either of utterance or of silence, O Lord!

7 mo. 6.—This morning early in the Meeting the text "Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish," came before me.—There were many little ones present—and after much conflict and many fears, I ventured to quote the text and offer a short comment. I believe that the enemy of all good, the accuser of the brethren tried to discourage me after this engagement. I laid my case before Him whom I would gladly claim as my Master, and His peace that passeth all understanding filled my heart with gratitude and my eyes with thankful tears.

Last Third-day I went to Ackworth to attend the General Meeting and the Educational Meeting. I read a paper on "The Duties and Difficulties of Young Teachers." I may thankfully acknowledge the help granted in the preparation, as well as the acceptance it seemed to find, and the precious solemnity that followed its conclusion.

8 mo. 3.—Another vacation closes to-day.

> "What tho' the day be never so long,
> At last it ringeth to evening song."

And so with our brief vacation. And so at length with the brief term of mortal life. With what evening song shall that hour be greeted which marks its close? "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Oh if through wondrous mercy, ability should be granted to unite at last in that glorious anthem, welcome the evening that closes with such a song—welcome the dawning of the succeeding day—"for there shall be no night there."

10 mo. 17.—In the course of the evening, I had interviews with ——— and ———. I remonstrated with ——— on the unkindness of the procedure as regarded myself, the years I had watched over him, &c. He was greatly moved—acknowledged his obligations and spontaneously said he was sorry he had troubled me, and that he would try to avoid doing so. I could not observe without emotion the tear stealing down his fine face. The depth and sincerity of his feelings were manifest in the

expression of his countenance, and his whole demeanour. Oh! how worthless are penalties compared with scenes and emotions like these! How efficacious is *Christian* discipline. In the evening I met the assembled school exclusive of the senior class. I addressed them on the prevalence of evil; comparing some form of it with Cholera, Scarlet fever, Measles or some other deadly disease: a matter not for punishment, but for sorrow, repentance, seeking for pardon and for strength to resist future temptations. At reading time I read Ephesians iv., 22—32, and at the close, the words of our Lord occurred to me "If two of you shall agree on earth," &c. I remarked that I had felt encouraged by the remembrance of this promise—that I believed more than two, this night are prepared to ask for the grace of repentance, for strength to resist temptation, for the preserving hand of our Heavenly Father to keep us from evil—that I should seek for ability to do so, and I trusted that others would accept my invitation to unite in it. A solemn pause ensued.

10 mo. .—An interview with ———. I reverted to his past history—that I felt it hard as the close of his term approached, and as that of mine could not be far distant (as resident), conscious as I was that I had deserved to win his allegiance and affection, that I should thus have to remonstrate with him. "Thou hast won it, John Ford," he replied, with deep and earnest emotion. I could not but be greatly moved by such a speech from such a boy. It once more renewed my faith in efforts to maintain a spirit of allegiance, by Christian courtesy and gentleness and by appeals to the better nature.

11 mo. 12.—This morning in Meeting my mind was deeply affected with the evil manifestations I have lately had to encounter in a few of the scholars. It occurred to me

> "Thou art coming to a King,
> Large petitions with thee bring,"

and I felt as though I could pour out my soul in earnest petition for the powerful interposition of omnipotence, to aid in the warfare, to endue with wisdom, and every other requisite, those who keep watch and ward: to visit the hearts, contrite the spirits, and attract by his love the flock entrusted to us. It was a precious time of earnest, silent intercession.

This evening, I went, after the candles were put out, and sat down in "Number——" bedroom. I told them I had felt inclined to come and offer them a kind word of counsel—to strive to make the bedroom a sacred place; a place where neither in word nor deed, anything should occur of which they could be ashamed: the blessedness of falling asleep with a peaceful conscience, after a little lively conversation such as no one could blush to hear:—a review of the day's doings as in the Divine sight: condemnation, if need be, of wrong,—and then closing their eyes to sleep under a sense of their Heavenly Father's love. I felt peace in making this one more effort, a sense of love to the eight inmates of the room. A remembrance of the morning's intercession, encouraged me to take this step. Be pleased to bless it, Heavenly Father for Thy dear Son's sake!

11 mo. 23.—Since I wrote last I have had to pass through deeper trials and more arduous service in regard to some of the senior scholars than has been allotted to me for many years. I have often prayed that evil might not be permitted to lay us waste, but might be brought to light—and so hath it been: and through pain and grief and depression, physical and mental, and with many prayers, I have striven to maintain the conflict, to maintain it too in that spirit which I have so commended to others—the spirit which would win and restore,—and many a time have I had to acknowledge with tears of joy the help thus afforded. Many a time has the sorrowful countenance and the trickling tear of some whom I would fain win over to Christ, moved my deepest sympathy. They forget—they are careless—thoughtless. Is that strange? Oh may I be preserved from faithless unbelief in the efficacy of true Christian discipline, the voice of gentle suasion and love!

Thrice since I wrote last have I opened my mouth in our Meetings for worship, I did so to-day. Hesitating to speak, yet afraid to keep silence I have spoken. I have heard no other than the voice of encouragement from my friends. Whilst willing to say "Here am I, send me," I shrink from the responsibility and sometimes from the inquiry, "Who hath required this?" Heavenly Father, keep me humble, watchful, willing—keep me from all self-seeking in Thy service,—give me a thankful, grateful heart for all Thy mercies—that so, honoured by permission to serve Thee here in this the flock intrusted by Thee—or in the assemblies of Thy people, I may be stimulated

to more faithful allegiance, and know more and more of Thy sustaining and contriting love.

12 mo. 31.—Our school broke up on Sixth-day.—It is long since I had so laborious a half-year: it is not often that I have felt so discouraged at the supposed lack of fruit of labour. I ought with renewed thankfulness to acknowledge that in the administration of the discipline, in meeting the various forms of evil manifest from time to time, I have been preserved from procedures that would give me pain in reflecting upon them. Moral suasion, appeals to the highest principles, urged with kindliness of tone and manner, have been my weapons; and again and again I have brought my cares and fears and despondencies to the mercy-seat—not in vain.

My beloved R. is still an invalid confined to her bedroom and parlour—a patient, thankful, cheerful prisoner of the Lord—comforting me many a time by her sweet, gentle, confiding, loving spirit—privileged often I believe to know what it is to rest on His bosom. A few more minutes will bring in another year. What it may bring with it matters little if it only finds us with our loins girded about and our lamps burning, and we ourselves like men who wait for their Lord. Weary, fainthearted and unequal to the service, and longing, oh how earnestly, perhaps selfishly, for rest, I have often been of late: perhaps I am so now, and may be so when about to engage in the service again; and yet I think peace has been my portion if not enjoyment. Increase my faith. Teach me to endure hardness. Oh keep me from a murmuring, a discontented spirit. Help me from day to day and from hour to hour in the constant warfare against evil in myself, and in those committed to my care: and to all these blessings add, O Heavenly Father, for Thy mercy's sake in Jesus Christ our Saviour, a sense of Thy love and of Thy protecting and sustaining care. Then preserved by Thee in this field of service, or dismissed from it for other service elsewhere, or called to render an account, a final account of stewardship—may a humble hope in Thy mercy through Him, whom I would fain love and serve with my whole heart, gild the closing scene. Amen!

1 mo. 12, 1857.—Never did the 34th Psalm appear so beautiful, so full of comfort as it did to me this evening. With a heart full of grateful emotions I felt invited to appropriate some

of the gracious declarations—the promises—the blessed experiences—announced in several verses.

3 mo. 21.—Seven years at home—seven years a schoolboy—twice seven a teacher—twice fourteen Principal—fourteen years at Worcester—fourteen nearly at Rochester and a little more than twenty-eight at York—making fifty-six in all—have brought me to the present day, my fifty-seventh birthday, and my present position. "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life," and at times a good hope (not a vain confidence I trust) is granted, that "I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." A hope inspired by a sense of the pardoning mercy of God in Jesus Christ.

The time since the vacation has been less marked with trial and conflict than some previous months. I fear less marked too by frequent earnest application to the mercy-seat. How precious nevertheless are the recollections of running thither with child-like confidence, to pour out troubles and sorrows and tears before a loving and merciful Heavenly Father, emboldened so to do by confidence in an ever-living advocate, and in that confidence, realizing at times the assurance, "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them,"—and "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

4 mo. 12.—I have been fearful lest the condition of our Meeting with regard to vocal offerings should induce me to keep silence unprofitably. I have tried to rest on, "what is that to thee?" May I be enabled faithfully and entirely to obey the annexed injunction, "follow thou Me."—In looking towards the future, no way seems to be opening for release from service in the school; and yet at times I feel unequal to the cares and anxieties: they press more heavily on my health and spirits than they once did. I would fain trust it all to my Heavenly Father's disposal, and seek just for help from hour to hour to do the hour's service.

To ———

4 mo. 27, 1857.—I was much interested in thy account of thy two pupils more particularly in reference to thy little friend. I was glad indeed to find that thou hadst found access to his understanding and his heart on the most important of topics.

In my late attempt to aid young teachers, it was no mere piece of sentiment when I pointed out their opportunities of cherishing in their young friends the love of Christ: it arose from a deep conviction that knowing something of that love themselves, (if happily they do) they will long to communicate it, and from a deep conviction too that there are in the hearts of many little boys and older ones too, at times, undefined longings which some perception of this love can alone satisfy—a condition of mind which gratefully and lovingly accepts as in the case of thy cherished pupil, a word however simple, addressed to these aspirations of the immortal spirit kindled in the youthful heart by the influence of the Holy Spirit of God. * * * *

The morning of life—high noon—afternoon and evening—each of these periods has its service. Mayst thou in this thy morning, my dear young friend, and we too who have arrived at *afternoon* be faithful, true-hearted servants. I sometimes feel as though repose would be grateful. My turn may perhaps some day come for a change of service. Welcome that or any other allotment only let it be a Father's ordering.

SECTION IV.

BOOTHAM AND ST. MARY'S.

Though Rachel Ford since the summer of 1855 had resigned her duties as housekeeper to Sarah Robinson, whose efficiency relieved her from household cares, her increasing delicacy and the state of John Ford's health also, made it evident that the time was at hand when substantial relief from the constant pressure of their position must be afforded them. The way opened somewhat suddenly. A house in the immediate neighbourhood of the School well adapted to their requirements, became unexpectedly at liberty. After consulting with their friends the whole subject was laid before the Committee. With its entire concurrence, arrangements were made for them to remove to their new residence, No. 7 St. Mary's, at midsummer;—that John Ford, whilst relieved from some of the duties which he had hitherto discharged, should retain the post of Superintendent, and that Fielden Thorp, who as scholar, junior teacher and Assistant Master had been associated with him for several years, and for whom he entertained a deep affection, should become resident head Master at Bootham.

In reference to these changes John Ford thus writes under date 5 mo. 3, 1857:—

* * * * Embarking on new and somewhat ambiguous duties, or relationships in regard to duties, Rachel and I have been mostly enabled to rely quietly, hopefully and I believe thankfully on our Heavenly Father's love and care.

6 mo. 21, 1857.—Since I last wrote another vacation has commenced. The general kindness and loyalty of the scholars and the entire good feeling subsisting between them and the teachers, have been very gratifying features of the close of the session. I do not know and I find it difficult to estimate the amount or the nature of the change contemplated in our non-residence. The prospect has invested many things with some of

that feeling of mournful interest which attends the doing of a thing for the last time: in some degree it is so; but I earnestly desire to regard the change as occurring in the ordering of an ever kind and merciful Heavenly Father, assured that if so, all will be well. If it brings its peculiar trials, may faith and patience equal to the emergency be granted; if a little less pressure and burden, may all so gained be consecrated to the best of services.

To Rachel Ford.

Dewsbury, 6 mo. 30, 1857. * * * * Twenty years ago to-day! Twenty years marked by mercies fresh every morning from our Heavenly Father, and by ever deepening love for each other! May ever deepening love for Him who has so loved us and blessed us be our experience to the end—and willing-hearted service whether it be to *do* or to *bear*. Farewell, dearest. In abundant love,

Thine ever,

JOHN FORD.

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7 mo. 5.—To-night probably for the *last* time I am making a memorandum under this roof. My term of non-resident Superintendent has already commenced "de jure;" before I write again it will probably have commenced "de facto." The eleven years and a half spent here have been marked by many mercies, those of this very day not the least. Perhaps I never felt myself to stand more in need of pardoning mercy—never wrestled more earnestly and importunately for it—never felt more of its unspeakable preciousness.—A trial, (reckless evil in another) crossed my path *unexpectedly* and *suddenly* yesterday, and found me unprepared. Last evening and again to-day, the grace of repentance—the spirit of earnest prayer and supplication with many tears has been in abundant mercy granted me. The sense of reconciliation—pardon—restoration—renewed love, has again and again overwhelmed my spirit. The evening Meeting was a very precious time; and now again in the solitude of this large house with its two or three inmates, and my beloved R. retired, I have again to acknowledge the rich sense of our Heavenly Father's love contriting my spirit. Oh that henceforth by continual watchfulness, by seeking to take the whole armour, the attacks of an unwearied enemy, the outbursts of remaining evil, may be successfully resisted and repressed. Oh

that I may never utter another unkind word. May the remembrance of yesterday's pain and to-day's pardon be an additional safeguard.

RACHEL FORD TO BRIDGET THOMPSON.

7 mo. 14, 1857.—I came to St. Mary's after tea last evening, and soon felt very comfortable; and on our little company sitting down together for the first time for the purposes of family worship, there did appear such an overshadowing of heavenly good as quite to tender our spirits; and my dear husband was constrained on bended knee to offer the tribute of thanksgiving, and to petition that the same mercy and goodness which had in an especial manner followed us all our lives long, might still be continued, keeping us watchful, and prayerful, with willing hearts doing all that may be called for at our hands: and that whether our sojourn here together might be longer or shorter, at the end an entrance might be granted us into the kingdom of our Lord through the mercies of His dear Son, our ever living, ever loving Saviour.

TO WILLIAM KITCHING, JUN.

7 mo. 15, 1857.—We have got into our new house, and I am glad that it has been accomplished without much fatigue to my dear R.; and I think I can say I am truly thankful to see her so entirely pleased with the change, not finding a single discomfort in her new residence. It was indeed time, with her delicate health and long service, that she should be relieved from all feeling of responsibility in the large family over which she had presided for twenty years. But if *responsibility* on her part has ceased, *interest* has *not* ceased, nor perhaps *service*—that service which I believe she has often rendered, of earnest prayer for the blessing of our Heavenly Father on the labours of those called to more active service. I shall be glad to meet you all once more and to unite with you in caring for the flock. I account it a singular happiness to be united with such—with able, kind-hearted, earnest, young men—with whom associated, it is sometimes joy to be able to feel myself a fellow-servant with them, of our gracious Master. May our fidelity and love to Him, and our love one to another, as His servants, increase and abound.

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9 mo. 11.—We have now been several weeks in our new house, and have much cause for thankfulness and praise for the sense of peace and repose often granted us. To me it has been an especial cause of grateful thanksgiving that my beloved R. does so enjoy the change. We have both at times I think had our trust renewed that the change in our position has on it the stamp of Divine ordering. My interest in the school and in every individual in it is not diminished. It is pleasant to find that I still have a place with all its inmates. Whilst enjoying the quiet of St. Mary's, I miss perhaps most of all the evening readings at the school. Brief as they mostly were, they were often times of refreshment of spirit. Thus far efficiency and harmony and united interest continue to characterize the officers, and affection and loyalty the scholars. * * * *

I think my health has improved since the change of residence. I find it more difficult, in my position between the two houses to maintain steady, uninterrupted, literary labour—some books and means being at one house and some at the other. I must guard against desultory and indolent habits. I hope to see more and more plainly what is my allotted service—what new duties belong to my new circumstances—what old ones to be more diligently prosecuted—what belongs to the public, what to the more private service—what to the moral, the intellectual, the spiritual. Watchfulness and frequent prayer—diligence—perseverance—faith—these are some of the means towards the fulfilment of "occupy till I come."

10 mo. 14.—Especial private prayer this evening for some of the thoughtless, yet beloved ones at Bootham. Again let me plead O Heavenly Father, in the name of Thy dear Son. Visit their young hearts—show them their thoughtlessness and their forgetfulness of Thee—show them their need of a Saviour—draw them to Him—give them to feel the love of Christ inviting them to come unto Him. Suffer them not to be hardened by the deceitfulness of sin. And for the whole school and its unworthy head, withhold not Thou Thy tender mercies from us. Thou hast been our help: for Thy dear Son's sake, leave us not nor forsake us, O God of our Salvation.

12 mo. 6.—I have made some change in arrangements for First-day, which occupy more of my time at Bootham with the scholars, and more in preparation. Besides the ecclesiastical history in the morning, I have the senior class separately in

the evening on points of Christian doctrine. Thankfulness should be the clothing of my spirit this evening for the help graciously afforded in these services—thankfulness to Him whose tender mercies are over all His works.

In the Second-Month of 1858 a sharp rheumatic attack of four weeks duration, confined John Ford to the house, and much of the time to his bed. He thus writes in reference to this period:—

My head was preserved in perfect clearness. My memory was more than usually clear and active. When I could neither read nor listen to reading from weakness, psalms—chapters of Holy Scripture—long passages—hymns—pieces from Cowper—passed gently and quietly through my mind—just trickling through, leaving a refreshing dew as they passed. Hymns and verses long unused to be thought of, recurred. I went through many of Dr. Watts's "Divine Songs," learned more than fifty years ago. Sleepless hours were often thus charmed. Prayer and thanksgiving were often graciously granted me.

6 mo. 13, 1858.—The last Sabbath of the Session. I gave one more lecture, the 30th on Church History. After the evening reading, in addressing the boys I said I could publicly acknowledge a sense of thankful gratitude to our Heavenly Father, for His preserving love and mercy extended to this family since the commencement of the session. I believed there were those present who could unite in the sentiment. I remembered that at the commencement we had asked for this extension of love to us, that we might be kept from sinning, kept in the love and fear of our Heavenly Father. If there were young hearts present sensible of this, they could so unite. Let them carry this feeling home with them, and let the fruits of it be seen in increased kindness, gentleness, unselfishness, affection;—these would be proofs that so it had been with us.

I came away once more from this interesting and beloved company with a thankful heart, and yet with feelings a little saddened—even yet after nearly thirty years of labour, at once more parting with them, with some perchance to meet no more. Continue Thy loving kindness to them and to me, to my beloved partner and to all who are dear to us, for Thy Son's sake, our ever living advocate with Thee. Amen!

9 mo. 19.—The past week has been one of sore trials. Trials arising, I think I may venture to say, in answer to prayer. I have often asked that evil may not be permitted to *prevail* amongst the scholars. Evil very recent became known, and I was helped to grapple with it. To-day a tender and prayerful spirit has been in mercy granted me.

12 mo. 7.—I gave my fifth lesson on Church History at the Mount School. Last evening and this evening I spent some hours in preparation; and before setting out I felt drawn to engage in prayer. I accepted the invitation, and found prayer once more to be a very precious thing. Pardon in the name of Christ—the aid of the Holy Spirit—the annihilation of all self-seeking and self-sufficiency—permission to serve, and direction when and how,—such were some of my petitions, and I believe they were granted. Interest seemed well sustained during the lecture; and after the reading of the Scriptures I addressed the girls. I returned home with a contrited and grateful heart. My prayer is still, "make me as one of Thy hired servants."

1 mo. 25, 1859.—This evening after many hours of research, thought and writing, I have nearly completed my second Lecture on Church History, to be read next Fifth-day evening. Looking forward to the preparation of one or two similar Lectures—somewhat despondingly—not unwilling to work and yet at times longing for rest—a very precious sense of my Heavenly Father's love in Christ my Saviour was granted me—a rich over-payment of all toil—a little evidence that it is a service for Him.

To William S. Lean.

3 mo. 25, 1859.—Thy residence in Kent and thy mention of Rochester brought up a numerous and busy train of reminiscences of the joys and sorrows,—the hopes and aims all glowing—the poetry and the friendships of that bright period of life through which thou art passing. From the age of fourteen to twenty-seven, my home was on the banks of the beautiful Medway. The window near my desk, about one hundred feet above the river commanded a broad expanse of near a thousand feet of water immediately below, and the windings of the stream were visible between the chalk downs for two or three miles. The opposite shore soon rose to considerable elevation, crowned

by the woods of Lord Darnley's domain. The window looked due west. Imagine the most glorious sunsets thy fancy can paint, and confess that they cannot equal those which now through a long vista of years, I see along those hills and mirrored in that resplendent river. Excuse this natural burst of enthusiasm, the vibrations of a chord touched by thee. I could almost personify that river and say,

"Never can that heart forget thee
That has felt a love like mine."

But it was not the river, the woods, the hills, and the sunsets, that formed the charm. Early friendships, not yet all severed, and higher and holier things than these are associated with those scenes. There some of my earliest vows were made—the river-side was the place of many a prayer. Do not wonder at this train of thought. Future years will perhaps explain it to thee when looking back upon Blackwell and the Tees, or the less picturesque York and its Ouse. The poet says "Let the dead past bury its dead;" but there are things of the past—living things, which it would be a sin to bury.

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3 mo. 21.—In the Meetings at York and at Wakefield last week, the young, the children have been the objects of my concern and love. On these occasions, and especially in my First-day evening engagements at Bootham, freedom of utterance and a sense of a Saviour's love to them, have been granted me in answer to prayer, accompanied with a commission so to speak.

May this my fifty ninth year, if spared to complete its round, be more faithfully—earnestly—constantly devoted to the best of services, the best of masters—loving service to Him who hath *so* loved us!—service preparatory to that blessed condition where His servants shall still serve Him, and see His face, and fear no more the mingling of sin or sorrow or unsuccess!

5 mo. 8.—A blessed evening at Bootham. After reading, I withdrew to the silent Lecture-room,* and there was enabled to

* After removing to St. Mary's, the Lecture-room (since altered into the Dining-room) was occupied by John Ford during the hours he was at Bootham. It may be well also to explain, that whilst the First-day evening Addresses were usually given in the School-room, the reading of Scripture with the assembled household was conducted in the Dining-room, before the boys retired to rest.

pour out a thankful heart, and again to present many beloved ones in prayer to a merciful Heavenly Father in the name of His dear Son. Before I left the room a poor boy came to see me, oppressed with a feeling of prevailing sin. I gave him counsel entreating him to apply for pardon and for strength, and to let no temptation of Satan prevent him from so doing. The evening closed with a very thankful heart for the mercies of the day.

To William S. Lean.

5 mo. 11, 1859.—Since I wrote to thee my dear R. F. has slowly and gently, step by step declined still further in health. Her voice is generally reduced to a whisper: she still comes down stairs: but yesterday, for the first time was carried up in the evening, the effort of walking up being no longer in her power, finding her strength and breathing utterly exhausted by the effort. She enjoys the change down stairs, and I hope she may be permitted to enjoy it for some time, as we have arranged means for carrying her up, and down also if that should become needful. She was much pleased with thy sweet reference to her condition, in thy letter. She is still preserved in quiet, peaceful trust, and sometimes her spirit can rejoice in God her Saviour. On Second-day evening she expressed this sentiment in the words of that beautiful stanza:

> "What thanks I owe Thee and what love,
> A boundless, endless store, &c."

Though my heart is often heavy, and the thought "I must finish my journey alone" makes me very sorrowful, yet at times the unutterable love vouchsafed to her, realizes in me something of the Apostle's experience, "sorrowful yet rejoicing."

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6 mo. 1.—The shadows seem deepening. My darling wife is very ill. Looking at her pallid and worn face this evening as I sat by her bedside, I could not repress my sorrow, much as I feared to distress her. At length I read to her a passage of scripture on which I had casually opened, ending with, "for we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved." This and some of the precious declarations in the preceding verses, "the light afflictions"—the "far more exceeding and

eternal weight of glory," seemed, under the Holy Spirit's influence to open the way for thanksgiving and prayer on the bended knee, for and with my beloved and myself. Oh what a blessed, soothing, calming, confidence-restoring thing is prayer! * * * Oh if this most precious treasure—this most tenderly beloved one be taken from me, may I be permitted to fill up the brief period of separation (till I rejoin her before the throne) in faithful, loving service of my Heavenly Father and Redeemer!

7 mo. 3.—The tender bond of twenty-two years is severed. Yesterday evening my darling wife entered upon her heavenly inheritance, purchased for her by her Saviour's most precious blood. Most gently and tenderly has her Heavenly Father dealt with her—gently sloping the way to her and to me by a most peaceful and painless illness. It was the most peaceful close—not a motion to indicate the parting moment. Though there was no opportunity for a parting word, yet the last week was one long farewell. Morning by morning I read (and evening by evening) a few verses of precious hopes and promises, to which her response often was, "how beautiful"—"how precious"—"how comforting." Her spirit too, often united with mine when I was enabled by her bedside to pour forth words of thanksgiving and prayer. To-day I have again and again, especially in our morning reading with my two poor weeping servants, and again this evening at reading time,—found refuge and peace and comfort and light in humble, heartfelt prayer, so that I felt as though I could adopt the beautiful language of the prophet, "The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation."

At the time of her decease Rachel Ford had completed her fifty-seventh year. Her remains were interred in Friends' Burial Ground, York, on the Eighth of Seventh Month. On the evening of that day the following sketch of her, drawn up by John Ford in the interval that had elapsed since her death, was read to a large company of relations and friends assembled at the School.

The instruction to be derived from the less conspicuous and the sequestered walk of the faithful disciple of Christ, though less obvious and less easy to set forth, is perhaps not less valuable than are the lessons to be drawn from a life of active

service, in a wide and public sphere. Some such instruction seems to have been bequeathed to her friends by the late Rachel Ford.

She was the daughter of Nathan and Rachel Robson of Darlington, both of whom were taken from her in comparatively early life. She had also to mourn over the loss of two brothers and two sisters all summoned early away. Thus she became acquainted with sorrow. Till her marriage with John Ford in 1837, her life was of somewhat chequered character. She filled various stations of usefulness, largely securing the esteem and affection of the kind relatives in whose families she resided. Many of these have testified to the early maturity and soundness of her judgment and to an unvarying kindness—

> "Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
> That humour interposed too often makes."

Though she shrunk at first from the prospect of the grave responsibilities involved in the proposed connection in marriage, yet once satisfied it was of the Lord, she entered on the union with all the warmth of the most tender affection, and in humble confidence, that ability equal to her need, would be granted to her, to fulfil the important duties devolving on the female head of a large school. Though constitutionally of very delicate health, she decidedly declined the assistance of a house-keeper, preferring to have direct and immediate personal intercourse with every member of the large family, whose confidence, esteem and love she soon secured. The attachment of numerous domestic servants, extending over twenty years of active superintendence of the school, testified to her love and care of them. A kind word of counsel to the young, the wayward and the careless, forbearance to such—encouragement to every effort to amend—wisdom and prudence in arranging differences, and the silent influence of her own quiet spirit—were means blest in a large degree, to the maintenance of harmony, and of efficient service. The time of paying the half-yearly wages was made by her an opportunity of evincing her interest in her servants' welfare. She made a point of seeing each separately, and many a word in season was thus imparted. In more than one instance, she had in her domestics, those who, like herself, loved their Lord, and manifested that love by a careful, humble, self-denying walk. These were dear to her in the bonds of christian love.

More than twenty young men, as teachers and junior assistants,

partook of her care and kindness in the course of her twenty years of service. These too were the objects of her especial interest. To secure their physical comfort, to make herself readily accessible to them, to minister to them in illness, and by tender sympathy to cheer them under discouragement, marked her line of conduct towards them. The supper-table, round which they assembled when the toils of the day were over, will be remembered by many of them as the scene of tranquil enjoyment, to which she contributed by the influence of her gentle spirit. Nor were they unconscious of this influence nor ungrateful for it. One of them in a letter written the day before her death says; "Her delicate kindness to me during my sojourn at Bootham, and the sweetness of her meek and quiet spirit will never be forgotten while memory lasts." Another who partook of her tender care and interest for three years and a half, in a letter, dated two weeks before her decease, writes: "I have a vivid remembrance of the thrill of feeling that went through me, as my heart responded to the remark of a friend on the occasion of Rachel Ford's appointment to the station of Elder: He said, "Though there might not be the zeal of a Peter or the boldness of a Paul, yet there was in her, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price." Truly it is not to eulogize the departed that these testimonies are adduced. Her humble estimate of herself would have made eulogy most repugnant to her. And yet now, "seeing no longer as in a glass darkly," she would not blame the attempt to draw lessons from her life, calculated, though in ever so small a degree, to stimulate others to tread the path of dedicated and loving service.

More than three hundred and fifty boys passed through the school during the period of her administration. To these individually she gave a tender and ever watchful care. The little boy, fresh from his mother's side, soon found in her, one whose sympathetic kindness made some amends for the separation. To her they soon found they could confide their little troubles, without apprehension of repulse. Before increased delicacy of health interposed, she devoted a little time after breakfast each morning, and every evening after reading, to receive all comers, with every little ailment, administering to their several wants, and thus acquiring distinct, individual knowledge of almost every boy's peculiar temperament of body or of mind. Few half-years passed over, without one or more

of the scholars being brought under her notice, bereaved of a parent, a brother, or sister, or other near relative. On these occasions her parlour was the scene of many a soothing and comforting interview. The hearts and the lips, even of the shy and diffident, were opened on these occasions, in response to her soothing and delicate kindness. But it was in periods of sickness whether of individuals or when numbers were indisposed, that she seemed peculiarly gifted to minister. She availed herself of these opportunities, not only to exert the kindest care and superintendence, in regard to all physical wants and alleviations, but by reading a short portion of Scripture by the bed side, and by the simple expression of religious concern, she availed herself of the softening influence of sickness, gently to lead to thoughts of a Heavenly Father's love and care. The kindling eye and the bright response of one dear boy, to her whispered suggestion of a Saviour's love, a few brief hours before his sweet spirit left its earthly tabernacle, were deeply impressed on her mind, and comforted her in a time of sore trial.

Way was often purposely made for her to see and converse with poor boys in trouble, whether for minor or graver offences: her softening influence over these, was no unimportant part of the Christian discipline of the school.

Such is a brief sketch of what may be called the official life of our late friend. In the spring of 1856, it was evident that her physical powers were becoming unequal to the duties of Bootham. The way for release however did not fully open till midsummer, 1857, when she removed with her husband to a private house, not far from the school. She most gratefully enjoyed the repose of this change, and said that she had not an earthly wish ungratified. For the last two years of her residence at Bootham she was most kindly assisted by her friend, Sarah Robinson, to whom she became warmly attached. She retained her interest in the school to the last: was always glad to see her friend, and to aid her with her counsel—not more cheerfully given, than kindly and thankfully received.

For the last three or four years she had been sensible of declining health and strength. In 1855 at a time when scarlatina prevailed in the school, she wrote as follows to one whom she loved as a daughter, and who warmly reciprocated that love. "*This* is of all things, the one I most dreaded, and yet, now that it is come upon us, I feel enabled quietly to submit to it. I look upon it as one of those permitted trials, intended

to do us good." About the same time she says, "I am very feeble, getting at times quite discouraged about my health. I know however that all is ordered well and wisely. I cannot say as some do, that I consider sickness a sorrowful thing: my feelings are more in unison with the beautiful hymn, 'Chamber of sickness! much to thee I owe.'" On the second of the First-month, 1859, she wrote to the same loved one as follows: "In the unusual solemnity that seems to cover my own spirit, at the commencement of the present year, my thoughts have turned very lovingly towards thee and thine, with warm desires for your welfare every way. What I long for you is, that you may go forward in that way, in which I most comfortingly believe, you have taken not a few steps. Oh! seek to live more and more in that spirit, which will lead you to realize the frequent presence of the dear Saviour, whose loving hand is upon you for good." Whilst she could thus comfort and encourage her friends, her diffident spirit taking an humble estimate of herself, thus expresses her sense of the need of a Saviour. "I feel the beginning of this year a very solemn thing to myself. There is much work to be done before the warfare be accomplished. Earnestly do I crave to be enabled, as a poor penitent believer, to come to Him, who alone can availingly say, 'I will; be thou clean.'"

During her last illness, and shortly before its close, there was evidence of deep searching of heart, and of jealousy over herself, lest she should be taking up with a false rest. Though to outward observation hers had been indeed a blameless life, from her youth up, yet in solemnly reviewing her early years, she told a beloved friend that she believed every transgression of her youth had been brought painfully before her, and that whilst she could thankfully believe they were all forgiven, yet the remembrance of them had been affecting to her. "Quiet trust, peace, not joy," she said "was her portion." Her tenderly beloved friend Sarah Rowntree, visiting her a few days before her decease, says, "I found her bright and cheerful. Her heart seemed peculiarly alive to her many outward comforts. She directed my attention to a beautiful vase of flowers, sent her by a young friend, one of the junior teachers in the School, and remarked, 'I do see the kindness of my Heavenly Father in so abundantly supplying my outward wants;' to which I replied, that great as were these blessings, they were not to be compared with the blessedness of having a good hope of eternal

life through the mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. She said, 'I cannot quite realize *that*.' I replied, 'But thou hast a quiet, settled trust?' She said, 'Yes, a quiet trust, THAT IS JUST IT'; 'and,' added S. R., 'all fear of death is taken away?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'and if I were now just entering the valley, I believe I should feel no fear.'"

On another occasion she spoke quite cheerfully of having arranged all the little presents she wished to be given to her friends, and in looking forward as regarded herself she seemed divested of every anxious thought. She said it felt remarkable to herself, that she, who had always, according to her own estimation, been so weak in faith, should now, with the end in prospect, be so entirely free from anxiety, and able to trust all to the mercy of her Heavenly Father, whilst she hoped it might be permitted her to have a clearer evidence of her acceptance before the end came. Another much loved friend, Esther Seebohm, who visited her two days before her death, thus writes: "It seemed when I had the privilege of a few minutes beside her, as if the end was very near, and there was nothing left to desire but an entrance into that rest, the sweetness of which she was already tasting: the fruition of that love, and peace, and joy, which the presence of the Saviour alone can give."

Although since her removal from Bootham, Rachel Ford's health had been most delicate, it was not till the spring of 1859 that increased anxiety was awakened. From that time till her decease, painlessly and most mercifully, did her Heavenly Father slope the downward way, enduing her with patience to bear the weariness of debility, with sweet resignation to His will, and with quiet trust in her Saviour. Some of her dear friends who visited her, and he who for twenty-two years had been the object of her devoted affection, often partook of the sweetness of her spirit, and felt the atmosphere of her chamber inviting at times the utterance of thanksgiving and prayer, to the mutual comfort of their enfeebled friend and their own. Encouraged by witnessing the sustaining power of Divine grace so beautifully exemplified, their hearts warmed with the love of Jesus, and feeling the promptings of the Holy Spirit, they did not hesitate thus to enjoy the precious privilege of prayer.

At length with no other premonition than that of increased weakness, the end came. On Seventh-day, 7th mo. 2nd, her kind medical attendant, Dr. Williams, called to see her about

nine o'clock in the evening. He proposed that arrangements should be made for sitting up with her that night, *for the first time* during her illness. He waited while these arrangements were making. Aware that he was in the house, his patient desired he would come up as she wanted to settle for the night. On going upstairs he saw that the end was near. Her sorrowing husband, his attached friend Joseph Rowntree, a kind friend who had come to sit up with the beloved one, together with her two maids, stood round her bed, and sweetly as a child falls asleep, without the movement of a muscle, she slept her last sleep; the cessation of the pulse alone marking the period of final separation.

Her husband in concluding the preceding sketch, thus expresses his personal feelings. "Whilst I longed for a farewell word from this my dearest treasure, my Heavenly Father's most precious earthly gift, I see and can thankfully acknowledge, His kind and loving hand in sparing us the pain of parting words. Twenty-two years and two days of most constant and most tender love, and much of most precious united communion with our God and Saviour, had been through His mercy our happy experience. Thoughts of her eternal blessedness, a humble trust in that same redeeming love which was so richly extended to her, and a hope that it may be my portion at last, are my stay in this time of trial, and under a sense of our Heavenly Father's love in Jesus Christ, I desire to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

In presenting their annual Report to York Quarterly Meeting, the School Committee thus record their sense of the value of Rachel Ford's services to the Institution, and of the influence for good which she exercised over its inmates:—

"The Committee cannot close their Report without referring to the removal, by death, in Seventh-month last, of their beloved friend, Rachel Ford, and expressing their deep sympathy with her bereaved partner under this affliction. Our late friend occupied the position of female head of the Institution from 1837 to the summer of 1857. Gentle and unobtrusive as was her character, we apprehend that it is not easy to overrate the value of the influence she exercised on the three hundred and fifty boys

who passed through the school during the term of her administration. In an extended variety of ways, but with great singleness of purpose did Rachel Ford seek to promote the welfare of the household in which she moved. In the painstaking selection and training of suitable domestic servants, in ministering to the comfort of the teachers, and in furthering the harmonious working of the family, by the silent influence of her meek, unselfish spirit she was peculiarly blessed. So long as health permitted, Rachel Ford cultivated a personal acquaintance—more or less intimate—with each boy passing through the school; her delicate attentions to them, in times of indisposition, whether of a trivial, or of a more serious character, not seldom won their affections; and seasons of trouble, arising from misconduct, from domestic bereavement, or from other causes, were often embraced by her as opportunities for gently introducing the word of counsel, or of comfort, and of extending the invitation of a Saviour's love. Whilst the Committee would wish to abstain from eulogising their departed friend, the remembrance of her example, and of the service she was enabled to render, has deepened their estimate of the value of the quiet, persistent, Christian influence which, in the home circle, or in the public Institution, may be exerted in the work of education by the female head of a household."

To an Old Scholar.

7 mo., 1859.—Apart from the immediate topic of thy letter, the tone of it interested me much. It is indeed a step in the right direction to feel the vanity of all terrestrial things, of all hopes and aspirations whose ultimate aim is bounded by time. The next best step is a positive one (not a negative). It is to discover that here, on this earth, amidst all its vicissitudes, its sorrows, its trials, and mutations, there is for every one a service for Christ. If we accept this truth—to seek to know what our own especial service is, and ask for ability to serve; then, whether the school or the college or the counting house—the path of science or literature or commerce be our allotment, then—vanity and vexation of spirit will be no longer ours. We may serve Christ our loving Saviour, testify our allegiance to Him in any one of the departments, and feel at times that His service is the joy of our life, and that it is a service unlimited by time, stretching over the boundless range of eternity.

For some years John Ford had occasionally felt it required of him to engage in ministry and in prayer in the Meetings for Divine worship in his own section of the church. His communications were often brief; yet as they bore the impress of right anointing, his Monthly Meeting in Eighth-month, 1859, in accordance with the usages of the Society of Friends, believed it right to record its recognition of his having received a gift in the ministry of the Gospel.

In the Eleventh-month of this year another bereavement occurred deeply and lastingly felt by John Ford. It was the removal by death of his beloved friend Joseph Rowntree, with whom for many years he had enjoyed close Christian friendship, and who from the time of the establishment of the Boys' School at York, had taken a warm and active interest in its management and welfare. The following letter written some years after Joseph Rowntree's decease, will best convey John Ford's sense of the loss he had sustained, and his high estimate of his friend's character.*

JOHN FORD TO JOHN S. ROWNTREE.

St. Mary's, York, 11 mo. 7, 1866.

My dear friend John S. Rowntree,

In compliance with thy request, I have been looking back over the long period of thirty-eight years, to the time when I first became acquainted with my dear friend, thy late Father. —His kindness to me, and his services to the school were so constant and unremitting, that comparatively few incidents have marked prominence in the record. In the 7th mo., 1829, whilst on a visit to thy uncle, John Rowntree, at Scarborough,— (a visit arranged for me by thy father, on account of a low condition of health, at the close of the first half-year of my labours in the school)—I received intelligence of the serious illness of my dear father, then at York. On my way to York, I was met by a message of his death. On my arrival, I found thy father waiting for me at the coach-office. It was an unlooked-for act

* Permission has been kindly granted to reprint this letter from the unpublished Memoir of Joseph Rowntree, printed for the use of his family only.

of kindness, never forgotten by me, stamping his character in my mind, with a "dependableness" which I never henceforth found to fail, through the long term of thirty-years. His last act of this kind to me, was only three months before the close of his life. It was an act of quiet, affectionate succour in a time of deep distress, standing by me, when ready to sink by the open grave of my dear wife, near the spot where his remains were so soon to rest. * * *

In the early days of the school, then situate in Lawrence Street, my dear friend, and one of thy father's dearest friends, Samuel Tuke, was my almost daily counsellor in the affairs of the school. Even then, in times of emergency, thy father's ready aid was always at hand. This was especially the case when the Cholera first visited York, in the Sixth-month, 1832. And thenceforth, in all times of sickness,—in the time of the scarlatina in 1855,—and in that of the measles in 1856,—he largely shared our troubles, sympathized with us in them, and often cheered our drooping spirits with his affectionate, brotherly aid.

In all critical times,—times of discouragement from whatever cause,—thy Father was ever the dependable and wise counsellor, as well as the constant and faithful friend. About the year 1841, much anxiety began to be felt regarding the health of the school, and doubts arose regarding the salubrity of the situation. In that year, five youths, all under the age of seventeen, died at their respective homes. They were all contemporaries at school in 1840. Four of them, two of decidedly delicate constitutions, left school in illness. From this time forth, thy father entertained the idea of removing the school to a more healthy locality, and gave the whole force of his mind to its accomplishment. I accompanied him in the survey of numerous properties in York and its vicinity, till at length the house and grounds in Bootham were fixed upon, and finally entered in the First-month, 1846. In this matter, whilst largely aided by the counsel and personal service of many Friends from various parts of the Quarterly Meeting, success was in a great measure attributable to Joseph Rowntree's persevering firmness, and to the confidence reposed in him throughout the Quarterly Meeting, as well as in various parts of the kingdom, amongst the parents and friends of the Scholars.

* * * * * * * * * *

I have already referred to the attack of measles in 1856. This ended in the death of one of the scholars. Never was thy dear father's aid and sympathy more deeply felt and appreciated. Suffering himself by reason of his near connection with the parents of the dear boy, an only son, he nevertheless so helped us, as to prevent our quite giving way under the pressure of this sore trial. After this event, the failing health of my dear Rachel pointed to the necessity of relieving her from all care of the school, and in 1857 we left the house and removed to St. Mary's. The arrangements preceding this step, and those consequent upon it, involved not a little of delicate management. In this Joseph Rowntree's counsel and aid were most efficient. Difficulties were overcome, the post of Resident Head Master was most satisfactorily filled by my friend Fielden Thorp, the cordial co-operation and harmonious working of all connected with the school, was secured; and the arrangements thus made subsisted for eight years, till my final withdrawal in 1865. The sound judgment and executive ability, which distinguished thy father in public life, were often observed by myself in regard to the concerns of the school. To plan wisely and to adapt means to an end, in execution of a purpose, were his peculiar gifts. With far seeing prescience he anticipated, and prepared to remove, all obstacles to completion. For myself, that which most impressed me, whilst observing his daily path for many years, was his entire Christian consistency. In the last few years of his life especially, he seemed to me as one living under a constant sense of the Divine presence. No one can ever replace him to me. I love and honour his memory, and at times am enabled to entertain the hope, that through the same redeeming love, in which alone he trusted, and which sustained him to the last, I may meet him again.

I am, thy affectionate friend,

JOHN FORD.

To his Brother Samuel.

12 mo. 30, 1859.—Stripping and bereavement may well remind us that our own end cannot be far off. With desires and prayers for myself that I may be found ready when the summons may come, I mingle at times prayer for thee, my dear brother,

that thou as well as myself may find refuge and security in Him who died to redeem us. He will accept us both if we will but apply to Him and accept the offers of His love and mercy. It is a comfort to me to know that it is "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy" that He saves us. If it were by works I have no claim. Give these thoughts a little consideration, my dear brother.

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1 mo. 29, 1860.—An especial prayer for help for the evening service at Bootham was largely answered. My heart glowed with love and earnestness whilst inviting the beloved boys in the School-room to come to Christ. Much of the same precious feeling was granted at reading time; and on withdrawing to the Lecture-room I was enabled to pour out my heart in grateful thanksgiving, and then earnestly to pray that every one who had been with us this evening, with myself, might at last be found safe within the walls of the Heavenly City, through our Heavenly Father's boundless love in Jesus Christ. And thus though of late often exceeding sorrowful, rejoicing is permitted. "*Yet* I will rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation."

Within the last few years the need of provision for the further religious instruction of the young people in the Society of Friends after leaving school, had claimed the attention of many thoughtful members of the Society. With a view of in some degree meeting this want, various individuals engaged in the preparation of papers on points of Christian doctrine, Church History, and other cognate subjects. In this service John Ford took a deep interest. His extensive knowledge of Scripture illustration and Church History, combined with a ready discrimination of salient points and great facility in composition, rendered the preparation of such Essays, a very congenial employment. To enumerate all that he wrote would be superfluous. Suffice it to say that the interest excited by these papers entailed on him the expenditure of no small amount of time and labour, in complying with invitations to read them in various places up and down the country. A memorandum shews

that his essays on "Sacrifice," alluded to in the following extract, were read at thirty-six different places between the years 1856 and 1863.

2 mo. 26.—Last Third-day I went to London, and that evening and on Fifth-day, read to very large audiences in White Hart Court meeting-house the essays on Sacrifice. On the alternate nights I read the same at Tottenham to a smaller but very select audience. They were well received by Friends of very different views. Much was said in commendation by individuals whose commendation was valuable. But I may gratefully acknowledge that the prayer to be preserved from elation was fully answered. Numbers of Yorkists and a few old Rochester scholars greeted me at the close of the meetings.

3 mo. 16.—To-day for the first time I paid a solitary visit to the grave of my dear Rachel. I stood awhile in sweet, tearful silence. It was a bright, sunny, spring-like day.

> "I saw around me the wide field revive
> With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
> Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
> With all her reckless birds upon the wing;
> And turned from all she brought, to *her* she could not bring!"

Many a time I recall her words, when I sat sorrowing beside her, forecasting my future loneliness, "I shall be with thee;" and surely it is neither delusive nor sinful to believe that her gentle spirit is hovering near me. This at least *I know*, that she loves and adores the same God and Saviour, and that at His throne we can worship together,—I with tearful eyes and trembling heart and hope—whilst for her, God hath for ever wiped away all tears.

3 mo. 18.—I sometimes fear I am too continually sorrowful, and yet it is not a repining sorrow, nor is it a sorrow that prevents or (as I believe) mars my duties. I engage in them, pray for help in the performance, and thankfully acknowledge the help granted me. But in the silence and loneliness of evening I cannot restrain my tears. And yet they are not hopeless or desponding tears. Often are they mingled with thought and feeling intensely fixed on her, whose constant love cheered me for twenty-two years—day by day—hour by hour—and sometimes mingled with an overwhelming sense of the love of a

merciful Heavenly Father and Redeemer, and precious thoughts of re-union where parting is never known.

To-day I think I have been helped in my service. In Meeting I engaged in vocal prayer. This at one time seemed too high and too solemn an engagement for me. Since my bereavement I have more than ever sought and found refuge and comfort and peace and joy in frequent private prayer: perhaps this has been the means of preparing me for this service in public. To-day as at other times on thus engaging in Meeting, my spirit was greatly tendered and contrited, especially after I had resumed my seat, under a sense of the condescending love of my Heavenly Father in thus permitting me to serve Him. "Why," therefore, "art thou cast down, O my soul?" "Hope thou in God; for I shall yet (again) praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God!"

To a Relative.

6 mo. 2.—I am glad to find that thou art using, as I think, the only means of safety—entire abstinence. When I say the *only* means, I merely mean to imply that in the case of long continued habits, all other means, humanly speaking, are hopeless *apart* from abstinence. I highly value the means referred to in thine; and in reply to thy request that I would pray for thee, I may say, that since I saw thee, I have done so many a time, and continue so to do. Join thine also. Why are our lives thus prolonged? Just to give us a prolonged opportunity to accept the offers of Divine love and mercy so profusely offered us, *in* and *by* and *through* our Saviour. "Come unto Me *all* ye that labour, &c." "Him that cometh unto Me I will in *no wise* cast out." For no reason or cause whatsoever—not for long years of forgetfulness—not for multiplied transgressions—not at the eleventh hour. Therefore let us come in full assurance of His promise, He will *not* cast out. Having come and received the promised pardon, and life still prolonged a little space, our joy will be to spend it all in His service—longing at times for the *rest* of Heaven, yet still willing and joyful to bear, to suffer and to serve a little longer on earth, if it were only to afford the poor proof we can of our love. May some portion of this happy experience yet be thine.

6 mo. 17.—In the School-room I referred to the closing session. Aware from week to week of its approach what would retrospection now present to us?—Opportunities improved? Evil successfully resisted? Communion with our Heavenly Father sought and through Christ obtained? Had we all, scholars and teachers, sought to fulfil our respective duties? Could we look back without remorseful regrets?—I said I had often believed, and I would not to-night abandon the belief, that often our evening in that room had been owned by our Heavenly Father's love contriting our spirits, and lifting our hearts to Him in silent aspirations of prayer, thanksgiving and praise. A solemn pause ensued; and I kneeled and returned thanksgiving for the preserving grace and the love and favour granted us, and prayed especially for the young men about to enter on the busy concerns of life. Thus ended one more series of these deeply interesting engagements.

To ———

(a former pupil who was contemplating the resignation of his membership in the Society of Friends.)

6 mo., 1860.—I was glad to receive thine of the 5th, and much interested in its contents. * * * I am glad thou hast had a conference with thy father, and that it was as I infer in some respects satisfactory. I think it was both wise and kind of thee to wait at his request for a year or so before taking a decided step. I cannot but believe that honest, earnest, prayerful inquiry, such as I trust thine is, will issue in thy accepting those views of Christian truth, doctrine and practice, which will be to thee the road to peace and happiness. And so believing, I feel sure there will always be, between thy views and thy practice and my own, far more points of union than of difference —always granting that the love of Christ, faith in Him, and desire to serve Him, be the foundation stone of all our hopes and all our confidence.

In looking at some of thy sentiments especially on that regarding forms of prayer, it occurs to me that thy personal experience may have had much influence in thy conclusions. Happily placed as regards early training—little exposed to temptations from without—a temperament and dispositions ten-

ding greatly to make early life pleasant, and to secure the warm attachment of thy friends—and possibly having less of temptation to contend with from within than many have had to encounter —amongst all these happy and favourable circumstances, I can conceive a conscience less burdened, less alarmed with the sense of sinfulness and of actual sin than that of a large number less happily trained and placed.

Those who are conscious of the very reverse of all this—conscious not only of a sinful nature but of accumulated unforgiven actual sin—to such as these when once aroused to a sense of their condition, all *forms* of prayer give way to the deep, earnest out-gushing of heart and soul that needs no prompting, no exemplar. The particular want, the particular confession, the particular besetting sin, the ever recurring temptation—will find earnest, burning words poured forth in the name of Christ. Moreover I believe that in the next stage of the Christian life, when the joyful sense of reconciliation with God through the blood of the cross—when "being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," any words but our own, the fresh spontaneous outpouring of our joyful spirits, will be altogether inadequate to the occasion. We should no more think of adopting other men's words than I should think when wishing to write to thee, of adopting the Chinese plan of going to a paid letter-writer, and telling him, "I have a dear young friend in ———, write to him for me and tell him all that is proper to tell him."

Perhaps I am mistaken in my imaginary description of thy past experience. Perhaps thou wilt assent to much that I have said, seeing I have applied my remarks more to the individual worship of the closet than to the united worship of the congregation. Nevertheless whatever path may ultimately be thine, I feel assured that the further we advance in the Divine life, the less we shall depend upon man and his doings, and the more we shall seek for ourselves direct, immediate intercourse with our Heavenly Father in the name of His Son, under the guidance of His Spirit.

I am glad to hear that the tour is agreed upon. I heartily wish thee every enjoyment in it. The capacity for such enjoyment is one of the especial good gifts of God to the young. One element of this capacity for enjoyment will also I trust be

participated in by all your party,—to see amidst all the beauties of wondrous scenery,

> "A ray of heavenly light gilding all forms
> Terrestrial in the vast and the minute;
> The unambiguous footsteps of the God
> Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
> And wheels His throne upon the rolling worlds."

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8 mo. 9.—Formal opening of the school session this afternoon. The usual topics of address—truthfulness—kindness—and purity of language and conduct. Allegiance on their part—kindness and good government on ours—Excuse-making, dangerous ground, closely allied to untruthfulness.—Minor details—cash accounts—cash kept in purse and pocket.—New arrangement at the gardens—washing place, &c.—Elder scholars—their duties towards the school generally—their power for good or evil, and consequently their responsibility.—Whilst every one should be placed on new ground till by his conduct he brought the past to remembrance, there were some who would hold their places in the senior class conditionally.

11 mo. 4.—To-day is the anniversary of the death of my dear friend, Joseph Rowntree—more missed by me than any one whom I have lost except my dear Rachel. His brotherly aid, his wise counsel, and his Christian example seem more precious than ever: how I miss them day by day! * * * * I have found a little access in prayer in private, and a little help sought and obtained in the evening at Bootham. At the close of reading I remarked to the boys, "You have begun your merriment again, and I do not know that I have much to object to if it will continue a little longer; but let me repeat one word, already said in the schoolroom. Before you close your eyes to sleep to-night—'Try to love Him—tell Him you wish to love Him—ask Him to help you.'" My own spirit has been tendered to-day by these simple words of Dr. Vaughan.

11 mo. 18. * * * This evening I was led to address the scholars in a rather unexpected way, but it would seem not inappropriately. One of the older boys followed me out of reading to the lecture room, and told me of the difficulty he felt in doing, that which he felt the need of doing under the

influence of what I had said in the schoolroom. I had no knowledge whatever of his recent circumstances in this particular. He came to acknowledge what was wrong, and seeking for help. I was glad to see him. I tried to encourage him to more effort. My own spirit was tendered. I told him I had prayed for him. I recommended him to try to-night the simple prayer, "Heavenly Father, for Jesus' sake help me to put away unkind and angry thoughts and feelings." He left me I hope cheered and encouraged.

To ———

(a former pupil to whom the letter on page 88 was addressed.)

12 mo., 1860.—In reference to the main topic of thy letter, whilst I regret the conclusion arrived at, I will not say one word to disturb thy "convictions," or to prevent thee from following that course which will ensure thee peace of mind and progress in the Christian life. I shall entertain the belief that we are both travelling in converging paths, that will meet at last in one of the many mansions in our Father's house—in the city whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise, where sects and names and all the poor distinctions of time are utterly unknown and forgotten.

To see thee, as I believe, in earnest to become a true disciple of Christ, looking for salvation through His blood shed for sinners—His life given as a ransom for many—is a very delightful thing. As I journey on towards the end, whilst I love that section of the church with which my lot is cast, and am thankful that the religion of my education has become that of my judgment and affections, I feel more and more disposed to recognize as brothers in Christ, all who love Him and manifest their love by their allegiance. I am acquainted with such of various names, and find large common ground of union, and scope for united action. I find amongst these many who can accept much which once was more peculiar to Quakerism than it is in this day. If I speak of Peace, they can respond in the hatefulness and anti-Christian nature of war: they think truth-speaking better than oaths: they admit that every true believer is a priest: they condemn the vanities and frivolities of fashion: they admit that essentials are better than signs: they do not deny the right of any man who believes himself called to preach

the gospel, wheresoever and whensoever he can without violating the good order of society. One trained in the Church of England—and whose religion cost him much—makes the following declaration, to which I apprehend any Quaker would subscribe:—"Baptismal regeneration, Church privileges, the sacramental system, confession, and priestly absolution may do for some people when in health, but no smile of joy from a sick man, would ever be the fruit of such miserable comforters in the last hour. When a dying man [and I would add a living man] can say or feel, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' he wants no more." And therefore I trust that whilst seeking enjoyment of the means of grace *elsewhere* as tending to promote the great end of life—reconciliation with God through Jesus Christ, and a daily hope of eternal blessedness,—all that is sustainable on scripture grounds in Quakerism will still be maintained by thee. I shall not cease often to think of thee with affectionate interest. Our conversation at St. Mary's eleven months ago, and the day at ——— are remembered with far more pleasure than if on either occasion I had entered upon controversy. I believe the tenor of my intercourse with thee on both occasions manifested more concern as regards the end, than the means. I rejoiced then in the belief that thou wast in earnest, and that feeling attends me now.

Don't let this letter close our correspondence. Let me know from time to time how thou art getting on; and if the gospel should be so preached in ——— Meeting, and prayer and praise be frequently offered, and thou shouldst find peace and progress amongst *us*, how glad I should be. And more than that—if feeling the want of these, thy own heart should be so filled with the love of Christ as that thy own mouth should be opened to speak of it and invite others to partake, there would be joy and gladness in other places than ———. If the young would but come to the rescue, I believe they might find in Quakerism all that their souls long for.

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12 mo. 1, 1860.——— [one of the scholars] came to borrow money. I took the opportunity of offering a word of encouragement to him; expressed my pleasure that he was occupying his leisure time profitably, and my belief that he was also seeking after higher and holier things—peace with God by Jesus Christ.

He seemed moved: his face assumed more of beauty than it would have been thought capable of expressing—a thoughtful, gentle, chastened aspect, denoting as I believe a response to the word. He very modestly signified his wish to do as I had suggested he was doing. At parting he thanked me.

12 mo. 2.—Yesterday afternoon I had a short visit from an old scholar. He wished to tell me more fully and freely of some of his religious difficulties. One is, he feels no joy in believing, no answer to prayer: thinks under these circumstances prayer is a mockery. He believes in predestination because he cannot reconcile free will and foreknowledge. With all this, his conversation led me to believe that he has a tender conscience, is leading a blameless life, is acting under the influence of the spirit, is an object of the love of Christ; but is looking for too much of sensible, perceptible evidence and feeling. I felt much for him, and gave him such counsel as presented itself adapted to his condition, which I assured him was no uncommon experience —patient continuance in well doing, perseverance in prayer, rejecting all idea of mockery as a temptation of Satan, accepting the invitations to pray so abundant in the New Testament, remembering that the invitations are to *all* to come to Christ; that man can be lost only by his own act, that there is no election of reprobation: that these great truths like a line of light run through Holy Scripture. These things I set before him. He left me, I hope a little refreshed. He thanked me warmly. I remembered him in prayer in the evening.

12 mo. 8.—Had an interview with the senior class. J. S. Rowntree in Meeting had expressed his sympathy and offered encouragement and counsel to those who watched—some for long years—over the souls of others, "as those that must give account." This reminded me of a deep exercise of spirit last evening in my solitary bedroom, when I bowed the knee in earnest prayer for the senior class especially, and for those who leave us. I remember but few such occasions. I found this evening, as I think, my peace was concerned in simply narrating these facts to the beloved company in the senior class-room. A deep solemnity was I believe granted us, and I kneeled in prayer for them once more, then and there.

12 mo. 15.—In the schoolroom, a brief review of the session.

—A reference to our first meeting. Truth and kindness and purity enjoined—with what success? Our prayers with them and for them to encourage and cheer them—our endeavours to induce them to pray for themselves. Though I had not looked to any such service, a solemn quiet seemed spread over us, and I kneeled down and offered thanksgiving for the blessings and mercies of the session, ending with prayer for continued preservation. Dear F. Thorp gave a faithful word of parting warning and counsel.—So ends one more session as far as Sabbath evenings are concerned. I think I might say in the quaint language of Job Scott,

"A thankful heart I feel;
In peace my mind is stay'd."

12 mo. 23. * * At Meeting this morning, seeing a number of young children present I addressed them especially. I quoted Isaiah, "He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom." I was helped I believe to adapt my words to the understandings of these darling little ones. I had more than peace in the offering. Oh that I had myself more of the spirit of a "little child."

1 mo. 15, 1861.—I have received an extremely sweet letter from a young disciple. "It cheers my old heart," (to borrow an expression of dear William Forster's) to see in him and in other Yorkists, signs of early dedication.

1 mo. 18.—I had a special interview with all the teachers. I addressed them on several points connected with moral and intellectual training, and in regard to the avoidance of all that would interfere with or discourage the religious life in any—quiet deportment when attending them in the bedrooms in the evening, avoiding light conversation, and if possible, all penalty. I mentioned that I had seen a boy who occasionally kneeled at his bed-side, look extremely offended on going into his room, by a penalty very small, just then announced to him for a very trifling offence. I referred to the solemnizing effect on my own spirit by being present at times when boys were thus kneeling. A little silence ensued in the conference, and I felt bound to engage in prayer for Divine guidance and blessing on ourselves and our charge.

To his brother Samuel.

1 mo. 22, 1861.—These engagements of service are not of my own seeking; but when solicited to assist on the occasion of gatherings of Friends, I do not feel at liberty to refuse. It is becoming very common amongst Friends to have meetings of Sabbath School Teachers on a large scale, and I have frequent invitations to attend such. I do not complain of labour or fatigue or expense, but rather feel glad if I may be permitted to do a little service for Him who has done so much for me. And when I feel for myself how precious a thing it is to know something of peace with God through faith in Jesus Christ, and feel too His preserving grace and mercy in keeping me from sinning, and His pardoning mercy when evil in any form gains the ascendant, I earnestly desire the same blessings for all who are dear to me, and for none more than for thee. Whilst life and intellect are still ours there is hope for every one of us. If we have not come in at the ninth hour we may at the eleventh. Do come!

In the Second-month of 1861, John Ford attended the interment of an old Scholar, Richard Ecroyd Tatham of Settle, who in his twenty-third year was called away after a brief course of earnest, loving devotedness to the service of his Lord. Deeply interested in his former pupil, and in the part he had taken in the establishment of the Settle Adult Sabbath Classes, desirous also that the encouragement and instruction of such a life should not be lost to others, John Ford willingly undertook the compilation of a Memoir of his young friend from materials furnished by his family. It was published in a small volume entitled "The Sabbath School Teacher; a Memoir of Richard E. Tatham;" and it went through three editions in a short time.

To ———

(To whom the letters, pages 88 and 91 were addressed.)

Early part of 1861.—I am indebted to thee for thine of the

10th and 28th. I must ask thee to attribute any delay in replying, to any other cause than that of diminished affectionate interest. In attempting to reply I feel deeply the inadequacy of correspondence to explain or illustrate the important and interesting topics touched on in thine.

I am glad of thy first concession that "private prayer and watchfulness are our most essential duty." Agreeing entirely on that point, and earnestly seeking to live in the spirit of such a conviction, we shall not differ *widely* about other matters, and shall most assuredly as I believe, meet in heaven at last, and entirely agree in all things for ever in perfect love, joy and peace.

In reference to public worship, (no form of proceeding being set forth in Scripture) its arrangements seem to be left to the judgment of the churches. Now the vast diversity of conditions assembled in any congregation, seems to me to militate against the idea, that perfect unity of thought and of devotional feeling could be possible, and cannot therefore be an essential circumstance. I should abstain from quoting any passage of Scripture as a warrant for silence in worship: I deduce the practice from the very nature of true worship as defined by our Saviour, "in Spirit and in Truth." I can conceive no better *preparation* for worship than silence.

When assembled for this purpose, each individual, as in the Divine presence, examines his own heart—feels his various wants—his indifference—his sinfulness, and secretly applies for pardon and for help in the name of Christ.

I believe worship to be an *individual* act—direct communion with God through Jesus Christ our intercessor and mediator. Each individual in the congregation thus feeling his own particular needs and thus applying—the whole congregation is engaged in the most solemn and most acceptable worship in spirit and in truth. A solemnity spread over a silent meeting at times—seems manifestly to own this worship. Ministry of the word faithfully exercised, whether in prayer or in proclamation of Gospel truth, is a most valuable auxiliary to this public worship—a means for the edification of believers, and for the conversion of the unregenerate. I fear that a set, appointed, pre-arranged course of prayer and praise, interferes with this individual worship, and tends to foster a mistaken idea that to listen attentively, to be present at these services is worship—

when not one thought of the individual heart may have been directed heavenward.

In reference to prayer, I think I must renounce the authority of Holy Scripture, if I conceded that true and acceptable prayer could ever be offered without the aid of the Holy Spirit of God. The very first thought of the awakened soul, the very first and faintest thought of repentance—the very first longing for reconciliation and pardon—the very first breath of life that vents itself in "God be merciful to me a sinner,"—is most surely the work of God's Holy Spirit and of nothing else. I consider the grand feature of Quakerism to be the individuality of true worship—the aversion from all worship by proxy—the direct communication of the soul with its Maker through Christ alone. Such combined individualities make up the best and truest public worship. Nor will that worship be silent: vocal utterance of confession—of entreaty for pardon—acknowledgments of the mercies and the love of God—praise and thanksgiving to Him,—will complete and crown this public worship. If this in any congregation is rarely the case, the fault is not in the system, but in those to whom, if they had sought it, God would have given these precious gifts for the edification of His Church.

I know it is utterly impossible in a brief letter to satisfy a young and earnest enquirer like thee. I believe that few if any such inquirers ever found satisfaction in any system however spiritual, or however material—whether amidst the silence of a Friends' Meeting, or amidst the music, the incense, the vestments, the eloquence and all the appliances to charm the sensuous nature found in some other churches. I believe no such inquirer found either peace or rest, till having by individual application, by all the earnestness of one who is ready to perish without it, he has sought and obtained through Jesus Christ reconciliation and pardon with his Heavenly Father. Having found this—filled with the love of Christ—private and public worship are his delight. The more hold he has of the substance, the less anxious is he about the mode. I can with all truth acknowledge that the profession of my education has become the religion of my judgment, of my heart and conscience; and I find as a member of the Society of Friends, no limitation in regard to the attainment of every Christian grace and gift, and the acceptance of every Chistian doctrine.

I know, and I rejoice in knowing, that there are multitudes thronging the road to Heaven of other names and professions;

but I believe I shall best promote—not merely my own salvation—if I may say so—but the universal cause of Christ, by remaining in this small enclosure of the great sheep-fold. But I would judge no one who in all sincerity of heart believed that he had found his own proper allotment in another quarter. To the young I would only add, be not hasty. Try whether in the profession of thy education there is not ample scope for the young and earnest Christian—for him, who, having accepted Christ as his Saviour, can look to God, not as an offended sovereign but as a reconciled and most merciful Father—one to whom he can now confidingly go and confess his faults, his infirmities, his transgressions, sure of pardon for his Saviour's sake.

Thus the work of sanctification proceeding day by day—love to Christ increasing—it will be passing strange if he does not find service for Christ to do: to tell of His love—to invite others to partake of the same blessings. Many in the Society of Friends are doing this. Would that many more would yield their hearts to do the same. Silent meetings would cease. The voice of exhortation and prayer and praise would again be heard within the walls of ——— and ——— Meeting houses. I long to see "Yorkists" coming forward in this glorious work. I know of several who have so come forward. May it please our Heavenly Father to increase the number.

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3 mo. 24.—On the 21st I completed my Sixtieth year. How solemn the thought—the three-score over and gone! Few of the ten may be mine. May I seek with renewed earnestness and watchfulness and prayer, to be ready at a moment!

Failing physical power—memory less dependable; an idea presented and if not laid hold on immediately, gone past recovery; less elasticity of spirits; more easily depressed; these are some of the symptoms of three-score. May the remnant, whether few or many, be increasingly dedicated. I believe I desire to serve; I pray to be enabled so to do. I pray that my service may be appointed and ordered for me—that my faith and love may be increased.

To his brother Samuel.

5 mo. 16, 1861.—I did not like to leave home without a line

to thee, for thou art very often in my thoughts and art remembered in my prayers. For amidst anxieties about myself, that as I draw nearer and nearer to my journey's end, I may know the work of preparation for an eternal state to be carried on, I do not forget those connected with me by the ties of nearest relationship. Whilst at times enabled to trust that through our Heavenly Father's mercy in Jesus Christ our Saviour, I may, notwithstanding utter unworthiness meet acceptance at last, I cannot but earnestly desire the same good hope for thee, and many others whom I have known and loved. As our lines of life differ, so do our temptations and besetments; and all of us have need again and again to adopt the poor publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And it is a blessed thought, and a very blessed truth, that no such prayer as that is ever breathed in vain. I am turned sixty: thou art approaching that mark: it is time for us both to be in earnest to give diligence to make our calling and election sure.

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8 mo. 4.—Anxious and troubled about the future, I went to Meeting with little capacity for enjoyment. A prayer was offered which did not seem to help me.—Towards the close of the meeting F. Thorp spoke on "they that seek Me early shall find Me," addressing himself chiefly to the little ones. This seemed to open up some little spring of life, and I ventured to commend the little ones present for the especial blessing of our Heavenly Father's love. My own spirit was tendered, and the clouds that hung over me parted so as to admit a gleam of light.

* * * The vacation closes to-night—the thirty-third vacation! possibly the last to me before either my services *here* end, or the long vacation from earthly service begins. Oh that by the grace of a merciful Saviour—preserving—keeping—sanctifying—redeeming from day to day, it may be a matter of indifference to me whether one or the other event await me—that indifference which is comprised in "Thy will, not mine be done." Grant me, Heavenly Father, a more trustful spirit.

8 mo. 11.—I have been lately perhaps over anxious about the future. I have made *that* a subject of frequent prayer, desiring to trust it entirely to the Lord—to Him who has appointed my

locations hitherto from my youth up. I wish to trust Him entirely. I pray to be guided and directed solely by His counsel. I want to be as a little child in His hands. I pray for an enlightened judgment in this matter, and that I may not be permitted to err. If the time is approaching to sever my connection with the School, all I ask is light upon my path—light to point out where my few remaining days may be spent, where I may best serve, if permitted to serve Him, whom amidst all my wanderings and waywardness I believe I love. May I to-night with a thankful heart accept the invitation, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

8 mo. 12.—Drank tea at Bootham with the members of the Senior Class. I addressed them before we parted on responsibilities, duties and privileges—their power to help us—points in which they could especially do so—language—private conduct—courtesy—politeness—the power of *silent* disapprobation—the duty of more active remonstrance against evil. Sketched the tale of the little book "A word in Season"—the young man who so politely not only stopped profane language in a railway carriage, but whose interference was blest to the conversion of a gentleman much older than himself. His expostulation was,—"Will you have the kindness not to swear." So might a schoolboy say to another, "Will you have the kindness to stop that kind of conversation." We had a very pleasant evening.

10 mo. 27.—It is very late, near midnight—but I do not like to let a day of renewed mercy and favour pass unrecorded. I can look back upon some of these records and as I read them, say, "Thou hast been my help,"—and then perhaps the prayer may arise, "Leave me not neither forsake me, O God of my Salvation." Help asked for and granted, in Meeting, at Bootham, and in my own evening reading at home, has been again my experience: the spirit of prayer has been bestowed.

11 mo. 1.—To-day the little memoir of Richard E. Tatham is published. I have thirty copies, most of which I intend to distribute to young friends. Before sending away a few this evening, the thought occurred to me with much sweetness, to pray that a blessing might go with every volume. I retired to my room, and on bended knee preferred this prayer in the name of Jesus. How many things we may make subjects of prayer! Happy they who make this discovery in early life! Happy even

they who make it though late—who make it at all—who make it ere it be too late!

11 mo. 3. * * * A little incident toward the close of the day encouraged me. One of the elder boys—one over whom I have watched, and for whom I have prayed—and who was the object of the care and love of my sainted R., followed me from the school, and in a simple way expressed to me his feeling of the privilege of our First-day evenings. I said a few kind, encouraging words to the beloved young man.

11 mo. 24. * * In the evening after special private prayer, I was enabled to address the boys very solemnly on a very solemn subject. I recommended them to make the subject of the evening's address a matter of special, individual prayer that night, in faith that the promise made to two ("if two of you shall agree") would be verified to sixty, promising to join my prayer to theirs for them. Heavenly Father be pleased to bless them and answer their prayers, and permit me to pray for them, and hear us for Jesus' sake.

11 mo. 30.—Address to the boys on First-day occupations, &c.—frequent change—interval of relaxation. I had stood for some time talking with two of the teachers. Loud rising conversation, &c., were proceeding in the schoolroom. At length they all assembled. I queried whether if all they had said within the last twenty minutes were taken down, it would be congruous or incongruous with the purposes of the day. I had no reason to believe it was *out* of harmony with those purposes. I was glad of these signs of freedom. I feared the sudden hush—arising often out of the consciousness that there was something that would not bear light—an appearance as plainly indicative of conspiracy as if conspirator were labelled on the back.—Happy to see no such signs here. This led to a review of the duties of the day—the reasonableness of requiring a few verses of Scripture to be learned. My desire that First-day might be to them in recollection a pleasant day. Referred to the dying declaration of dear J. H. Walpole of the happy First-day evenings spent at York. My prayer that such might be the retrospect of every one present.

12 mo. 15.—In the evening I gave one more brief parting address. "We have already been reminded to-day that this

is our last sabbath of the session. At its commencement we endeavoured to set before you the blessedness of three great practical duties—Christian virtues eminently for school boys to cultivate,—truth, kindness and purity. From time to time as the months and weeks have passed away, we have endeavoured to encourage and confirm you in the practice of these as well as of all other Christian virtues. And we have prayed with you and for you, and encouraged you to pray for yourselves, that truth and kindness and purity might ever be your characteristics; that so when the day should come, which now at last has come, bringing our sabbaths to a close, not one remorseful thought might oppress the heart of any one amongst you in looking back on the half-year in reference to these duties."

Silence and solemnity seemed to deepen; and I said, "It did not seem to me when I first opened my mouth that it would be required of me vocally to express our sense of the mercy and goodness of the Lord to us during the session, but I feel that I cannot consistent with peace of mind omit it. I trust some of you can unite with us in this." I then kneeled down, and returned thanks for the mercies temporal and spiritual showered upon us, and prayed that the Divine presence and blessing might go with those who go, and rest upon those who stay: and that seeing we might never meet together again in time under our present relationships—that through our Heavenly Father's mercy in Jesus Christ our Lord, we might meet together before His throne in Heaven, there to join in an endless song of praise.

In Fourth-month, 1862, under the apprehension of religious duty, and with the encouragement of his Monthly Meeting, John Ford attended the Yearly Meeting in Dublin, and visited the schools in Ireland conducted by Friends. In this service he was joined by his cousin, William Tanner of Bristol, with whom he was closely united in the bonds of Christian fellowship. In the following autumn, again liberated by their respective Monthly Meetings, they visited most of the Meetings composing London and Middlesex Quarterly Meeting, and had many social gatherings and meetings for the young, as well as other more private service.

6 mo. 17, 1862.—Having analysed the character papers, I spent a few minutes at reading time in commenting upon them. The prevalence of truth—the few exceptions—some of the exceptions explicable on grounds indicated by other characteristics. Noticed the variety of employments—the mention of kindness to schoolfellows—the rare instances of associations not for good—the opposite—several whose influence over others and over each other was decidedly good—the belief entertained that with several, in the Senior Class especially, this good influence arose out of their having measurably given their hearts to their Saviour. F. Thorp read a short Psalm, and I ventured on thanksgiving and prayer. I shook hands with each as they filed out. ——— hastily withdrew his and buried his face in his hands: he sent word by one of the teachers that he wished to see me in his bedroom. I went, and had a few words of parting with him. He came a very little boy—was most kindly cared for by my dear R. After causing me deep anxiety by his conduct, latterly there has been cause of rejoicing in the change apparent in him. So ends one more session. "Non nobis, &c."

In giving a brief outline of a tour taken during this summer, John Ford writes:—

At Evesham I heard that my very earliest surviving friend, Thomas Pumphrey had died on the 31st of Seventh-month. * * * * My dear friend had sent a message of love to me from his dying bed. On the 10th of Sixth-month last I accepted an invitation to assist at a festival at Ackworth on dear Thomas Pumphrey's sixtieth birth-day. The proceedings were of a most interesting character. In T. P.'s speech he particularly referred to me as one of his oldest friends, our association as children, our common ancestry, our companionship at school, and at length our duties running in parallel lines, the bonds of true friendship ever drawing us more closely together.

At the solicitation of Thomas Pumphrey's family, John Ford consented to prepare a Memoir of his departed friend. It was published in 1864.

To ——— (a young man).

10 mo. 17, 1862.—I have often thought of thee since I left ———. I gratefully remember the hospitalities received at thy father's house and thy own particular kindness. The story of thy varied experience of life during thy absence from home deeply interested me. Now if any apology is needed, these must be my apology for writing to thee. I want to express the desire which I feel so truly that I cannot avoid expressing it, that now, having seen much of the dark side of human nature in various forms, thoughts of the solemn responsibilities of life may begin to have due place with thee.

All the associations of my life have been with youth: the result of this has been enlarged sympathies with them, and an ever increasing desire (if so I may be enabled) to help them, if it be only to point to the path of peace and happiness.

It was impossible (to me at least) to be acquainted with thee, even for so brief a time as my visit afforded, without perceiving qualities of head and heart that greatly interested me, and raised in me desires which I now venture to convey to thee, that all these—the energy of will—the executive ability—the affections—the costly knowledge of the world—may all be made subservient to thy own highest interests. I have no doubt there are times when these desires have a place in thy own heart. I want thee to yield to them—to cherish them: yielded to and cherished, they will lead thee where they have led many others—to the foot of the cross. I need not interpret this phraseology to thee. I long that thou shouldst realize for thyself, all the benefits, all the sweetness of going *there*—knowing all past transgressions for ever blotted out, and ability granted to pursue henceforward the path of peace. And *that* is a bright path. The life of the the young Christian is a joyous life. There is room in his path for the expansion of all his faculties, of all his peculiar gifts and talents. The energy of his will, his executive ability, his power to influence others will find ample scope. His joyous temperament will commend his profession; by his lively yet chastened wit he will show that Christianity is no dull, morose affair, but that the young disciple of Christ *is* and has a right to be, one of the most cheerful and happy of men. It has been well said—and there are living proofs of the truth of the saying—"there is

no more beautiful, no more blessed sight upon earth than a youth devoted to Christ."

And thou art yet young—with position, means, and talents, and many other advantageous circumstances. Come then at once, and take the road I have endeavoured to point out to thee. If it should prove painful and difficult for a time, thou hast already shown qualities that are not daunted by pain and difficulty—and be assured, dear ———, that before long the ways of wisdom will be found to be ways of pleasantness and all her paths peace.

To ——— (the same young man).

10 mo. 25, 1862.—I do not wish to burden thee by writing, or in any way to lay upon thee the obligation of replying, but thy letter of the 21st, I can most truly say, deepened the interest I had already felt for thee, and left me no alternative, (with a peaceful mind at least,) but to write to thee again. The naturalness and the truthful air of thy letter, the condition of thy health, and above all the sense of want which it seems to indicate—the longing for peace with God—all these sentiments led me to desire and to pray too, that I might be enabled to point out to thee a little further, the road to peace. I know it is little we can do to help one another, but it pleases our Heavenly Father to use human instrumentality and to bless its use.

I read with painful interest and yet not without a hopeful and cheering thought, thy query, "Am I fit to die?" With like feelings also I read thy reflections on the past. I have said "hopeful and cheering," because I believe that the very first dawn of the light of the Holy Spirit in the heart, is given us to convince us of sin. Under this conviction, we have in Holy Scripture abundance of authority and encouragement and loving invitation to go to our Heavenly Father, and earnestly to plead for pardon in the name of Jesus. I have no doubt that the parable of the prodigal son is perfectly familiar to thee. So it has been to thousands who never felt its fitness and beauty, till a deep personal interest brought it home to their hearts, and the spirit of God sealed the instruction there.

Men are apt to talk of little and much in reference to their transgressions against the Divine law; but these distinctions disappear when we come to see ourselves as we are seen of God. *Then* even those who to human apprehension have least erred from the way of peace, can without cant or hypocrisy (but with solemn conviction of the truth of the confession) confess themselves fallen, sinful and helpless—pronounce themselves utterly unworthy, and throw themselves just as they are, like the poor prodigal, on the mercy of their Heavenly Father in the name and for the sake of His dear Son, who died for our sins, and paid the price of our redemption with His most precious blood. So coming, we have the promises of our Lord Himself that He will in no wise cast us out. I want thee to come. If any suggestion arises in thy mind that thou art not fit to come, and thus to apply for pardon, reject it as a temptation of the evil one. Go just as thou art. If prayer seems difficult, ask for the ability to pray. Ask for the grace of repentance, ask earnestly—importunately. Remember the declaration, "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." He is *faithful* because He has promised; and His promises are yea and amen for ever. He is *just* because Christ Himself has paid the penalty of our sins—of mine—and of thine. We have but to ask and to have. "Ask and ye shall receive," is His own blessed declaration. An unbeliever on hearing the simplicity of the Gospel plan set before him is said to have replied, "This is too *good* to be *true*." Millions of redeemed spirits in heaven and tens of thousands of believers on earth, can testify that it is as *true* as it is *good*.

It is not a vague indefinite trust in the mercy of God that will suffice us. We must seek that mercy under a deep heartfelt sense of our need, and in simple reliance upon the sacrifice of our Saviour—the blood shed for the remission of sins. Seek that, dear ———, and thou shalt assuredly find: and then the all important query, "Am I fit to die?" shall receive a joyful and affirmative solution. And then if restored health should be granted thee—fit to die, and fit to live—a happy life may be thine. If early summoned away, a happy death—a happy translation to a better inheritance will be thine. An entire stranger to thee till within the last few weeks, do I need to apologize for the freedom with which I write? Thy kind and frank letter of the 21st inclines me to think I need not. Whilst it will be pleasant to me to hear from thee, I beg that thou wilt not feel

under any obligation to write, especially, if still unwell, writing should be wearisome or fatiguing to thee.

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4 mo. 19, 1863.—Two weeks have passed away since I wrote. Why do I write? I am too prone to take desponding views of myself—to think how much I might do, how little in comparison of others I am doing, if I am doing anything for my Lord—feeling often how much more I might know of the peace and joy of believing than I do know. With these views I sometimes can reap a little comfort, a little renewed trust and faith and love, a little contrition of spirit, by reading a brief record of past mercies. Did the psalmist know something of this when he said "This is my infirmity; but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High"? * * * On Fifth-day I accompanied ——— in soliciting for new Subscribers to the Bible Society. It appeared in the course of conversation that we had both prayed for a blessing on the undertaking before engaging in it. We had good success. We were both prepared to unite in "Thank God," as we parted at the end of our morning's work.

4 mo. 26.—Some lively and earnest longings for holiness and conformity to the will of Christ, not for a ground of trust but as evidence of love, have been mine to-day, accompanied with tenderness of spirit and access in prayer. It is evening with me. Oh for a peaceful sunset—a humble, quiet, confiding trust! Even if it be but to lie at His feet weeping—no one was ever repulsed, no one ever perished there!

"Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there."

To ——— ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

6 mo., 1863.—I need hardly tell thee in reply to thy enquiry, that "Truthful" in its highest form stands opposite thy name in the report: and believing as I do that thy truthfulness is not the result of mere expediency, but that it is the result of the love of Christ in thy heart, I trust it will be to thee, as it is to me in observing it, cause of thankfulness to our Father in

Heaven. The love of Christ in the heart is the only sure ground of allegiance to Him. In regard to other manifestations of character, I can hardly speak of them freely without the risk of ministering to feelings allied to self-complacency. Those who are gifted with pleasing qualities both of head and heart, such as attract the esteem and love of acquaintance and friends, have special need to be careful in the choice of their associates. Possessed of the power of pleasing, they do not like to offend. It is not easy to say *No.* Keep then, dear ————, a tender conscience. Resist the first temptation to violate it, whether from within, or by the solicitation of others. As the best of all possible helps to this, be constant in morning and evening prayer. Leaving behind a good name at School, and carrying away with thee the esteem and love of many (of my own I can assure thee), may the ending of a happy school-boy life be the beginning of a course to be marked in every stage by that ever-increasing happiness, which the love of Christ and a life evidencing that love—and that alone, can procure.

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6 mo. 27.—Nearly four years have gone by since I watched the last peaceful sigh of my sainted treasure. * * Longing for rest—striving yet often vanquished in the strife—lonely yet not always alone—sometimes cheered by the felt presence of Him who can sympathize even with loneliness—cheered too by recollections of the departed—cheered by the hope of re-union—separated perhaps even now by a very thin veil. Help me, Heavenly Father, for Jesus' sake in this sore conflict. Undertake for me, blessed Saviour! Oh that I might know Thee to be unto me wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and complete redemption. Grant me the cleansing, purifying, sustaining, preserving grace of Thy Holy Spirit, now and for ever. Amen.

8 mo. 6.—School formally opened this morning. Treated on the usual topics—Truth, the character long sustained by the school—the effects of truth and candour in the minds of those who have to govern—how it propitiates—and how justly—for everything is to be hoped for from a delinquent who speaks the truth—it is the first step towards that self-conviction which is the legitimate end of school discipline. Kindness—remarked on the many set down as kind in the review at the vacation—

let it continue to be the characteristic of the school. The moment any one sees a school-fellow pained by word or act, desist—and never shrink from a kind apology for offence whether intentional or not. I spoke strongly and plainly on the avoidance of act or word that could in any degree lower the moral standard in the mind of a school-fellow, or call up a blush on his countenance. Cultivate that chastity and purity of thought that would shrink from uttering or hearing anything that could impair the sentiment. Guard against innuendos: most unclean ideas are but too often conveyed by this means in very clean language. Guard yourselves and one another in this particular. Let your bedrooms be sacred places—unassociated in after life with a single thought of evil—associated as in the minds of some York Scholars, with recollections of prayer. The responsibilities of elder scholars. The power of all of us to contribute to the general happiness. The duty of old scholars to set nothing but what was right and good before the new—of the new, to furnish no new contributions to anything wrong. These were some of the prominent topics of the opening address.

To a Gentleman of his acquaintance.

8 mo. 19, 1863.—I have long had it on my mind to tell you how much I enjoyed my visit to ———, and how much that visit deepened the friendly interest I felt in my kind host. I have delayed writing, because it seemed that if I wrote I should wish to refer to our conversations at the breakfast table, as well as on other occasions, when topics of deep interest were discussed, the importance of which demanded more time and thought than I could give immediately on my arrival at home. In entering upon them now, I trust implicitly to the candour and courtesy with which, when our views differed, any presentation of my own was always received.

We agreed in our belief in the Divine authority of Holy Scripture—in the essential deity of our Lord—and in the duty and the efficacy of prayer. These are some of the great truths of Christianity. There are two others equally important—the doctrine of the atonement—and that of the necessity of a change of heart—the one set forth by our Lord in His declaration that He came to give His life a ransom for the many, the other in

His words to Nicodemus, "except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

I remember on one occasion you made the remark, "God is Love; and I cannot believe that He created intelligent beings with a knowledge that they would exist for ever in endless misery." I also believe that "God is Love," and that He *did not intend* any of His intelligent creatures for such a destiny; for I believe our Lord when He speaks of a condition of penal woe as "prepared *for the devil and his angels.*" Into the origin of evil we need not go: it is not revealed. The origin of evil to man *is revealed*: it did not originate with him; it came from external agency. If asked, why capable of evil? Why susceptible of temptation? The answer seems to be that an impossibility of transgression is incompatible with the exhibition of obedience. The will is one of those resemblances of man to God, implied in his being created in "the image of God." The attribute of will implies freedom to choose. Man in the exercise of his free will listened to the tempter, transgressed and fell. The declarations of Holy Scripture and the individual experience of every one of us, establish the truth, that we inherit a nature prone to evil, and that we all have sinned. Suppose we admit all this, and yet reply, "True, but 'God is Love'; therefore He will pardon." True also; but God is just. He has made known His laws. Law cannot be broken with impunity: anarchy would ensue: distinctions between right and wrong would be lost; and yet God *will* pardon; "As I live saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth;" and therefore He has provided a plan by which "God can be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus."

I now come to the great truth expressed by the Apostle Paul in 1 Cor. xv. 3, that "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." It would occupy time and paper almost indefinitely to quote all the passages which enforce and illustrate this truth; and moreover it is needless to one who is as well read in Scripture as my friend. The passages to which I refer show that the penalty of our sins has been paid—our redemption purchased—and that a sacrifice, atonement and propitiation for *our* sins has been offered to God (and accepted by Him) by one who, mysteriously combining in His person perfect deity and perfect manhood, very God and very Man, suffered for us as one of us—and, as one with God—gave infinite value and efficacy to the

sacrifice. He thus became the "propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." Let us admit all this, and infer, "well then our pardon is purchased and is secure." True!—but with one more truth superadded—we secure this by faith in Christ—the reality and efficacy of our faith is proved by our love—our love by our allegiance—and our allegiance is manifested by our daily life and conversation.

And now we come to that other great truth, the necessity of a change of heart; for our ability to manifest our allegiance consists in that change wrought in us by the Holy Spirit of God. By this, new motives—new affections—new hopes are implanted in our hearts. Love, joy and peace take the place of anxiety, distrust and fear. The man thus changed no longer lives to himself, but to Him who died for him and rose again. We must be "transformed by the renewing of our minds." Without this change heaven would be no heaven to us. Blest with all temporal blessings, the man thus changed holds them all as a steward. His new affections leave him still all his love for his friends, heightened and intensified by the belief—the sure and certain hope—that the bonds of friendship are of eternal duration: and above all he can look to the end of this transient life as the beginning of a blissful eternity. Thus then we come to the axiom with which we set out, that "GOD IS LOVE," that by this love pardon, reconciliation, and peace are freely offered to us in Jesus Christ. And the believer may assure himself that no place of penal woe is prepared for him. The abode prepared for him is quite another thing: "In my Father's house are many mansions—*I go to prepare a place for you.*"

I may well be asked, "Have you yourself realized all this?" I answer with Paul—immeasurably below him nevertheless in the measure of attainment—"I count not myself to have attained;" and (modifying his words) I would add, "this one thing I (strive to) do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Excuse this long letter and the freedom I have used in writing—and pray accept it with all its imperfections as evidence how sincerely I am your grateful and affectionate friend,

JOHN FORD.

P.S.—When a man has reached his grand climacteric as I have

nearly,—sixty-three,—he may hope to be excused if he shrinks from delaying to a future day what appears as a present duty. This is my case. Often whilst penning the foregoing I have been reminded of one similarity in our circumstances—you have lost a friend whom you long and hope to meet again. I too have lost one of even a dearer name than that of friend, and the same hopes and longings animate me. One object of my letter is the earnest desire that the hopes of both of us may rest on the alone sure foundation. I pray that so it may be!

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8 mo. 23.—"But above all, let me mind my own personal work,—to keep myself pure, and zealous, and believing—labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others if God disapproves of my doing it." Thus wrote good Dr. Arnold on Saturday evening, June 11th, 1842, within two days of completing his forty seventh year: on Sunday, June the 12th, after two hours' illness he died. I am fifteen years older than he was at the time of his death. To-day, these his last recorded self-musings have occurred to me with an earnest desire that I may have them for my own experience. I think I have measurably attained to the condition of being glad at witnessing the services of others—not *anxious* that I should share them if God disapproves of my doing so.

9 mo. 6.—Read to the school a short extract from "Harrow Sundays." "Ask God's blessing each morning upon what is to befall you that day, &c." The deep, silent attention with which it was listened to, led me to express my belief that many times we had together experienced, both here and in the Dining-room on First-day evening, the presence of our Saviour by His Spirit, solemnizing our spirits. This belief made it still as it had ever been to me, a pleasant task to minister to school-boys, permitted in some measure perhaps to encourage and to help them, if it were only to point out to them the path of peace and safety. Expressed my belief that there were many among them who knew something of the love of Christ influencing their hearts, producing returns of love to Him, and helping to testify of their love by their allegiance:—that I earnestly desired the encouragement of these, and that all might be like-minded. If there were any who thought I drew too fair a picture—that they would

pardon me, and earnestly try to realize it for themselves. That I was about to be absent for three or four First-days—that I knew I was leaving them with those who loved them, and whose hearts were often lifted up in prayer for them—that I should often remember them especially on First-day evening, and would that they might *so* remember me. A very solemn silence ensued; and after a brief pause I once more prayed with them and for them.

To his brother Samuel.

9 mo. 10, 1863.—I am again going to unite with my dear cousin, William Tanner, in religious service in the Quarterly Meeting of Durham. Whilst anxious that I may know for myself a preparation for a time that cannot be very far distant, and desirous to be found trusting in Christ as my Saviour both from the penalty and the power of sin; I find myself called upon to invite others to seek after the same blessing. Not seldom do I think of thee and pray for thee that thou mayst so come to Christ for thyself as to know thy sins forgiven for His sake. It is now the eleventh hour with both of us. Neither of us have any plea to offer for acceptance at last but the unmerited mercy of God in Christ Jesus, and that is freely offered to all of us if we will but earnestly ask for it and accept it. That this may be the happy experience of both of us is the prayer of thy affectionate brother.

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11 mo. 14.—How precious are the moments—how refreshing—when the tendering influence of the love of Christ distils like the evening dew on the longing heart. Some little experience of this has been mine this evening. It is not always so. To kneel morning and evening—at times without any glow of devotion—seemingly without ability to pray, is my condition; and yet not doing it as relying upon it—not satisfied with it as perfunctory—not thinking of it in the smallest degree as a claim for favour—but often and often feeling as a poor, erring child waiting in silence for a Father's morning blessing—longing for it if but little earnestness is felt in asking for it—not liking to begin the day or encounter its duties and its trials and temptations without

at least trying to put myself in the way for a blessing,—I dare not, I cannot intermit the practice. I can sometimes venture to take comfort, even in times of emptiness and incapacity, in the thought, "Thou God seest me—Thou knowest my wants, my weakness, my infirmities of flesh and spirit," and thus silently appeal and wait for help in the name of Jesus.

And so on retiring at night, I cannot intermit the practice of again kneeling, again seeking to put myself in the way of asking for pardon and peace, and committing myself to the protecting care of my heavenly Father in Jesus' name. If it be not often that I enjoy the precious sense of heavenly love, contriting my spirit, renewing my faith and love and allegiance—I feel as though I would yet go evening by evening even as a child to his father, depending upon his father's love; although he should not always, or even not often, receive sensible demonstration of it. And then how precious are those times when kneeling empty, lifeless, poverty stricken—scarcely faith enough to kneel—fearing it is mere habit—half disposed to listen to the evil suggestion to give it up, to turn into a prayerless bed to a prayerless sleep—how precious even then, before we rise, to find this lifelessness departing, access granted, ability given to pour out the overflowings of a full heart before Him—to know that He has inspired, and hears, and will answer our prayer.

11 mo. 30.—To Ackworth to-day to attend the sub-committee. Among other duties was that of seeing a few scholars, three boys and four girls, newly entered. After one or two members of the Committee had said a few words of counsel, I addressed them on not being afraid to show their colours—neither being afraid nor ashamed of doing what they believed to be required of them, nor yet of abstaining, even in the face of custom to the contrary, from doing what they felt was wrong. I instanced the subject of prayer, illustrating it by the results I had seen of faithfulness in this matter. As I went on I believe my own spirit was helped. Oh if I was permitted to help this little company—permitted to help even one of the little lambs of Christ's fold, what a blessed privilege; overpayment tenfold for any cost of any kind in going on this errand this day. Of all the privileges of the gospel few are sweeter—very few so sweet as union of spirit and sympathy with the piety of a child. The thought that "of such is the kingdom of Heaven" is inexpressibly precious. I shall long

remember, perhaps never forget the sweet feelings accompanying this very little service.

12 mo. 31.—The evening of the old year, his expiring hour from eleven to twelve, and the early minutes of the new, were spent as in earlier days they were sometimes spent by me, in "watching unto prayer." The year 1863 is just expiring. The minster bells are ringing him out. To me the year has been one of multiplied mercies. Oh that more adequate returns had marked its course, more of grateful, willing service. And yet I know that whatsoever service has been permitted, whether more or less gratefully or cheerfully rendered, only in Christ can His poor unprofitable servants be complete—only accepted in Him.

The moment is full of memories of the past. The ever dear one—dear as ever still—who has entered on her heavenly rest—the two much loved and faithful friends of earlier and later years, Joseph Rowntree and Thomas Pumphrey—many who in the ordering of Providence have been placed under my care—have been brought before me. During the year just going out I have had more enjoyment of prayer; have used the privilege more frequently and for a wider range of requests: for many a trifle, so called, I have asked for help and guidance; for many a little favour, for many a preservation from blunders and mistakes (having raised a secret aspiration for help), a brief but earnest thought of thankfulness has been offered.

2 mo. 4, 1864.—This afternoon I had a visit from an interesting young man with whom I had become acquainted slightly, many months ago. He spent the evening, and seemed to enjoy scientific conversation relative to the stereoscope, microscope, polariscope, &c., some of the phenomena of which were new to him. * * After he left, a feeling of regret—almost of condemnation, came over me, that I had not *made* an opportunity (seeing that none very manifestly occurred), for a word on a Saviour's love.

6 mo. 5.—In the evening at Bootham I believe I was helped in addressing the boys in the school-room, and in vocal prayer especially for them at Reading time. When thus favoured to feel the love of Christ, flowing through one so utterly unworthy,

toward this beloved company, I can make the grateful acknowledgment, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places." Childless, (so it has pleased my Heavenly Father I should be,) yet loving the young with deep natural affection, I can indeed rejoice when permitted to feel that holier affection—the love of Christ—sanctifying and intensifying the natural love.

To his brother Samuel,

(who had recently met with a severe accident).

8 mo. 4, 1864.—Four years ago I was summoned to Sheriff Hutton with the news, that thou wast thought to be dying. I hastened over and found thee apparently in great danger. Thy life was then mercifully spared; and my prayer was then, and many a time since has been, that our Heavenly Father in His mercy would lead thee to deep, sincere, heartfelt repentance. I have assured thee often, and I can again assure thee, that it is not too late to seek for mercy. I want thee to look upon this accident as another invitation to review the past, and avail thyself of the opportunity, by earnest prayer in the name of Jesus, to know all thy past sins forgiven. Independently of this accident, there are other signs of failing health and strength. Neither to myself nor to thee, in the natural course of life, is it likely that many more years can be allotted: the probability is that there may be but very few—not years—but months remaining. I am not writing as though I needed not such counsel myself—but as one who had felt, and still feels, the need of pardon, and who can at times feel that pardon is secure for all the past. But this does not satisfy me. The more I know of the sweetness of pardoning mercy, I cannot rest satisfied with possessing this myself. I long that all who are dear to me, especially by the ties of blood and affection, should be partakers of the same blessing—that they may know for themselves how it can sweeten life—give comfort and resignation amid trials and suffering, and fill the heart with glowing and glorious hopes of happiness when this mortal life and all its trials shall end.

It would be a sorrowful thing for me, if in a time of extremity, when thy powers of life were failing and death seemed near at hand, were I to hear thee saying, as some have said when alarmed at the prospect of eternity, "Why did you not tell me,

and warn me of all this before?—whilst there was time and opportunity to seek for repentance and pardon?" It is in no accusing spirit that I write, but with all the earnestness of Christian and brotherly love, that I want to encourage thee to seek for thyself that mercy so freely offered, even at the eleventh hour. Remember the gracious promise of our Lord, "Him that cometh unto me, I will *in no wise* cast out." Ask for ability to pray—Ask for the Holy Spirit to help thee to pray. If no answer to prayer should come *speedily*, do not be discouraged. Our Lord bids us be importunate in prayer. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me," is a very fitting prayer—a prayer often made and answered.

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9 mo. 18.—Addressed the school in reference to the sermons and prayer at Meeting—their solemnity. Our responsibility in thus hearing the Gospel preached, and being present at worship owned by the Divine presence and blessing. Have we profited? Are we profiting by it? Has the love of Christ more place in our hearts? Are we more His than we were a week ago? We may apply tests to ourselves—kindness—gentleness—and love—scrupulous truthfulness—these are some of the evidences which we may seek for in ourselves. I believe there are those amongst you who never knowingly or wilfully inflicted pain either of body or mind on a schoolfellow. I can imagine no more beautiful or blessed sight than a company like the present, were everyone seeking to realize the Christian in all his conduct. Let not then the gospel messages such as we have heard to-day—to use a common phrase,—"go in at one ear and out at the other;" but let us resolve that with the help of the Holy Spirit of God we will seek to realize the beauty of the Christian character. And let none of us be discouraged if we seem to fail of realizing all that we long for. Let us go again and again for pardoning mercy and grace to help us to overcome: if so, then the life-long conflict will end in victory at last through "Him who hath loved us."—The deep silence at the close of these remarks seemed to indicate the spirit of prayer granted to us—and to this I gave utterance.

10 mo. 17.—I availed myself of an opportunity of handing to ——— a balance of account sent by his father in paying his

bill—to offer him a word of counsel. I told him I had thought much of him, partly through long acquaintance with many of the family, and especially in remembrance of his two brothers who had been York scholars; and that I hoped he was trying to be a good boy. I had nothing to upbraid him with, but I wanted to encourage him to try earnestly for the remaining part of the session. His looks betrayed considerable emotion. I reminded him of the peace accompanying the effort to be good, to keep a conscience void of offence. It seemed that this was pretty much the message I had for Christ to him. I parted from him not without hope: my prayer for him now is that the very simple message may be blest to him.

About this time the consideration of retiring from the Superintendence of the School engaged John Ford's attention. After noticing a correspondence on the subject with some of his friends, he states in his Journal the conclusion arrived at.

12 mo. 4.—It seems right for me at present to take no action, but carefully to observe any pointings towards an opening for it. I have made it a subject of frequent prayer, and have sought to trust it as regards time and mode, to Him who has hitherto unmistakably directed my steps and chosen my allotment—from Worcester in 1815 to Rochester, from Rochester to York in 1828, and to a most happy marriage in 1837. Not less wise and not less kind, even though full of sorrow, the event of Seventh-month 2nd, 1859. And now alone! in the *evening*, my desire and my prayer are that the same loving hand may guide my steps, appoint my service and my place of service. "Thou *hast been* my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation."

The compilation of a Hymn Book specially adapted for young persons now occupied John Ford's leisure. He engaged in an extensive correspondence to ascertain the views of others as to what particular hymns were desirable to be included in such a collection. The result was a volume which appears to have met with favour, as the little book, "Selected Hymns," has gone through several editions.

2 mo. 27.—Long interview with ———, reported for repeated acts of disorder: this combined with a recent affair with one of the Teachers occasioned a reference to me. After much patient labour,—reticence, reserve and obstinacy—if that was an ingredient—gave way: sensible that he had been in the wrong both in act and in mental condition—sorry for it—*really* as I believe—intending to strive earnestly to be more guarded. Thus the true ends of discipline appeared to be attained. I introduced the Teacher to him, and cordiality and kindness seemed to be restored. He expressed to him as he had to me the above sentiments. I appealed to him as a young man; (he is in his 17th year). Difficult as he seemed for a long time, the conference ended with an increased rather than a diminished estimate of his whole character. He needs very careful handling. I had prayed for wisdom for myself, and a yielding heart for him in this matter.

4 mo. 23.—Whatever may be the fate of these records, whether I burn them myself, or commission others to burn them for me, or whether they be burned without a commission, —of this I have no doubt, they have been inestimable aids to me. Sensitive, and as a consequence often tending to despondency, I find my faith and hope and love from time to time renewed, rekindled, confirmed, by being thus enabled to "remember the years of the right hand of the Most High," the "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord"—times of sweet communion with my Saviour.

I dare not indulge in the morbid anatomy of thoughts and feelings, by a record of temptations yielded to or resisted. I know them but too well. But the loving kindness of my Lord through all the past, I am too apt, in the cloudy day to forget, and thus to live below the privileges even of a poor, erring, sinful believer such as I am; and so I record them still.

6 mo. 17.—On retiring to my bed-room this evening, I was very unexpectedly favoured with a most memorable season in prayer. I had nearer access than usual to the mercy seat—was enabled in something like living faith, to pour out my heart to the Lord in Jesus' name. All my earnest longings—all my little wants—all my many fears—I seemed at liberty to bring them all as to a loving Father. Oh the preciousness of such

seasons! I cannot give up stated times of prayer—but oh the difference when such favours as these are granted!—No distrust—no coldness—all earnest, confiding love. Oh for that state when this shall be not the exception, but the ever abiding condition of the happy spirit.

7 mo. 4.—I left for Ackworth. The examination of the girls in Scripture again fell to my lot—a pleasant task, refreshing to the spirit by the sweetness and readiness of this beloved company, numbering not a few of the lambs of Him whose almost last parting command was that they should be fed. The Educational Meeting was held on Sixth-day and numerously attended. I read a paper on "Penalties," a subject I have long had on my mind; it seemed to be well received. This looked like another *last time*. Much was said about younger men coming forward; I wish they would, and that they might be enabled to come with a little self-distrust—with modesty and humility, not with self-confident dogmatism.

John Ford's professional life had now extended over more than fifty years. It had been his earnest desire not to retain his position as Superintendent of York School longer than, in the opinion of his friends, the institution would be benefited by his remaining at the head of it. He often expressed a dread of retaining office after capacity for effective service had gone, and shrunk from the idea of its being thought,

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

Feeling satisfied that the right time was now come to withdraw from further service, he tendered his resignation in the following letter.

To the General Meeting of the York Quarterly Meeting's Boys' School.

20, Bootham, 9 mo. 25, 1865.

Dear friends,

After giving the subject the most careful and serious

consideration, I have been led to the conclusion that the right time has come for me to resign the post of Superintendent of the School. I therefore wish to close the connection on the 31st of the Twelfth-month next ensuing, when I shall have completed thirty-seven years of service.

In the Sixth-month, 1857, in consequence of the declining health of my late dear wife, the Committee accepted my proposal of leaving the house in Bootham, and residing at a short distance, retaining the post of Superintendent, my friend Fielden Thorp being appointed Resident Head Master. In 1862 I tendered the resignation of my office, if, in the judgment of the Committee, the time of final retirement had arrived. The Committee expressed their belief that the interests of the school would be served by my occupying the post awhile longer. And now, in finally tendering my resignation, I wish to express my unfeigned satisfaction in the belief that the school will not suffer thereby, and that my dear friend, Fielden Thorp, is fully prepared to undertake the duties of Superintendent and Head Master. In reverting to the eight years of our joint labours, I cannot speak too highly of his courteous and cordial co-operation. Nothing has been permitted, at any time, to interrupt harmonious action. To sever a long connexion, under circumstances so favourable to the school, is cause of reverent thankfulness.

Well aware of many imperfections, mistakes and failures in the past, I can acknowledge that they have met with the kind and charitable construction of my friends; and that I have been enabled, from time to time, to take them to the foot of the cross, for the pardoning mercy and sustaining grace of a compassionate Saviour, and thus to find my strength and trust renewed. To the Committee, among whom I have numbered some of my dearest personal friends, I have been largely indebted, for their kind, most efficient and constant support and counsel. Nor am I less bound gratefully to acknowledge the hearty co-operation, as well as the kind recognition of service—of numerous parents, and the continued attachment of young men once under my care. In conclusion I may say that the interests of the school will ever be dear to me. My prayers will be for its prosperity, and that the blessing of the Most High may richly rest upon the labours of the Committee, the Superintendent, and the various officers, that so, by their joint efforts, the scholars may ever be trained, not only in sound learning, but above all, in the

knowledge, and fear, and love of their Heavenly Father and their Redeemer.

JOHN FORD.

EXTRACT FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF YORK QUARTERLY MEETING'S BOYS' SCHOOL, 9 MO. 1865.

We believe the School to be in a sound and healthy state. That this should be the case, is felt to be a cause of special gratitude at the present time, when our dear friend John Ford has signified his intention of shortly retiring from the Superintendence of the School. He has held this office since the Quarterly Meeting assumed the management of the Institution in 1828. Since that date, 670 boys have entered as Scholars. Many of these are now reaping the benefits of the education therein received, and will unite with the Committee in those warm feelings of thankfulness and satisfaction, with which they recur to the long period during which John Ford has been enabled to discharge the responsible duties of his position. In the prospect of his retirement, whilst we cannot but feel regret at the close of our official connexion, we are not insensible to the claims he has for release from this field of service, and we earnestly desire that the Lord's blessing may richly rest on his future lot, and that he may long be permitted to witness the successful prosecution of the work, to which so large a share of his best energies have been devoted.

To REBECCA THOMPSON. (Bridgwater.)

11 mo. 13, 1865.—My resignation was accepted; and I am thankful in believing that I have not overstayed the right time—and that the right time has come. And yet I cannot forego the pleasures of a long professional life without regret. "The warm precincts of the cheerful day," (if I may apply Gray's beautiful language to the association with young life which I have so much enjoyed), seem to claim "a longing, lingering look behind."

FROM EDWARD RHOADS, M.D. WHEN ON A TOUR IN EUROPE, TO HIS PARENTS IN PHILADELPHIA.

11 mo. 12, 1865.—An interesting evening terminated by a long talk with John Ford, in his little parlour, over a cheerful grate. It was a great privilege to be in his company—so thoroughly does he seem saturated with love to God and man; so free from conventionality and cant; so untrammelled by form;—with the mind of a scholar, the heart of a Christian, and the face of both; earnest, faithful, charitable and true.

Childless, he has been all of a Father to many of the seven hundred and fifty boys who have come under his care. He treasures numerous photographs of these in various stages of their development. Two of them now sit by him as Ministers.

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11 mo. 19.—In Meeting this evening, using as I trust a little faith, I spoke on the text, "Be not weary in well doing." The concern seemed to be to encourage those who might at times feel discouraged by the strong demarcation sometimes insisted on, "You are in Christ, or you are not." True enough—and yet capable of being so presented as unduly to discourage. The work of grace is a gradual work, and because not all accomplished at once, but many a conflict yet to come, therefore we must not conclude that we are not in Him;—"First the blade then the ear, &c.;"—and yet this we are too apt to do, and our enemy is but too ready to avail himself of our despondency and to second it. Our reply to him is, "I know I am a sinner, and yet I may and will come again and again for pardoning mercy and sustaining grace. Get thee behind me." I referred to the hymn, "'Tis a point I long to know;" and though the prayer of the last stanza may sometimes be adopted,

> "Let me love Thee more and more,
> If I love at all, I pray,"

there are times when the believer can get beyond *that*, times when under the influence of the descendings of Heavenly dew —the Holy Spirit of God—access is granted us into the very presence chamber of the King in the name of Jesus, and we can gratefully and humbly make the Apostle's appeal, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee."

11 mo. 26.—I would commemorate this evening a most precious season of private prayer. It seemed as though I was enabled to trust my Saviour for sanctification, as I *have* already trusted Him for justification. I was enabled earnestly to plead that He would undertake *this* for me, enabling me to maintain the conflict, trusting in Him and in Him alone for ultimate victory.

In Twelfth-month, 1864, a Royal Commission was appointed to enquire into the education given in some of the principal Schools in England. Though the powers of the Commission were largely confined to endowed schools, the Commissioners were desirous of obtaining information respecting other educational establishments, and John Ford was invited to attend before them. His evidence is published in the Commissioners' Report.

12 mo. 10.—Indisposition—and at times extreme fatigue consequent, as well as multiplied engagements, have interfered with these records. To-night I may tell again of special answer to prayer. Each recurring First-day evening bringing the *last* nearer and nearer—this evening being probably the last but one—deepens the sense of responsibility: so before going into the school-room I kneeled once more in the lecture room, and there was enabled to ask with some earnestness and a deep sense of need, and some renewed faith in prayer in Jesus' name. I asked of my Father in Heaven that He would condescend to go with me and be with me, and help me in addressing once more the assembled school; and now, as heretofore, I think I can say, "I know He does answer prayer, for He has answered me."

To-morrow if all be well I go to London to give evidence before the Royal Commission of Education. I have prayed and still pray for that same most blessed and most effectual guidance and counsel and help. I know and feel in my very heart at this moment that I am utterly unworthy, and yet in the name of Jesus I may come. I am entreated by Himself to come. Oh that I could make more return of love!

12 mo. 16.—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." But for the desire to accept profitably this truth, I might look

forward to to-morrow with over anxious thought. If all be well I give my last Scripture lesson; and in the evening I take for the last time my post in the school-room, where for many years I have been accustomed to stand and address the assembled School. This has been to me the most precious part of my First-day services at Bootham; for there, many times after preparation by previous prayer, I have been enabled to set forth the beauty and safety of early dedication of heart to Christ. So I will still trust in the help heretofore granted, and try to look hopefully to to-morrow.

12 mo. 17.—First-day evening. Nor have I been disappointed. Throughout the day it seemed as though I could not give my thoughts to the subject of taking leave in the evening; therefore once again in the Lecture-room alone I prayed for help and counsel. I heard a few of the Juniors repeat portions of hymns, and then addressed the School in substance as follows:—

"I referred briefly this morning to the fact that I was giving my last lesson of Scriptural instruction. There is something solemn in doing a thing for the last time, but especially so when the act is the last of a long series, involving the highest responsibilities, as that does in which I am now engaged for the last time, after a long service of 37 years.

"Standing before you here week after week on this evening, I have sought earnestly and prayerfully from time to time to warn and counsel and encourage you, as ability might be granted me, in all that concerns your highest interests for time and for eternity. To-night I have no new thing to say; but you will pardon me if for a few minutes I occupy you with a few words of personal concernment. This day has been one of very solemn thought to me. I am closing a service of infinite responsibility—responsibility such as I dare not look back upon were it not that, conscious of numerous imperfections, mistakes and failures, I have sought from day to day to take them where I have counselled you to take yours—to the foot of the cross—there to plead the name of Jesus, to ask for the renewed application of the all-cleansing blood of sprinkling—and there I have found pardon and peace, and renewal of strength and trust for daily service. But for this I should not have stood before you here this evening. But having sought so to do, notwithstanding anxieties, difficulties, sore trials and distress, I can now look

back upon a happy professional life. For this I am deeply indebted to kind and able colleagues. To my dear friend ——— my grateful recollections are most justly due: for more than twenty years I have had his invaluable services. Nor am I less indebted to my beloved friend, your Superintendent and master, Fielden Thorp; for nearly twenty years I have been permitted to enjoy his friendship. For eight years we have stood in relations to each other not devoid of liabilities. But it is a peculiar happiness to look back upon the connection as one of constant courteous and most cordial co-operation, and one the harmony of which nothing has been permitted for a moment to disturb. To my younger colleagues, in whose earlier training I have had some share, I am also indebted for kind, efficient and affectionate support. Scarcely less is the debt I owe to you, my young friends on my right,—the senior scholars. Year after year I have seen on those forms youths who have well sustained the character of the school, not only in the intellectual and moral aspect, but in its higher aim as a place of Christian education. I have seen from year to year those seats vacated and re-filled, and never as I believe more worthily filled than now.

"Excuse me if I refer for one moment to a matter more exclusively personal to myself. I cannot part from all the pleasant associations of many years without pain. More than six years ago it pleased the Almighty in His inscrutable wisdom and love to remove from me, one who for twenty-two years shared my toils, and cheered me with her wise counsels and her tender love. You will believe how differently I should have looked upon retirement had she been spared to share it. In the autumn as you are aware I finally tendered my resignation, and my connection now ceases altogether. It was in prospect of this that I presented each of you with a copy of the little Hymn Book which I compiled last summer. I mention it now, because it was intended as a parting present, in hopes that thereby I might occasionally be remembered by each of you with no other than friendly, kindly feelings. And may I ask of you occasionally when assembled here on First-day evening to bear me in your remembrance, in your prayers; it will cheer my somewhat solitary lot to believe that I am so remembered.

"I have said that mine has been a happy professional life. One peculiar happiness I have yet to notice—that of leaving the

school in so happy and prosperous a condition—leaving to my successor, able, efficient, affectionate teachers, who love their office and the objects of their care; and leaving too that which especially makes a school a happy community, kind, intelligent and loyal school-boys. For my beloved friend, Fielden Thorp, I cannot express a better wish as regards his position than that, whenever by the course of time or by other causes he may withdraw from his post, he may leave as I do without an anxious thought for its future.

"Many a time at this hour in this place, I reverently and thankfully express my confident belief, we have been favoured with the overshadowing of our Heavenly Father's love. May this through long years to come be the happy experience as York Masters and Scholars meet together here. That so it may be, may all of you, in words which I used last First-day, seek and cherish and live in the personal love of a personal Saviour."

Fielden Thorp followed, and in most kind and touching terms referred to our past connexion. At reading time I read the 145th Psalm and then, "Finally brethren farewell, &c.," at the close of the Epistle to the Corinthians. I afterwards engaged in prayer for F. and A. J. Thorp, for the teachers, the scholars and the servants; and thus ended this formidable looking day. I might well say at the end, "What shall I render unto the Lord, &c."

SECTION V.

EVENING OF LIFE.

In the early part of 1866, soon after withdrawing from his professional duties, John Ford spent some time in visiting his friends in the Midland Counties and west of England. On his return home he writes as follows:—

3 mo. 2, 1866. * * I was permitted much enjoyment in these visits, and in looking back on them find nothing to mar the recollection. * * * One bright, clear, frosty morning I seemed capable of enjoying as I did forty years ago all the profuse beauty of nature, "the incense breathing morn," kindling even as it did in early years, thoughts too deep for words—love for the author of all these beauties, both as God and Saviour—crowned with thankfulness for this renewed capacity, this freshness of spirit, recipient of such chastened pleasure.

On my return to York I was so kindly welcomed at Bootham, and so lovingly at Union Terrace, that all the clouds that had seemed to gather over York melted away, and all I needed was a more grateful heart.

To one of his Scholars who had recently gone to a Situation.

2 mo. 10, 1866.—I heard that thou wast gone to ———, and now I suppose thou art beginning to be accustomed to thy place and its duties. I trust thou art doing all thou canst to please thy employers and to be very useful. It will give me great pleasure, (few things would give me more)—to hear that thou wast getting on well. Don't be discouraged by mistakes and failures, but rather let them serve as stimulus to new exertions. The way to excel in business is to give the mind thoroughly to it. * * * * * * * * And now dearest ———, do try to be good,

always truthful, willing and obliging, and do not forget some good counsel, often repeated but never out of place—*never forget to pray*. Ask morning by morning thy Heavenly Father to help thee to do all that is right and good,—to keep thee in time of temptation—to comfort thee in trouble. Ask Him to help thee to love thy Saviour, and ask Him to do this for Jesus' sake. I long for thee to be a good, prosperous and happy young man. Be careful in thy choice of companions; and if anyone should tempt thee to do wrong, give up his company.

On First-day evening, 3 mo. 11, at F. Thorp's request I took my old post in the school-room and addressed the boys after the old fashion: their marked attention was very grateful. I have free access to the school. My earnest desire is that I may be enabled to use this liberty in service for Christ, and that in the ability which He may give, I may occasionally still be permitted to feed the Lambs of His fold.

4 mo. 15.—In the evening Fielden Thorp invited me again to my old First-day evening post in the school-room, and I addressed them, asking their permission to suppose myself for a moment in my old character. I spoke of the half-year as half over—the value of retrospect—the opportunity of persevering in well doing, or for amendment if need were. The pleasure of a retrospect of school when by daily watchfulness and prayer the school-boy had sought to approve himself a disciple of Christ—that good soldiership now, was the best preparation for good soldiership in the sterner conflict of life.

Last Fifth-day, 6 mo. 14, was an eventful and noteworthy day, one I had looked forward to almost with dismay. About fifty old (York) scholars dined at the De Grey Rooms. I was their guest. After dinner they presented me with a screen containing under glass 257 portraits of old scholars, also a silver inkstand, and an address accompanied by a cheque for six hundred pounds to be invested in an annuity. I replied partly extempore, chiefly by a written reply. I would I had a more grateful, loving heart to my Father in Heaven for His protecting grace that has kept me to this day. Had it not been that I have

sought and obtained His pardoning mercy from time to time for all my unfaithfulness in the discharge of the solemn responsibilities of thirty-seven years, intense sense of unworthiness would have marred all the pleasure of the day, if it would even have allowed me to touch what was so kindly offered. But having, as I have before acknowledged, known the pardon of all these mistakes and omissions, I could again acknowledge that mine had been a happy professional life, and that I could thankfully accept these tokens of the esteem and love of more than three hundred old scholars.

To Rebecca Thompson.

8 mo. 2, 1866.—The account of the proceedings of 6 mo. 14, printed by the Committee of the Presentation, will have informed thee of the particulars of that interesting occasion. To myself it was almost overwhelming. The kindness and the munificence of the old scholars took me by surprise. I did not know that I had so large a place in the affectionate remembrance of so many. Perhaps the most touching part to me was the graceful and grateful tribute to the memory of my sainted R., paid by two or three of the speakers. One, a warm-hearted youth, spoke with intense feeling of her kindness in sickness and in affliction, he having partaken of it in both. The money gift was very opportune, enabling me to continue my duties as a Steward, nearly if not quite on the same scale as heretofore: this, otherwise, I could not have done in York. The screen containing the photographic portraits, when opened out, presents an array of intelligent and useful men and youths—(not a few of them, I believe, avowed servants of Christ) very pleasant to look upon,—not the less pleasant, because, not reproachfully, but kindly, I can imagine them looking upon me.

The deep interest which John Ford took in the Castle Howard Reformatory for Juvenile Criminals, is manifested by repeated notices in his diary. He was appointed on the Committee of the Institution in 1855, and remained a member till the time of his death. He frequently availed himself of the opportunities afforded by the Committee Meetings at

the Reformatory, to address the School collectively, as well as to have private interviews with individual boys in difficult cases.

7 mo. 12.—I attended a summons to the Committee at the Castle Howard Reformatory: no other member attended. I remained the usual time, dined with Mr. ———, and had an interesting conversation with him on the theological aspect of the present day as manifested in its literature, sermons, biographies, &c. His son, an Oxford student, was present. I endeavoured to give the conversation a course that might be instructive to him. In the morning I had a few words with a boy of twelve recently admitted. Mr. F. gave him a very good character. The cause of his committal is very doubtful as regards any criminality on his part. His fine, open countenance was a strong contrast to some of his harder associates. I said a few words to him, and gave him a little book. Mr. F. introduced me to a very different character, a lad of eighteen sentenced to seclusion, described by Mr. F. as exceedingly hard. I had two or three minutes conversation with him—he seemed more moved than I expected, told me he had shed many bitter tears when alone in his cell. I reminded him of the force of temptation supposing he was restored to society; asked him if he knew where to apply for help: did he pray? Yes he did. I recommended him to tell Mr. F. that he would as once before try to conduct himself well—to make a frank acknowledgment. He said he would try to do better. On parting, I said, "Now give me your hand, and try to be a good fellow." He gave me his hand, and seemed much moved. I would commend the three youths—the Oxonian, and the other two, the gentle and the hard, to the care and notice and love of a compassionate Saviour, even now as I write.

9 mo. 9.—I find I am near the end of this volume. How near am I to my journey's end? *That* need concern me not, provided "I am His and He is mine." Sometimes turning my thoughts to the life beyond the end, I feel as I pass along from day to day an intense craving for objects of affection and care and help and love and sympathy. I try to find and to cherish such objects—perhaps too exclusively among the young, feeling a pleasure in it second to none but the sense granted at times of Christ's love to me, or of my poor love to Him. I call to mind

gratefully times when I have knelt and prayed with and for many a beloved school-boy in sickness, in sorrow, or under convictions for sin—occasional visits to sick chambers, and some to poor offenders, found in seclusion in my visits to the Castle Howard Reformatory. These stand out with a distinctness beyond almost all other events or incidents of my recent life. Seeing it is so, I think (must I say speculate) at times on what similar service may be mine, when the earthly journey is ended and its opportunities for service all over. Service there will yet be, for "*there* His servants shall serve Him!" Oh what joyful commissions may there not be, to minister in some way, beyond human comprehension to conceive—to the poor, the sick, the sorrowful, the penitent, the solitary! Heavenly Father, I ask Thee to fit and prepare me yet more and more thus to serve Thee here, that such service if it be Thy will may be mine for ever in Heaven!

9 mo. 28.—Yesterday at the invitation of the Matron, I attended a gathering of ex-scholars at the Grey Coat Girls' School. No other gentleman was present. A clergyman had been expected but had not come. Several ladies of the Committee were present. When the ex- and present scholars were assembled I was asked to address them. I paused a moment, and then felt it would be right to engage in prayer previously to addressing this exceedingly interesting company. I did not know what the ladies and matron would think of it, but this did not disturb me. I was enabled with earnestness to pray for and with them. I then addressed them and felt helped in doing it. I had peace and more therein. And so service of various kinds still is found for me.

Reference has been made to John Ford's friendship with William Tanner, and to their uniting in religious services in Ireland and in London and its vicinity. By William Tanner's marriage with Sarah Wheeler, a much loved cousin of Rachel Ford, he and John Ford were brought into closer intimacy, with frequent interchange of visits; and for many years they maintained a continuous correspondence. In 1863, under the apprehension of religious duty, they united in visiting the Meetings of Friends in Durham Quarterly

Meeting; and in the following year they were occupied in a similar service in Yorkshire. Visits to the schools were a part of the service, and they had many social meetings of a religious character attended by large companies of both sexes.

In Tenth-month, 1866, John Ford spent a few days with his cousins at their residence, Ashley Farm near Bristol. A fortnight after his return to York he received the sad intelligence of the decease of William Tanner after a very short illness. In recording this sorrowful event he thus writes:—

More than brother to me, his was the most congenial mind I ever met with: though more logical and metaphysical and far more powerful in these respects than myself, there was united in him a spirit as lively, genial and tender, as ever warmed a merely human breast. His cheerfulness, his ready sympathy, the absence of all that was gloomy or repellent in his piety, gave him ready access to the young, who charmed by these attractions eagerly sought his company, his correspondence and his counsel. In the midst of my sorrow I could but be grateful and glad that providentially—contrary to my usual custom—I had so recently been at Ashley. I greatly enjoyed his company. Besides his usual liveliness and the brightness of his intellect, there were times of special enjoyment in our evening and morning social worship. After breakfast on the morning of the 26th, I was engaged in vocal thanksgiving for the permitted enjoyment of the visit, and in prayer commended ourselves now, and "in the unknown future, to the love and care of our Father in Heaven in the name of His dear Son, our Saviour."

Four months only elapsed after the death of her husband, when Sarah Tanner also was summoned away, and laid in the same grave in Sidcot Burial Ground. A few weeks before her decease she had placed in John Ford's hands her late husband's manuscripts, for the purpose of publication. The compilation of the Memoir of William Tanner occupied much time during the rest of the year, and the volume was published in the Spring of 1868.

1 mo. 16, 1867.—I have spent some time to-day in closing my accounts for the year 1866. At the close of 1865, the last year in which I received a salary, my income exceeded my expenditure. * * * * * My desire is to devote the surplus to cases and causes consistent with Christian stewardship. I have prayed to be preserved in a liberal spirit in this stewardship, and for wisdom rightly to discharge it.

1 mo. 23.—Nearly two weeks of continued frost have had a very depressing effect upon my health, and consequently on my capacity for work or for liveliness of spiritual perception. And yet perhaps this very circumstance may have aided in intensifying a few precious moments of access in prayer. * * * This evening, much of the day having been spent alone, the cold keeping me within, I was looking through "Lyra Anglicana," a Hymn Book recently sent me by a kind friend, when I met with one new to me, the sweet refrain of which is, "Son thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." The last two lines, indeed the whole piece greatly moved me—

"I shall hear, through the lapse of ages, when the stars have ceased to shine,
'Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine.'"

A little bright momentary gleam of heavenly light seemed to warrant my appropriating this glorious expectation, and left a sweet calm on my spirit—poor and contrite yet trusting.

8 mo. 21.—With several young men, watched the planet Jupiter when all its satellites were invisible: three were passing over his disc, one was eclipsed by the planet. On the 27th and 28th again at the Observatory in the Museum Gardens. My desire not to yield unduly to diminished energy, not to become an idle, self-involved old man, induces me to note some of these engagements. It helps to keep alive in me the desire to be usefully occupied, especially in anything in which the interests of the young are concerned. The memoir of my dear cousin William Tanner finds me employment almost every day.

8 mo. 23.—I do not get on well when I omit to note the passing events of the evening of life, the blessings, the mercies, the conflicts, the pleasures allotted, accepted and enjoyed. This evening I resumed my ecclesiastical lessons at the Mount School. I was most kindly received, and was told that my young friends

expressed their pleasure when they heard that the lessons were about to be resumed. At the close they repeated in concert, "Rock of ages cleft for me." The recitation and the Scripture reading refreshed me. I think the occasion was owned. I made a few remarks on the Scripture and hymn amidst, I think, a sweet solemnity. This little event has cheered my spirit and revived a little, faith, hope and love. I am thankful that this little service, which brings me into pleasing association with the young is still permitted me.

To Rebecca Thompson.

8 mo. 28, 1867.—I entirely agree in the sentiment, that it is not wise or well, either as regards ourselves or the world at large to look despairingly. Despair paralyses, hope impels to action; and I am glad to find that my dear friend, thy husband, continues with unabated active interest, to promote the religious welfare of the many. If the gospel message is to find access and acceptance with these, it must go through disinterested channels, divested of all pecuniary motive, on the part of those who convey it. The Society of Friends will maintain and strengthen their hold upon the many, by virtue of the non-payment principle. It gives them a power, which from various indications, I think they are using with something of the freedom of earlier days—*going* to the poor, the ignorant and the vicious, meeting them more in their own way and condition, and setting before them in simple terms, the story of the life and love of Christ. And even if it should not result in filling our Meeting Houses, or extending the boundaries of our own particular part of the Church of Christ, let us rejoice in the belief that by the Divine blessing upon these various efforts, not a few may be gathered into the *one fold* under the *one Shepherd*.

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11 mo. 2.—This evening in F. Thorp's absence I presided at the evening reading at Bootham, and yesterday evening I was also there and conducted the recitation of texts. I greatly enjoyed the renewal of the old occupation: I addressed the boys briefly both evenings and felt my own spirit refreshed. Opportunities for little services still occur. I have undertaken for some months to register the meteorological phenomena as

observed at the Museum, and have superintended and recorded the transits taken at the observatory of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. This occupation has the advantage of taking me out regularly every morning and sometimes in the evening, and is a wholesome break in reading and writing. I recently prepared a short paper on Reading, for the Albert Soirée last Third-day, and I have spent several hours in preparing one on the Reformation, to read at Doncaster on the 26th. Besides these, there is a lesson on Ecclesiastical History every Fifth-day evening at the Mount School, and though I have accumulated much material, I occupy considerable time each week in remodelling the lessons and introducing new matter. The preparation of the memoir of dear William Tanner, and the correspondence connected with it, demand much time and thought. * * * * I have attended several times, the Committee of the Castle Howard Reformatory held at the school. My four years service on the Ackworth Committee ended last Seventh-month. The committees of the Blue Coat Boys' and Grey Coat Girls' Schools, and attendance at the Council Meetings and Monthly Meetings of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society serve also to vary my engagements. * * * I occasionally annotate from various sources an interleaved New Testament; and mostly have some book in reading connected with biblical literature.

John Ford's scientific pursuits, especially Geology, Astronomy and Meteorology, gave him a deep interest in the proceedings as well as in the Collections and the Observatory of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society; nor was he less interested in the extraordinary assemblage of Roman and Mediæval antiquities collected and in situ in the Society's beautiful grounds and Museum at York. He greatly valued the opportunities afforded him as a member of the Council, of associating with men of high literary and scientific attainments. Amongst these may be enumerated, John Philips, F.R.S., the Geologist, in his earlier days Curator of the York Museum, and who subsequently held the Professorship of Geology in Oxford University;—Charles Wellbeloved, the learned author of "Eburacum;"—William Vernon Harcourt, Canon of York, one of the founders and an early President

of the British Association;—John Kenrick, eminent as a classical scholar, and author of Histories of Egypt and Phœnicia;—and Robert Davies, F.S.A., whose antiquarian researches have thrown much light on the early and mediæval History of York.

The following notice of John Ford's connexion with the Yorkshire Philosophical Society appeared in the Annual Report for 1875:—

"Mr. Ford came to reside in York in 1828, and from that date took a deep interest in the various objects and in the welfare of the Society, having been elected a member so far back as the year 1834. For many years he was an active member of the Council, and one of the vice-presidents. The Society is more especially indebted to him for his services as curator of Meteorology. His records of daily observations in connection with this department extend over more than forty years. We are glad to add that since Mr. Ford's decease these records have been presented to the Society, and are now deposited in the library. Mr. Ford was also much interested in the study of Astronomy, and as long as his health permitted he was in the habit of using the instruments in the Society's observatory."

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11 mo. 17.—At F. Thorp's request I supplied his place at the school in his absence. In the evening I addressed them for a few minutes. "I wish to offer a few words of encouragement to you. I cannot believe that there are among you those who are wilfully, unconcernedly living in sin. I have always found pleasure when addressing you as now, in the thought—the firm belief—that not one among you had become hardened in sin, but rather that though failing at times and falling through the force of temptation, still from time to time there was raised in your hearts the earnest longing for better things—for purity and all other Christian graces. I want you not to be discouraged by the past; there is a future before you, let it be full of hope. There is one looking down upon you, watching over you—not with the severe aspect of a judge but that of a loving Saviour, who longs to have you for Himself. Thus leading a life of

watchfulness and prayer, you may lay up a store of happy recollections of school-boy days, as many at Bootham have done before you. I have a note from one in which he speaks with affection of his school, and says, "I shall always look back with pleasure to York School, and to the corner in 'Number 1' where I first poured out my soul long and earnestly to the Lord." It is not often that we know what passes in the heart and mind of a schoolboy, but occasional glimpses such as this give one faith to believe that in many a bedroom besides the corner in "Number 1," has been a schoolboy's place of prayer, of pouring out his soul before the Lord. A deep solemn silence followed. I believe the spirit of prayer was granted, and once again I kneeled on the schoolroom floor, and gave utterance to earnest, heartfelt prayer for the preservation from all inroads of the enemy, for this beloved company—and that for Christ's sake our Father in Heaven would make them all His—now and for ever. Oh that a blessing might largely rest on the services and mercies of the day. To-night I can give thanks for the help granted, surmounting as it did feeble health and failing power.

To———

12 mo. 12, 1867.—I sit down to pen a few thoughts on the subject of thy last letter, under an almost painful feeling of incompetency, and yet with an earnest desire that in pondering upon the great truths involved, I may be helped myself, and may, at least, not hinder thee. To take thy letter as it lies before me.—I have referred to the sermon of dear William [Tanner] mentioned by thee; and I find it does in some measure meet thy need. He says, "The new Covenant is distinguished from the old by the larger and fuller appeal to the affections and understandings of mankind, and by the higher influence which it should bring to bear alike on heart and mind." "There were mysteries indeed in their teaching [that of our Lord and His Apostles] to the full conception of which it was impossible for the mind of man to rise." These are two important points—the appeal to our love and yet mystery. I believe these two are most practical considerations—the appeal to our love, to influence our conduct—the appeal to our faith, "without which it is impossible to please God."

Before I proceed with thy letter, I will give thee a short

passage from a very profound thinker, Bishop Butler, which seems something like a resting place to me. "Why and how it was necessary that the innocent blood should be shed for man's redemption, or how in what particular way it has the efficacy assigned, I do not find that the Scripture has explained. It is our wisdom thankfully to accept the benefit without disputing how it was procured."

I now return to thy letter—"the difficulty of not seeing in the sufferings of our Lord an equivalent for the eternal sufferings of millions." I observe thy remark, "I do not want to see it equivalent." Nor need we. No such doctrine is contained or implied in Holy Scripture. The statement that God could not pardon unless His Son suffered in the sinner's stead—a statement made by some Evangelicals (so called), seems to me little short of blasphemy. Thy own summary, immediately following this shocking sentiment, is a plain and concise account of one very important *part* of the truth. "There is a *sense* in which our Saviour actually bore our sins"—suffering and sorrow and pain and desertion and death. Thy comment upon it is one which every one who has tasted the preciousness of pardoning love, could endorse. "The thought of this has wonderful power; it seems to announce and to seal the news of God's pardoning love."—Most true—most beautifully and practically true! Then follows—"Still I suppose there is more than I have grasped in our dear Saviour's death." Yes, there is:—just the *how* and the *why* of Bishop Butler. And it seems to me, that the pride of the human intellect on the one hand, or its presumption on the other, has given rise to two attempts to explain the how and the why. The Socinian rejects or explains away "redemption through His blood" (Col. i. 14), "propitiation for our sins" (I John ii. 2). Other theologians undertake to make all clear and plain: they see in the sufferings and death of Christ a full equivalent for all the eternity of woe due to me as a sinner—no mystery—nothing left to the province of Faith.

There is yet another attempt to bring Salvation by the death of Christ down to the level of the human understanding:—it is perhaps the most specious of all, ascribing Salvation to the regenerating influence of the love of Christ in the heart, produced by the exceeding beauty of His moral character.

To thy enquiry, "if the Scriptures do not mean this" (the equivalent theory) "what do they mean respecting Christ's

death?" I should be disposed to answer such an enquiry by passages from Holy Scripture that *need* no explanation. I believe "that Christ died for our sins," I. Cor. xv. 3—that "He is the propitiation for our sins," I. John. ii. 2—that "we have redemption through His blood" Col. i. 14, (already quoted)—that we are "redeemed with the precious blood of Christ," I. Pet. i. 19—that He "bare our sins, in His own body on the tree," I. Pet. ii. 24—that "Christ suffered for our sins, the just for the unjust," I. Pet. iii. 18. I could multiply such passages indefinitely, and ex animo, in heart and conscience, endorse them all. Then if questioned what do you infer from this or that, I should resort to Scripture again; as for instance, I infer, "that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." The inquisitorial "what do you infer," has made an apostate church in ages past "drunk with the blood of the Saints," and would do so again but for a more extensively enlightened public opinion. I need only refer to what is called "the sacrament of the altar," the Roman mass, struggling for preeminence again, all based upon a false inference from Scripture—"this is My body."

I will now as I promised give thee a few thoughts of other men. "If there be any hope of redemption from this consciousness of sin—this separation from God—this discord in himself, universal in the history of man,—the most thoughtful will feel the most fully, that it must be only by a method which involves in it a full recognition of the evil, and which, probably, will involve as great a mystery to the intellect in the solution, as in the problem: all the light coming through the same moral portion of man's nature, which is the chief region of his misery and the only one of his sin. And that great practical solution of this awful problem given us in the Bible, comes to us under precisely such an aspect of *mystery*, as a Revelation which may justly be termed transcendental—*wholly incapable of being explained*, but yet *not incapable of being believed.* * * * * The mere pardon of sin by an absolute act of the Divine will can never seem to the spiritually minded man, so satisfying as that grand act of voluntary self-sacrifice, which is the centre of the Atonement of Christ, and which not merely vindicates the majesty of God's Law, but also displays His character of love in such an aspect as to be most attractive and subduing to the heart of man. The great act of atonement through Christ does, above all that we could conceive, produce in the heart that

believes it, a deep consciousness of sin and of its infinite evil, but at the same time, by the gratitude which it inspires for the deliverance from such evil, it produces also a living self-surrender of the whole man to God. A new spirit is infused by which the sinner is not only reconciled but renewed—not only released from the punishment due to transgression, but made meet for re-union with the holy and happy portion of God's universe, and for increasingly closer communion with Himself. * * * The moment a man truly believes in Christ as his redeeming Mediator with God, he feels that his sinfulness *may* and *will* and *shall* grow less in him even day by day: that it shall have no more dominion over him, now that he is under grace—but that what no law could have done—subdue his heart unto a loving obedience—God, sending His own Son as a sacrifice for sin, has done and shall do, until he is more than conqueror over all the enemies of his soul." (Fredk. Myers.)

Once again the writer whom I quote reminds his readers "This atonement of Christ which lies at the very centre of the Christian religion, is to be received by *Faith* rather than by the *understanding*: it cannot be fully *explained* either in its *causes* or its *consequences*."—But I must come to a close. I have not satisfied myself with my *manner* of setting forth the truth as I hold it; I shall doubtless fail in this to satisfy thee—but I *am* satisfied with that child-like acceptance of the Truth which is sometimes granted me, in which I can from my very heart say,

"I do believe, I will believe
That Jesus died for me:
That on the cross He shed His blood
That I might happy be!"

O my dear friend, it is in moments such as these when the Holy Spirit of God bears witness with our Spirit that we are His—that plans and schemes and creeds of *man's arranging*, are less than nothing—lose their importance—cease to trouble us, and we can repose on our Saviour's love in full confidence, and trust our all to Him for time and eternity. May this be evermore the blessed experience of my friend and myself.

P.S. I have reviewed thy letter again. I do not think that pride has anything to do with thy distrust—(not of Scripture truth—but) of the received modes of explaining these truths. Possibly there is in thy mind a longing for more insight—more of comprehension of the "how and the why," than the human

intellect, under its present limitations is capable of attaining to—more perhaps than would be profitable, if attained. Tennyson, after a few stanzas giving a desponding view of man and his destiny, finishes with this line :—

"Behind the veil—Behind the veil!"

And then possibly, but not till then, we may find all mysteries solved; among them these: "Why is evil permitted in a world governed by omnipotence and love, and whose material framework is a wondrous display of Law and order and beauty and life?" "Why in the moral world, Transgression—disorder—pain and death?" "Shall evil and its consequences be *eternal?*" I do not know!

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1 mo. 12, 1868.—Five weeks have passed away since I wrote last. Alone as I often am, unwell,—absent from our evening Meeting; not for mere occupation of time, but seeking a little renewal of faith and hope in the contemplation of many continued blessings, I write again. I feel at times so weary, so little power of exertion, as to make me fear lest I should allow diminished health and strength, the loss of wonted elasticity of mind and limb, to make me an idler in this late evening of life. So if I enumerate little services, it is to help me to believe that I am striving against that unhappy, profitless condition. * * * * For myself—poor, very poor, and sometimes depressed, I can still speak of "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," in answered prayer, in anxieties for others alleviated, and permission at times granted to speak for Christ and His Truth.

Oh at times to feel as I do, that I do indeed love Him—that He is my only refuge, (other have I none,) that I can trust Him for time and eternity—this is peace—sometimes joy. I have read much in the last few years, and have recently read much in writings which are thought by many not orthodox, especially on the Atonement as ordinarily described in formulas of doctrine These have not in the smallest degree shaken my faith, or weakened my entire acceptance of this doctrine as set forth in various ways in Holy Scripture. One thing I think I have learned from them—the fitness and the safety of expressing and setting forth this doctrine in the words of Scripture. The result

of further thought on this fundamental article of a Christian's creed, convinces me that in simplicity of statement and in variety of illustration, Holy Scripture furnishes a most ample supply. Accepting this Scriptural setting forth, I think I can sometimes say with that Christian philosopher, George Wilson, "I rejoice that I have a creed with which I can (Christ helping me) face death and eternity, and which makes this life often a joyous worship and always a patient endurance."

At times when sitting down to a lonely meal as I often do, I am comforted, sometimes beyond words to express, by remembering the gracious assurance, "Behold I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, *I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.*" What a glorious guest!

I feel increasingly the uncertainty of continuance here. I am outliving my contemporaries. Not a day passes but this thought is with me. As one result I have been slightly looking over and burning hundreds of letters, not only mere business ones, but many full of memories of much enjoyment in the affection and intelligence of the numerous youthful writers, many of them in my earlier days most intimately associated with me when schoolboys, and maintaining for several years a most affectionate correspondence as young men. The writers of not a few have I believe obtained, through their Saviour's atoning mercy and infinite love, an inheritance in that better land where through the same love and mercy, when the time comes, may I rejoin them and many more dearly loved—there to unite in all the fulness of love for Him through whom alone we enter there.

3 mo. 21.—I am sixty-seven years old to-day. Whilst I can truly say, "surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life," and whilst I long and pray for a more grateful heart, I still find life a warfare—a painful conflict—sometimes even to the conviction that "to depart and to be with Christ" would be far better: and yet amidst the conflict, enabled, with a little renewal of faith, to commit the keeping of my soul in well doing, unto a faithful Creator. I see conditions of holiness—of conformity to the Divine will in all things—every thought brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ—to which I have not attained, and yet earnestly longing for it, and in distress, but not in despair, I utter the petition "Undertake for me." I

have known from time to time, plenary pardon for all past sins, through that blood which cleanseth from all sin, and have felt the love of Christ to me and a love to Him in return that moves me to tears. I have nevertheless still to deplore coldness and lifelessness—prayer without the spirit of prayer, and yet again enlivened by "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," and then can say with F. W. Robertson, "I feel the beauty which I cannot realize:—robe me in Thine unutterable purity."

In Ninth month, 1868, in company with his dear friend, Isaac Brown of the Flounders' Institute, Ackworth, and with the concurrence of York Monthly Meeting, John Ford paid a visit to the Schools of Friends and to some of the Meetings in Ireland. A brief account of this visit is given in the following letter.

To Rebecca Thompson.

11 mo. 9, 1868.—I must tell thee a little about our visit to the Schools and some of the Meetings in Ireland.—It was a very laborious time. We attended sixteen Meetings and had eleven conferences with Friends in a conversational way, exclusive of the visits to the public schools. We were only twenty-three days between landing and re-embarking. On our return home we were enabled to look back peacefully and thankfully on our service. Sometimes together (and often each alone) we asked for direction and help in our work, and for a blessing upon it, and we could at times rejoice in answered prayer. We found much progress in Christian work for the benefit of the Society, as well as for the poor, the ignorant and the vicious, since a visit to Ireland in 1860. We were especially pleased with the evidence of life among our younger Friends in Dublin. We had a Meeting of a social character soon after landing. At the close, several young men came round us, and expressed a wish that we would meet them again on our return from the South. We gladly assented. They sent out invitations to "the workers and those who wished to encourage Christian work," to meet us at tea at the Meeting House on the 7th of Tenth-month. More than one hundred Friends met. After an hour's interchange of conversation on various modes of Christian usefulness, a psalm

was read, followed by solemn silence; this was broken by several offerings in prayer. It was a finis to our service in Dublin for which we were indeed thankful. Here and there we met with some of the honestly over-cautious, who looked with apprehension on change and progress: our counsel to our younger Friends was to avoid as much as possible offending these, and to seek in a prayerful spirit to use the various means and opportunities for promoting the cause of Christ in themselves and in those around them. One of the pleasantest things of the Journey was the warm greeting I met from my old scholars. Four of them, all from different families, were on the quay at Kingstown to welcome me.

The following extract from John Ford's diary has reference to a visit paid whilst in Ireland to a young man apparently on his death-bed.

There are some happy moments when the truth as it is in Jesus, in all its completeness, in all its beauty, is presented to the mind with a force which scatters to the winds all false philosophies, all the refinements of logic that would disturb our faith; the heart and soul triumph over them all. That glowing, earnest, loving spirit is not about to be annihilated, or "absorbed into the spirit of the universe," whatever that may mean. No! the blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed it from all sin: the Holy Spirit has taken possession of His earthly temple. The weakness of the enfeebled mortal frame is over-mastered; the very countenance radiant with the peace of God, told of sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection and a glorious eternal life. It was a moment in which it seemed that I realized in all its fulness the sentiment of Dr. Arnold often quoted by me at Bootham, "There is no more beautiful, no more blessed sight on earth, than a youth that is rich towards God."

12 mo. 31. * * The year just closing has again thinned the ranks of my dearest friends. In the Fourth-month Edward Smith, and in the Seventh, John Pease, were summoned away by very brief illness. The very prayer of my heart is that this

increased and increasing loneliness, this departure of "friend after friend," unreplaceable by new earthly friendships, may help me to seek day by day to draw nearer and ever nearer to the Friend of Sinners—the friend that sticketh closer than a brother—to Him who is not ashamed to call us brethren—to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant: even so, Amen! * * * * * A continuous cough in a temperature below 48° or 50°, seems my regular winter companion. How soon and how quickly this might assume the form of a summons, I know not; that it may do so, I do know. Not without "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," I am nevertheless often walking rather by a modicum of faith, than by the lively feeling of this presence; and though sometimes failing and foiled, yet still desiring and striving, and praying for help to maintain the fight.

3 mo. 19, 1869.—I feel at times as though mine were a useless life, so that I am glad when any service calls me out. I could not now at sixty-eight meet the demands of daily compulsory work as at forty-eight and fifty-eight; but I look back on the times of compulsory, daily, regular occupation notwithstanding their responsibilities and difficulties and nightly weariness, as times of enjoyment and privilege, contrasted with the incapacity of feeble health and the dangers of desultoriness. And yet at times I can take a more cheerful view—perhaps a healthier one, of my present circumstances of health and occupation—lively thankfulness that a blessing on the working days of life has provided abundantly the alleviations for the closing hours: and I desire to enjoy with a grateful heart, the permitted repose of evening, without on the one hand being too anxious to work, and on the other, careful, watchful, and frequent in prayer to be preserved from slothful ease.

6 mo. 20.—Whatever other records are omitted through lack of opportunity, lassitude or weariness, answered prayer must not pass unnoticed. To-day in feeble health, partly due to the depressing cold weather and the remains of previous illness, I have felt very incapable of any exertion or exercise, mental or spiritual. Thus passed the morning and afternoon. Before leaving for the evening Meeting I knelt in prayer, first for the blood of sprinkling over all the past—then for the Saviour's presence and love,—then that if it were His will that I should

serve, that He would be with me to give me subject and utterance. With my spirit tendered before Him I went to Meeting. Soon I found the spirit of prayer granted. I knelt down, and with more sense of freedom and earnestness than usual, I gave utterance to thanksgiving and praise, and to various petitions for varied individual needs. After an interval I spoke for some time, with a grateful sense of help and with that freedom which *help* confers. I quoted "What would ye that I should do for you?" I applied the question as put then and there by a loving Saviour to each condition present—a loving Saviour, able, omnipotent and all willing to supply all our needs. I left the Meeting humbly thankful.

6 mo. 22.—I had a brief visit from an old scholar, formerly a loving schoolboy. Following a little impression of religious concern, I found liberty to converse with him freely, and he freely responded. "Meliora video, proboque," and the sorrowful context, was the starting point of our conversation, and led to words of Christian encouragement under a glowing sense of the love of Christ. This love was I believe inclining the heart of this young man not only to see and approve, but to long to follow. He spoke touchingly of the transient nature of his good resolves, of his failing efforts. I spoke to him of the efficacy of persevering prayer: said I would pray for him: this he gratefully acknowledged: assured him of the love of his Saviour to him,—of this I felt no doubt. Need I doubt that He was with us, touching both our hearts? I was enabled to pour out my soul in prayer in the evening for my beloved young friend. I parted from him thankful for the opportunity and the ability granted to try to help him.

7 mo. 3. ——— and ——— and their children took tea with me at St. Mary's. As years glide away the probability of such gatherings grows less and less. On the 5th they all left for a visit to ———. I believe this family is to me a mercifully and graciously accorded blessing. Isolated, except during twenty-two happy years of married life, from all connected by blood even from my earliest manhood, I prize the blessing thus granted me as a most precious blessing. I try to guard against inordinate affection; I try to love them in Christ, Him first and supreme. I remember them, mention them in my prayers. I miss them now in their absence exceedingly.

and I try to seek yet more earnestly for closer and more frequent communion with Him, their friend, and brother, and Saviour, and mine too, all unworthy as I know and feel I am. I am reminded whilst writing, of the words of Augustine of Hippo, "Blessed whoso loveth Thee (Christ) and his friend in Thee; for he alone loses none dear to him, to whom all are dear in Him who cannot be lost"—an ever present Saviour and friend and brother!

11 mo. 11.—Castle Howard Reformatory. I have not unfrequently desired to have an opportunity of addressing the poor boys. I attended the Committee this morning. The business was over by noon, and the boys were at their dinner. All the gentlemen had left except W. W. We went into the dining-room and conversed with some of the boys. Just as dinner was ending I asked Mr. Fish if I might say a few words: he said he was just coming to ask me to do so. At the Scripture reading at home this morning I read from Matthew xviii., "Jesus called a little child, &c." This brought to mind the company at Castle Howard Reformatory. Alas! how unlike the little child; and I think this determined me, not without a prayer for help, to seek an opportunity to speak to them. I began as I did once before by questions, requesting only individual answers, and these only in a whisper from each whom I might ask. The questions were asked aloud, and in reply to most of them many hands were held up in token of readiness to answer. It soon appeared that their attention and interest were quite absorbed. The series of questions, led to the conclusions—that they knew when they had done wrong—their conscience told them—that they were not happy in doing wrong—that it was better to be found out, than successfully to conceal their wrong doing—that concealment tended to harden the heart, and to repeated sin—that the Holy Spirit of God taught their consciences, and that the Holy Scriptures taught them. All these answers and many more were given by individual boys, and repeated aloud by me, and were illustrated and commented upon.

The answers to questions on the facts and teachings of Holy Scripture denoted careful teaching, and that their memories were fairly stored,—that all that God created was very good, man included—that he became evil by disobedience—that the act of disobedience was taking that which he was forbidden to

take—that it is sin which separates from God—that all have sinned—that eternal punishment is for unrepentant sinners. This led to facts concerning our Lord, His birth, life, sufferings and death, &c.; eliciting from all in concert the glorious text, "God so loved the world, &c." I enlarged upon this, pressing upon them the great love of Christ to us and our obligation to love Him—confession—prayer and forgiveness—the Holy Spirit's help to keep us and guide us. These and other kindred truths I was enabled to set before them and press home to their hearts and consciences with earnestness and love, reminding me of some favoured times on First-day evening at Bootham.

Though I felt I had entire hold of their most earnest attention, I was not aware till my friend W. W. told me afterwards, of the deep emotion of many, evinced by the tears of some and the efforts of others to repress their tears. Deep thankfulness was the covering of my spirit then, and is now in the remembrance of the help graciously given in this little service.

11 mo. 21.—The low temperature has made my cough troublesome, and respiration out of doors difficult. I am staying away from Meeting this evening. Whilst pondering this matter at tea time, to go or not to go, and examining my motives, querying whether idleness, carelessness and love of ease were the inducements, and somewhat unwilling to succumb to the infirmities of age, such a sense of the love of my God and Saviour came over me—the assurance that He is not a hard master—that He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust—as contrited my spirit—gave me peace in the conclusion to stay at home, and joy in the thought that my frequent prayer, "Forsake me not when my strength is failing," is heard and answered. Whilst my friends were at Meeting I enjoyed occupation in annotating and afterwards in solemnly reading Holy Scripture. This was succeeded by a precious season of prayer and thanksgiving—prayer for myself, for several beloved and loving ones, for the congregation then met, for individuals by name; and thanksgiving for admission to the throne, for communion with Christ through His Spirit. Once more τῷ Θεῷ δόξα.*

To Rebecca Thompson.

12 mo. 6. 1869.—I fear I shall be much confined to home

* To God be the glory.

during the winter. I can less and less bear the cold weather. I sometimes recall the beautiful description of Heaven learned in very early years in Barbauld's Hymns.—"There the cold of winter shall not wither us, nor the heat of summer scorch us. In that land there is eternal spring and light without any cloud;"—and, most blessed thought of all, "There we shall see Jesus!"

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1 mo. 18, 1870.—Encouraged and strengthened by the evening Meeting, I carried out a little impression of duty in a visit to the Blue Coat School. I found the boys assembled in a social group near the stove, and one of the younger teachers reading a narrative to them about a boy who had been wounded (and who died) by the accidental discharge of a gun. When he ended, I told them the tale of the dear Irish boy whom I visited, pointing out the blessedness in such a time to have no painful remorse of unforgiven, unrepented sin, but to be like him prepared to go, his heart overflowing with love, and nothing but praise for himself and prayer for his friends. I read to them the beautiful hymn, "The Prodigal's return." I stayed the evening services. They sang "Abide with me." At the close I gave a short parting address. I believe the love of Christ, His to us and ours to Him, was felt. I rejoice in these permitted humble services with these dear boys.

2 mo. 20.—Several weeks have passed by since my last entry. During that time I have suffered from a harassing cough, interfering with rest by night, and producing prostration and incapacity for exertion of body or of mind. Between six and eleven in the evenings I have felt less of the weariness of the former part of the day. Often the spiritual as well as the intellectual life, has sympathised with the physical depression, and yet at times as last evening, the sun has shone through a rent in the clouds. A most precious time of access in prayer was unexpectedly and suddenly granted me; it was like a burst of sunshine, with a refreshing shower spanned by a rainbow. I was indeed thankful for this.

To Matilda Sturge.

4 mo. 4, 1870.—In the *human* character of our Lord, there is

to me nothing so beautifully illustrative of it as His personal, peculiar friendship for the "beloved disciple." It is like a beam of earthly sunlight on His sometimes sorrowful and often suffering lot. His susceptibility of hunger and thirst and weariness and pain, His tender sympathy, His tears—all assert His human nature, but it is on the sorrowful and suffering side: whilst His friendship, (His friend leaning on His bosom at supper) may lead to the thought of His participation in some of the highest order of pleasures granted to earthly life. It seems to bind Him to us, and us to Him by even a closer bond than His participations in our sufferings and sorrows. It seems as though even His oneness with the Father (His "yet I am not alone") did not prevent Him from seeking and enjoying the sweets of human friendship. * * * *

I suppose that like most other lovers of literature thou hast read Tennyson's last—"The Holy Grail."—The reading of it has led me to look again at his other "Idyls of the King." Dean Alford has written a very able and interesting review of the whole series, in the "Contemporary Review" for January. I was pleased to find in that Review a passage quoted as beautiful and instructive, which, when at Bootham, I had quoted in an address to the boys. It speaks of the change in the countenance indicating the prevalence of the higher and nobler—the Christian motives and impulses, in the heart and mind. I have marked these changes with infinite pleasure. There is something exceedingly beautiful in the expression of a young face, when the heart is brought under some measure of the love of Christ.

To Rebecca Thompson.

8 mo. 2, 1870.—Thy letter came in the midst of our Quarterly Meeting engagements.—With us as with you, the barriers of exclusiveness are breaking down. Selfishness in Churches may be as injurious to a Church, as it is to the individual man, "the wretch concentred all in self." *Our* testimonies, *our* numbers, *our* interests, *our* members, are phraseologies giving place in some measure, to words and thoughts and doings, that take the wider range of the *Church of Christ* and the multitude not yet within that safe enclosure. Inasmuch as any of our testimonies

are essential truths of the New Testament, let us stick to them, and seek to spread them far and wide: and we may be glad that some of these,—most of them—are far less exclusively *ours* than they were. * * * * I apprehend that a large amount of mistaken Christian zeal has been expended on sentiment, [as distinguished from *conviction,*] traditions, conventionalities. * * * * Thou enquires kindly about my health. Having entered my seventieth year, I have much to be thankful for in that respect; though I feel, and have felt for the last two or three years, greatly diminished ability to encounter bodily fatigue. My earnest desire is that I may not lead an idle life, but that work may yet be assigned me adapted to advanced years. Such work I continue to find in and around home, occasionally visiting our smaller meetings, as well as some not within our Monthly Meeting.

To Isaac Brown (Kendal).

9 mo. 6, 1870.—I hasten to reply to thine which I read this morning with emotions of reverent thankfulness. The prospect of the service had been subject of frequent prayer; and though the probable lateness of the season had made it appear formidable, I had come to the condition of willingness trustfully to face all that it might bring, if the right time were come. And now I can accept thine as another answer to prayer, showing so clearly, as it appears to me, that it is *not* the right time, and that the postponement, if it should prove only postponement, is not the result of my own willing or contriving. I shall gladly look out for openings and intimations of service, such as I named to thee in my last, not implying long absence nor long journeys.

I can form, I apprehend, some idea, though perhaps but a faint one, of the engrossing and painful, as well as exhausting labours past and prospective in Lancashire and Cheshire which fall to thy lot, such as I am sure need an interval of rest and refreshment as a preparation for the far pleasanter work of seeking to "lay our spirits alongside the *unadulterated spirits of the young.*" My heart nearly overflowed at my eyes, as it responded to thine, as thou describes this "sweet and soothing service." I felt it to be so, last First-day evening, when towards

the close of a sermon not especially addressed to the young, I turned to them (the large majority of the assembly) as unadulterated with a long-continued course of sin—conscience not yet hardened—ears and heart still open to the Spirit's gentle pleadings. I could but assure such of their Saviour's love, and invite them to give their hearts to Him in all the glow of early affection—inviting them to make their daily lessons and even their amusements, service for Christ. The latter, in order to refresh and invigorate their bodily health and mental powers, that thus learning and science might be successfully cultivated and consecrated to Him.

To Matilda Sturge.

9 mo. 10, 1870.—I read thy contribution to the Examiner with much interest, and have looked at it again. If I differ at all, it is in reference to "the dawn preceding the rising of the Sun." I see in the condition of the Roman, Grecian and Jewish world, circumstances most aptly described by the Apostle as denoting that the "fulness of the time" was come. The old systems of religion (with the exception of the pious manifestations of Judaism in a very select few), were utterly worn out. Greece and Rome were at the very zero of moral degradation, (see Romans i.). The great rulers and teachers of the Jews, paid to virtue the tribute of that hypocrisy which our Lord so sternly denounced. On the other hand Rome had brought the nations together under one head: Greece had furnished a universal language; and Roman roads and Roman ships were ready to carry the good tidings to every land. In regard to conclusions, I say Christianity has *not* failed. With all the wickedness which we feel, and see, and hear of, I nevertheless believe that from Eden down to the present day, there never was so large a number of the human family, as now, in harmony with the mind and spirit of Christ. I think "the better and brighter day"—will not prove to be so remote as to involve periods intervening comparable to the rate of geological changes in the past. Holy Scripture appears to intimate that the strife between good and evil, and the triumph of the former, will be completed by some decisive display of Divine Power. But with thee I say—"let us contribute our little aid, &c."

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12 mo. 21.—For most of the time since the 6th ult., I have been often very incapable, sometimes quite lethargic, sometimes comatose, and occasionally a wave-like sensation sweeping across the head with every pulse, like the old school head-aches. These things remind me daily of the increasing frailty of the earthly tent. I cannot say that the ever present thought day by day that my "threescore years and ten" are nearly completed (only three months short of it to-day) alarms or disturbs or depresses me. I feel at times that I know in whom I have believed and can trust all to Him. Yet longing and earnestly praying for more and more conformity to the mind and spirit of Christ, more of purity and holiness and faith and love, I can adopt the beautiful language in the reply of Christian to the enquiry of Prudence, "What is it that makes you so desirous to go to Mount Zion?" He replies; "Why, there I hope to see Him alive that did hang dead on the Cross; and there I hope to be rid of all those things, that to this day, are in me an annoyance to me; there they say there is no death, and there I shall dwell with such company as I like best. For, to tell you truth, I love Him, because I was by Him eased of my Burden. And I am weary of my inward sickness: I would fain be where I shall die no more, and with the company that shall continually cry, *Holy, Holy, Holy.*"

To Edward Rhoads, M.D.*

12 mo. 29, 1870.—The touching details of thy letter,—thy dear father's illness and thy own present condition, move my warmest Christian sympathy. Oh how I rejoice even whilst writing as I turn to thy words—that thou canst realize the hand of Love, enabling thee to rejoice even though in affliction and bonds. I lift up my heart for thee as I pen these lines, that if it please our Heavenly Father to restore thee, it may be with enlarged gifts for the service of the dear Saviour. The alternative will be the ever blessed service of Heaven, where His servants see His face, and His name is on their foreheads.

Thy letter finds me a prisoner from the effects of the severe weather, and the little resistance which threescore years and ten nearly accomplished, presents to its influence. Thy reference

* Edward Rhoads of Philadelphia, a young physician of great promise. He received this letter only two days before his death.

to dear William Tanner, whose portrait presented by his Mother hangs before me, reminds me of thy tender sympathy with me in his loss, expressed in thine to dear E. H. Crosfield. I find as year after year glides away, how dear companionships, heart friendships, are severed for a time, till the preponderance is on the other side of Jordan. Mine has been an extremely isolated lot in life as regards kindred by blood: but this has been most kindly compensated by the attachment and friendship of very many not so connected. And now as the end draws near, I have in my dear friends ——— and ——— (who stand to me in the relation of adopted son and daughter) and their family of affectionate and loving children, those on whose kind care and love I can rely when the end comes. And why should I hesitate to say that I have, and trust to have even to the end and for ever and ever, the care and love of Him who died for me, and whom (how inadequately) I love and desire to serve.

To an Old Scholar.

(About) 1871.—I have thought so much and so often of thee since I saw thee, that it was a great pleasure to receive thy deeply interesting letter. It has brought me into warm Christian sympathy with thee. Oh how it recalls my own early days, when I read thy complaint of "little progress"—the "road more difficult"—"the smallness of faith"—and "the lack of enjoyment." I trace in all this, dear ———, indications of the true hearted young disciple. These longings for more conformity to the mind of Christ, for more enjoyment of His love, and more sense of love to Him, in His own good time He will assuredly satisfy. How often has the thought—so sweetly expressed by thee—crossed my own mind—"If we could only once see and speak to Jesus,"—followed by the thought, "I would fall at His feet, confess my sins, tell Him my wants—that I loved Him and longed to love Him more." And then sometimes such a sense of His presence seemed to be felt, that I could then and there tell Him all this, and rejoice in the renewed experience of His love.

I *have* remembered thee and thy dear brothers in prayer, and do still remember thee, and pray that child-like faith may be granted thee, and that when assailed by temptation He may be

at hand to help thee, who "was tempted in all points like as we are," and (as in Heb. ii. 18) "in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted."

Thy experience, dear ————, of occasional coldness in prayer is no strange thing: I think it is a sign of love to Christ to feel and to lament it. I have many a time been comforted and encouraged myself, and, in times past, have sought to comfort and encourage my beloved flock at Bootham by the following from Dr. Vaughan's "Memorials of Harrow Sundays:" —"Be resolute to withstand the tempter, when he first says to you that God does not hear or will not answer your prayer. Oh be able to say then from your own experience, 'He does answer, for He has answered me.' And is not that true? Oh is it not true that God has answered us all? Has He not, sometimes as we knelt before Him, cold perhaps and dead, self-accusing yet not penitent, touched our hearts with that inward impulse, which quickened and reanimated, which gave meaning to our formal words, and warmth to our cold and languid spirits? Have we not risen from our knees, humbled with that sort of humbling which is better than any elation?"—I would add to the foregoing 'Have we not risen from our knees with heart and eyes overflowing with gratitude and love?'—And if joy like this is not often permitted, let us hail it when it is granted, as a "time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." The Psalmist gathered strength from such remembrances, when he says, "I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." This was a time of deepest discouragement. The seventy-seventh Psalm sets forth this despondency and its cure most wonderfully.

3 mo. 21, 1871.—My "three-score years and ten" are completed to-day. Surely goodness and mercy have followed—gone with me—all the days of my life. I would that with a little more glow than I just now feel, I could adopt words, familiar to me from my earliest years,

> "When all Thy mercies, O my God,
> My rising soul surveys,
> Transported with the view, I'm lost
> In wonder, love, and praise."

Though bodily health and strength are wanting, the unspeakable blessing of freedom from acute pain, (once my frequent portion) is

granted me. The blessing of intellectual clearness is still graciously permitted. Lapses of memory of names are not much more troublesome than I find them acknowledged by my juniors * * * * What of the higher life? Conflict is not over —evil is not utterly expelled. "The blood of sprinkling" is needed day by day, and asked for still. The travel-soiled feet need daily washing; and so I try to come day by day, and oftener—for pardon, for cleansing for renewing and sustaining grace. And thus not hopelessly nor doubtingly I run the race, ever looking to Jesus—I fight the fight relying on Him alone for victory; seeking for more of faith and love, more of longing for holiness, more of the heavenly mind.

To Matilda Sturge.

4 mo. 3, 1871.—I have felt the effects of the long and cold winter, and have been more confined to the house than ever before. But I need not complain that at "three-score years and ten" the powers of resistance fail, but rather, thankfully acknowledge the measure of health granted, and work assigned, suited to circumstances. Nevertheless I have been inclined to think that the trials of inactive life are quite as great, in their demands upon patience and watchfulness and prayer, as are those of the pressure of exacted daily toil. I know that the evening of life is the allotted and permitted season of repose, but I fear lest repose should degenerate into indolence. * * *

Thou refers to the question of non-intervention [in the Franco-Prussian War]. If intervention implied armed force, I should have said it was not only a *crime* against humanity (human nature I mean), but a gross political blunder, said (by one of Satan's prime ministers, Talleyrand,) to be worse than a crime. In reference to the first Napoleon—are we sure that he would have needed crushing, had the principle of entire non-intervention been the rule of action in Europe? Happily the intervening sea, as a secondary cause, left England at liberty to settle her own affairs in 1642—8, and again in 1688. *Wrong* never turns up *right* at last. I think it *was* wrong to interfere in the affairs of France; and now it seems the bloody game of settlement amongst themselves is to be played over again. I refer to the *first* interference and the Brunswick proclamation.

I have only just received the Report of the Dublin Conference.

I shall refer to it with interest, to read thy paper. I cannot assent to some of the opinions announced at Dublin, in regard to the qualification for engaging in Sunday-school teaching. The ability and the will and the opportunity to instruct the ignorant, seem to me sufficient qualification and authorization. Many have engaged therein on no higher ground, and have found it a stepping stone to higher things—to devotion of heart to Christ. Having attained to something of this previously is certainly an additional qualification of great value. But who is to judge?

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10 mo. 5.—In compliance with an invitation from Richard Fish, the Superintendent of the Castle Howard Reformatory, I attended the harvest thanksgiving and feast. An excellent sermon of just twenty minutes was addressed to the boys assembled in the chapel. E. V. Harcourt had provided for them a plentiful dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding. After the visitors had lunched, the boys were re-assembled, and at R. Fish's request I addressed them. I described the happy results of the training of this school to at least eighty in every hundred, out of the three hundred and thirty who had received the benefits of the school. If I could summon them all before you to-day, what would they say to you? Well dressed, earning an honest and respectable living, capable of looking any man in the face, they would tell you to profit by your instruction here—the daily reading of Holy Scripture—the morning and evening family prayers—the services in public worship—and your own prayers when kneeling by your bed-side—by the kind care and instruction bestowed upon you from day to day. They would entreat you to profit by all these—to learn habits of obedience, of truth speaking, and all other habits becoming Christian boys,—I was listened to as heretofore by these poor boys with fixed attention. I remembered them in prayer. I breathe a prayer for them now.

To an old Scholar, who had some view of entering on Foreign Mission Service.

12 mo. 17, 1871.—I have read thy letter again and again, and each time with much emotion and deep sympathy. My very heart responded to the perfect *naturalness* of thy wish, "for one

hour's converse with Jesus." But we must bear in mind His words, "it is expedient for you that I go away." A verbal, vocal command from Him would not be in harmony in its effect upon the mind of the recipient, with the stress which He always placed upon the exercise of *faith*. On the morning on which I received thy letter, one of the texts for the day was, "Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass." A comment following was, "Even in the affairs of daily life, His Providence opens up or closes our way, with no doubtful meaning to the simple heart that sincerely asks to do His will." I immediately associated this text and comment with thy letter.

I was glad to find that thou had given the little book, and to find that it *cost thee an effort*. These little things that "cost an effort," are the very things to which the promise belongs, "to be made rulers over more."

I have seen enough of ——— to enable me to understand thy "passionate love" of such a home. I have seldom seen one so happy. These preliminaries have arisen out of thy frank and confidential communication. I enter upon the direct topic, not without prayer that I may be permitted to help thee. I think I can say as the prophet to David, "thou didst well that it was in thine heart." I am reminded of what we frequently hear of the length of time between the first impression of required service, and the attainment of clearance as to entering upon it: a time of great trial of faith and patience. In my own small experience, I have endeavoured to cherish the impression, to live in the spirit of prayer concerning it, and ask that by the leadings of His Providence He would make His way straight before my face. This guidance has not failed me, nor misled me. And I would say to thee, my dear young friend, cherish the impression of service—ask for an enlightened judgment concerning it. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." * * * * * *

It seems to me that as the impression remains and deepens, the time will come to take further counsel—*home first*:—then, with the sanction of home—of some of the wise, judicious and well informed friends who are interested in Friends' Foreign Mission work. * * * I note thy remark regarding marriage. Under the guardianship of Paul, it is probable that for a time, Timothy deferred matrimony. We are not informed whether or not he was ever thus united. But I think there can be no doubt

that if he was, he found his *whole* nature in all its beauty, (as sanctified by Divine grace) developed as it never had been before, and his qualifications for his mission work enlarged. It is not for nothing that the inspired book tells us of the joint labours of Aquila and his wife Priscilla.

In conclusion I would say, cherish the impression—look for its realization—wait for and pray for further clearness—watch all providential pointings—continue the careful reading and study of Holy Scripture. I shall continue to remember thee when access in prayer is specially felt.

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5 mo. 14, 1872.—Tea at the Mount School. I went anxious, and came back thankful. I attended the Scripture reading, and was enabled to address the beloved company with freedom, earnestness and feeling. I spoke of the golden period of youth, its peculiar privileges, its comparative innocence—sin not yet become habitual by a long process of hardening—conscience still tender and watchful—the freshness of youthful feeling, the power of sympathy called forth by your youthful friendships leading you to loving participation in the sorrows and troubles, the pleasures, the joys and happiness of each other.

Surrounded here by a Christian atmosphere, familiarized day by day with the truths and the incidents of Holy Scripture, the life and actions of the dear Redeemer, the wealth of sympathy, compassion and love in His human heart, manifested in the narratives of the widow of Nain and her only son, the poor epileptic possessed boy and his agonized father,—the Divine merged in the human when He wept at the grave of Lazarus. Do you not love Him as you trace His character in the New Testament? Sin and suffering and sorrow—disease, and death itself calling forth all the tenderness of His love, all His Divine, creative, restoring, sin-forgiving power. Looking to your training now in relation to your future, I am reminded of some lines by a lady-poet sometimes called the English Sappho, in which she glances at the sorrowful side of female life.

"Her lot is on you—to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
* * * * * * *
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, oh! to love through all things—therefore pray!"

But it has its joyous side too, in your power to double the sense of happiness by participation in the times of rejoicing—to cheer and to sustain in trouble. Thus now with your school-associates and friends, with brothers and sisters at home, you are training for whatever relationships the future may bring. There is an incident recorded in the life of the Czar, Peter the Great, illustrative of woman's power to soothe. He was a hasty, impulsive man, subject to fierce outbreaks of wrath. We are told how Catherine placing her cool hand on his burning forehead, soothed and assuaged his fierce spirit. This wealth of love and sympathy, the especial gift and ornament of the woman—the meek and quiet spirit,—what can it not do? I spoke of the value of prayer—the habit of morning and evening prayer—do not give up because of the feeling of coldness or lifelessness. Pray for one another; there is reflex action in intercessory prayer. Expect, look for answers to prayer, and you will be able to say, "I know that God answers prayer—for He has answered me."

To———— (aged 14.)

7 mo. 23, 1872.—You have so many pleasant things to write about at Whitby, that you have quite an advantage over me. Ten, or twenty, or more years ago I could have told you of excursions by sea and land, climbing mountains, exploring caverns, swimming in lake or sea or river, botanizing on the hills, or studying geology in the rocks or the coal mines: but all *that* is passed. Paley, an English philosopher whose works are still worth reading, says, "It is not for *youth* alone that the great Parent of Creation has provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of age, as well as in the sprightliness of the dance." I am somewhat in the condition which the same writer describes as one not without its enjoyment—"riding at anchor after a busy life." I think it very likely that I felt as much pleasure in believing that I ministered a little to the pleasure of dear, suffering, patient ———, by quietly conversing with her a few minutes in the darkened and silent room, as thou finds in thy many *active* engagements at Whitby. Be thankful, dear ———, for the capacity of enjoyment, for active limbs and lively spirits. Do not forget Him from whom all these blessings come.

To the same on his Birthday.

7 mo. 30, 1872.—I do not like to let this thy fourteenth birth-day, pass over, without at least a greeting to assure thee of my continued interest and love. I wish it may be a happy day, and I wish the same for every succeeding one even to the last. When fourteen years have passed away, the age of childhood is rapidly departing. The time is coming when *less* by the force of rules and regulations, and more by a sense of personal, christian responsibility, a boy must seek to govern his conduct: and he will be enabled to do this, just in proportion as the love of his God and Saviour has place in his heart. May this, evermore increase and abound in the heart of my dear ———. These are solemn words, but not, I think, unfitting in a birth-day letter of loving congratulation. And what I wish for thee is, I am sure, no bar to a *happy, cheerful, sunny* life.

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8 mo. * * * The week spent at Scarbro' was rainy and cold. I had much social enjoyment, but was strongly impressed with the evidence of failing physical power. The well remembered enjoyments of former days still appeared pleasant things but no bodily power responded. Not with a repining, but with a thankful spirit I refer to this change. Other enjoyments—the liberty to *serve*, the ability to *serve*, are precious, highly prized substitutes for the pleasures passed away. The days referred to, and the enjoyments of those days, were often most thankfully regarded by me as permitted relaxation from the responsibilities of school-life, unencumbered with a single anxious, troublous thought.

To the old Scholar to whom was addressed the letter, page 158.

12 mo. 13, 1872.—I have read and re-read thine of the 10th with deep and affectionate interest, and have sought in prayer for right direction in the matter for myself and for thee. I cannot but look upon ———'s kind offer, (coinciding as it does with thy own previous impression and prayer,) as a kind and loving pointing of the Divine finger, towards present duty, at least for

a time. I have gratefully marked and accepted such intimations in my own course, and can thankfully acknowledge in looking back, that I was not mistaken in so doing. ———'s offer seems to provide the leisure for mental improvement so very desirable, whether thy future work should be at home or abroad. The increased study of Holy Scripture, increased experience in teaching and influencing the human mind of young and old, are excellent preparations for either allotment—home or foreign. I am therefore glad that thou hast accepted ———'s well-timed offer.

One step at a time, dear ———. If the next step should be to unite in partnership with ———, and then called to a third step, to leave all and follow Christ wheresoever He may please, I do not doubt that power to see and to take each successive step will be granted thee. "Make Thy way straight before *my* face," was the prayer of the Psalmist. I have used it for myself, and changing *my* into *his*, have used it for thee. It is indeed a pleasant sight to see youth desirous of devoting itself to the service of Christ. If it were not that *there*—in that better land—"His servants shall serve Him,"—I should regret my failing powers, and the not far off end of my little service *here*. The young are coming forward; I rejoice therein.

1 mo. 1, 1873.—New Year's Day! Shall I see another? I would adopt in reference to the query, good Richard Baxter's thought—

> "If life be long I will be glad,
> That I may long obey;
> If short—yet why should I be sad,
> To soar to endless day?"

Each memorial of death that has lately come to me has been of men younger than I. The approaching end is daily in my thoughts; it does not alarm me. I can sometimes say, "I know in whom I have believed." I find need, and I daily ask for the renewed application of the blood of sprinkling—the daily feet-washing. If I sometimes fear lest mine should be a misplaced confidence, when thinking of the solemn declaration, "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," I turn to the Apostle's resource, "not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith;" and, "Therefore being

justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Though it is not often that I have seasons of rejoicing in hope, yet my spirit is sometimes contrited under a sense of the love of Christ to me, enkindling renewed love to Him; and I desire to do *that* which I counsel others to do, never to distrust His love. My prayer is still to be permitted a little service for Him; and I am glad that I have still a part (rightly I believe) in the ministry of the word: and I can rejoice in the frequency with which the Gospel is proclaimed in our Meetings by young and well-qualified men. Other little services I thankfully accept. If I turn to these, it is not in a self-complacent spirit but with a thankful heart. In moments of depression they have served me in the sense conveyed by the Psalmist, when he said, "I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High!"

I sometimes turn to the possibilities of the closing scene—possible pain—possible desertion. In these I still desire to confide in the love and goodness and *wisdom* of my Heavenly Father. He does not willingly afflict. I recur very gratefully to the peaceful, painless departure of my sainted wife—"a death-like sleep, a gentle wafting to immortal life." For nearly fifteen years I have had remarkable and most merciful exemption from acute pain. Previously much had been my portion from facial neuralgia, so much so, that when it became less frequent, and ceased, many a time, remembering the extremity of former suffering, I have added to a grateful evening offering, thanks for freedom from pain. Should it again be my portion, I trust that grace and strength to bear it will be granted. Oh! I would say to-night in simple resignation, and in a sweet feeling of renewed love tendering my spirit, "Thy will be done."

3 mo. 21.—I entered my seventy-third year. My age and the condition of health, the symptoms of the taking down of the tent, do not distress or alarm me. I am thankfully surprised at times by the calmness and the peace with which I am enabled to contemplate the not far off end.

I daily number my blessings and ask for a more grateful heart. I have kind and most loving friends still left, though the number on *the other side of the river* increases year by year. * * * * I have many alleviations of the monotony of invalid life. * * * * I have a few remaining correspondents of thoughtful, active, christian minds, with whom it is

a pleasure to interchange thoughts on the tendencies of the religious sentiments prevalent in the Church, and on the oppositions of the men of science.

After noticing the decease of friends with whom he had been much associated in various ways, John Ford thus proceeds under date 11 mo. 9, 1873.

These events and anniversaries remind me that the end is drawing near. Whilst contemporaries are departing year by year, amidst increasing bodily infirmity my life is still prolonged—mercifully prolonged—that the discipline of Fatherly love may prepare me for the purity, the holiness, the love and the joy of Heaven, to which so many of my associates and friends and many dear York scholars have been gathered. I look back thankfully and gratefully to the days when work was my appointed portion How imperfectly the work was done, none but myself and He who appointed the work, and who did not withhold His blessing can tell. Now to *bear* rather than to do is my portion. But yet I can speak of abounding blessings—freedom from acute bodily pain—competence to provide the alleviations of the increasing infirmities of age—the ability and the will to administer through the agency of others, to the sick and the poor—permission and freedom to assist in the vocal service of public worship, not unfrequently in prayer—and not without the occasionally expressed approval of my friends. How can I be sufficiently grateful for all these blessings. I long for a more constantly grateful heart. Often the beautiful lines of Addison remembered from my early boyhood,

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,"

glide through my mind with great sweetness. And yet another blessing—childless myself, I have daily the loving attentions of my adopted family and the sweet affection of their dear children. And yet another—refreshment in the house of prayer—in public worship—and in the solitude of my own room. * * * * In the early part of the Meeting I had been enabled to lift up my heart in earnest silent prayer, and at the close of a fervent vocal prayer from ———, I uttered a half-whispered "Amen." An earnest desire pervaded my prayer that in little things—little troubles, little disappointments,—I might know

far more than I have done, my will brought into untroubled acquiescence with all that befalls me that is not of sin. I long to be able to cast all my care upon Him who careth for me, even for *me*. After this desire for renunciation of self, whilst listening to ———'s sermon on Matt. xxv., I had enjoyment in the ability to appropriate, with overflowing thankfulness, the blessed words, "ye did it unto Me," in remembrance of some instances in which, directed and guided by Him, I had been permitted to minister to Him in the persons of His brethren and of the lambs of His Fold. I will not apply a morbid anatomy to these, to determine how much was the result of the natural feelings of kindness and compassion, and of the pleasure in the exercise. I will attribute all the praise to Him who sends His brethren, and gives me the ability and puts it into my heart to help them. This very evening, whilst writing, my heart has overflowed with thankfulness in remembrance of "the years of the right hand of the most High," and under the contriting sense of His continued love in Christ Jesus my Saviour. And so once again I write, τῷ Θεῷ δόξα.

To Henry Hipsley.

12 mo. 13, 1873.—I am glad thou art engaged in visiting Kent. I spent fourteen years of my early life at Rochester, from the age of fourteen to twenty-eight; and there about the middle of that period, I was enabled to enter through a very strait gate into the narrow way: and though, with some of Christian's experience of "the hill difficulty" and other hindrances, I can thankfully believe I have never been permitted to lose sight of the road or of the Leader. In the earlier stage of the road, I passed (not unobservant) by "a Cross and a Sepulchre." "Then was Christian glad and lightsome." I had not thought of this when I sat down to write, but the word "Rochester" is a *plectrum* that strikes a harp of many strings.

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12 mo. 25.—In looking back in the records of services connected with Ackworth School, as well as of various others of an active kind at Bootham and elsewhere, notwithstanding all their imperfections, they appear to me as times of great enjoyment, recognizing prayer for help in the services, help most

graciously granted, followed by grateful thanksgiving. And now at times I indulge the thought of the future blessedness of the unalloyed service of Heaven, for *there* "His servants shall serve Him." No more hindrances from infirmities of flesh and spirit—no more weariness of the poor exhausted body —no more mixture of motives—the glory of God sole and alone! And so to-night having turned to the past and its many mercies, I feel as though I had gathered a little encouragement, a little renewal of faith, hope, and love.

2 mo. 20., 1874.—Constant familiarity with the thought of the not far off end of the journey does not disturb me. I believe this is the result of no false security, but of a confiding, humble trust in that love which has followed me all my life long and which will not fail me at the last, for my only hope is in Christ my adorable Redeemer. I have come to Him and have His promise, "He that cometh unto me I will in *no wise* cast out." My more than daily prayer is for help to maintain the conflict to the end—for an increase of faith and love and meetness for a home in heaven, through Him who has redeemed us by His own blood. Oh for more constant love for Him, and for a more continual sense of His presence and His love.

To Isaac Brown.

3 mo. 17, 1874.—When I read of thy journeys and labours of the past, present and prospective, I said, "then let my dear friend give thanks every morning for the ability, the opportunity and the commission to work for his Lord." Long may all these be granted him. My opportunities for active service are very much limited by declining bodily ability. Evening Meetings, among them our Fellowship Meetings, I very seldom attend. ——— in one of his recent sermons reminded such, "they also serve who only stand and wait." I look back with a kind of regretful pleasure on our little joint services. The morning prayer for help in the days work, the evening thanksgiving for the answered prayer, seem to gild the past, and turn my thoughts to the not far off future, where *service* still awaits the servant, unencumbered, unalloyed. In the meantime I desire to be found so waiting as to be ready for any little work adapted to declining powers.

8 mo. 17.—I sent to the Editor of "The Friend" a review of the first seven chapters of Farrar's "Life of Christ." I read through the two volumes while at Scarborough. The seven chapters reviewed refer to the early life, the boyhood and the Nazareth home of our Lord. Whilst confined to Scriptural facts alone, these are set forth with exceeding beauty. The tenor of the whole narrative, from the joyous youth through the early manhood to the painful yet triumphant close, seemed often to bring my spirit into very near loving and adoring communion.

In the summer of 1874, John Ford visited Scarborough, staying with his friends, William and Mary Rowntree, by whom as on many previous occasions he was most kindly welcomed, and his every want anticipated. Difficulty of breathing as well as increased general debility made the exercise of walking very fatiguing. He nevertheless enjoyed the change, and returned home feeling refreshed. From this time the downward progress became more evident. He still got to Meetings occasionally; but the colder weather added to bodily infirmity soon compelled him to forego this privilege. The last occasion he attended public worship was on the first of Eleventh-month; and from the end of that month he was entirely confined to the house. Lethargy and weariness greatly disqualified him for reading or writing till towards evening: and almost constant internal pain prevented him from sleeping at night without the use of anodynes.

9 mo. 20.—I had nearly concluded not to go out this evening, but the genial air and a secret desire to go altered my conclusion. I went not without a prayer for help and blessing. I had no prospect of vocal service. F. Thorp rose early, quoting several verses in the 12th of Hebrews relative to the "Cloud of Witnesses," referring also to part of the enumeration of Patriarchs and Saints recorded in the eleventh chapter. To these he added the accumulated crowd of the eighteen elapsed centuries, and then the witnesses whom we ourselves had known, and honoured and loved, exhorting to look as they had looked, even to Jesus, the author and finisher of their faith.

I soon rose, fearing to omit what seemed set before me to offer. I said that whilst listening to what we had already heard, I had been reminded of the cloud of witnesses gathered from among the school boys and school-girls, who had once occupied the seats now filled by our dear young friends—that in the forty-six years since the boys' school was established more than one hundred who were once scholars had passed into the eternal world, and from the other side a like proportion. Of very many of these there was indubitable evidence, both from their daily lives and their dying beds, that they are now a part of that great cloud of witnesses. * * * * * * It seemed to me that in the presentation of this portion of the ever-accumulating crowd of witnesses there was encouragement and stimulous for my dear young friends. You, as they, have had the blessing of pious parents, of loving Christian care at school—have had the privilege of faithful gospel ministry within these walls and elsewhere,—and you, as they also were, are the children of many prayers. I would ask you then to resolve, God helping you, to give your hearts to Christ to-night, even now. I echo the words uttered here this morning, and say, "Why not now?"—Group after group, the occupants of these seats are passing away: may they continue to succeed one another for many a year to come. The boys and girls of each succeeding group will be the fathers and mothers of the future. May you, the present occupants, so live as true disciples of Christ, that the influence of the schools may be for good, and for good only, and thus be transmitted to those who shall succeed you. Nor is it to you alone that these aspirations belong, but equally to us all, so to live as that we too may be a part of the cloud of witnesses whose record already is on high. Thus may you with life before you, and we who have passed many years, like those to whom I have referred, testify to Christ in our lives and on our dying beds: and like them, when the end shall come, pass away with His blessed name on our lips.

To Isaac Brown.

11 mo. 4, 1874.—Fifteen years ago this day my more than brother, dear Joseph Rowntree, entered upon his heavenly inheritance. I have a memorandum of one of his last expressions: "this marvellous peace! this wonderful peace! this perfect

peace!" With greatly increased debility and with ailments, which, though not threatening, may at a short notice develop what are called alarming symptoms, I can thankfully acknowledge a *sense* of this peace, in looking towards the close. My sole reliance is on Him who "is our peace," and of whom I can sometimes say,

"I muse on the years that have passed,
In which my defence Thou hast proved;
Nor wilt Thou relinquish at last,
A sinner so signally loved."

To Thomas Puplett.

2 mo. 6, 1875.—Though thy kind considerateness relieves me from all obligation to reply, there are circumstances connected with thy most welcome letter that impel me, as briefly as I can, to account for writing.—Previously to the Quarterly Meeting, my prayer had been for a blessing upon the gathering—for an out-pouring of the Holy Spirit on all—Ministers and congregation, and for myself that I might, though absent, be a partaker of the festival. This request was most graciously and abundantly granted. My room from time to time during the Quarterly Meeting became a little sanctuary. Besides kind messages and visits, on three separate occasions, ministers of the Gospel, Hannah Thorp, my dear cousin Hannah B. Sewell, and Isaac Brown, engaged in solemn prayer and thanksgiving, greatly to my comfort and rejoicing. To these I may add the kind and loving visit of dear G. and R. Satterthwaite, full of Christian fellowship. Then on Third-day, came thy letter. In a wakeful hour in the night these especial blessings came before me so forcibly, with such an overpowering sense of a Saviour's love, that I enjoyed a tearful jubilaté, never to be forgotten. And then I thought I must tell Thomas Puplett how largely he had contributed to this. There then occurred to me as the best answer I could send him, some lines from Cowper's poem on Charity, as expressive of the enjoyment I had had in this accumulation of blessings. They occur rather beyond midway in the poem, with the line,

"When one that holds communion with the skies,"

and the eleven following lines.* I would have copied them as part of my letter, but I leave that to thee as I have already reached the extent of my very small capacity for writing. In unabated love, thy attached friend of many years,

JOHN FORD.

P.S. Do not construe this letter as boastful or self-complacent; but rather as a thankful acknowledgment of unmerited mercies. May not the Christian tell of his visit to the House Beautiful, as well as of his imprisonment in Doubting Castle?

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2 mo. 9, 1875.—S. R. called. After a very interesting conversation she engaged in most sweet and solemn thanksgiving and prayer. We did indeed recognize a *third* with us, Him who said, "There am I in the midst." One expression had an earnest echo in my own spirit,—"*Home* in Thy own good time."

2 mo. 27. Praying for entire conformity of will—accepting all as from a Father's hand. Tempted to complain—turned away immediately.

The following extract is from the last entry in John Ford's regular diary.

3 mo. 21.—Seventy-four years completed! In the midst of many ailments incident to old age, (free from acute pain,) passing through a daily round of bodily trouble—sleep by means of anodynes—needing frequent counteraction by opposites—often oppressed with lethargy—forms of disease increasing—

* When one that holds communion with the skies
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings:
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasurs are supplied.
So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropt her anchor and her canvas furled,
In some safe haven of our western world,
'Twere vain enquiry to what port she went,
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

others intensified—still through the cloud of the discipline of pain (chastisement a mark of son-ship) I can thankfully acknowledge innumerable blessings—alleviations of physical suffering—kind and watchful nursing, * * and above all these, in answer to daily, earnest prayer, preservation from an impatient, a repining or a distrustful spirit, faith being granted to appropriate "My Grace is sufficient for thee," as for Paul.

Night after night I dwell upon (silently repeating) many beautiful hymns, and many of the most precious promises of Holy Scripture—promises of my God and Saviour—kept from all doubt of *acceptance* in and through Him alone, not having a single plea of any other kind. I hold as a creed, adopted many years ago, the lines in Cowper, of which these form the substance:

> "I never trusted in an arm but Thine,
> Nor hoped but in *Thy righteousness* divine,"

with their previous and following context.* I long and pray for entire conformity to the will, and mind and example of Christ.

In First-month 1875, John Ford's strength failed so rapidly that those about him thought the end was near. But such was not the case. Months of weakness and weariness were still to be his portion; and a long course of bodily suffering was before him, in which he was permitted strikingly to exemplify the theme which was especially dear to him—the all-sufficiency of Divine grace to support

* Since the dear hour, that brought me to Thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but Thine,
Nor hoped but in Thy righteousness divine:
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe'er performed, it was their brightest part,
That they proceeded from a grateful heart;
Cleansed in Thine own all purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good;
I cast them at Thy feet—my only plea
Is what it was, dependence upon Thee;
While struggling in the vale of tears below,
That never failed nor shall it fail me now.

COWPER'S "TRUTH."

in every hour of need. The difficulty of going up and down stairs becoming very great, in Third-month a room adjoining his bedchamber was hastily fitted up as a sitting-room; and here he spent many happy hours. The extreme beauty of the Spring and of the vegetation in the gardens seen from the window, was a continued source of delight to him. He looked upon them as the works of his Heavenly Father's hand, testifying to His love and goodness.

He retired to rest early. After a few hours' sleep he usually woke feeling much refreshed, and enjoyed sitting up by the fire for an hour or two in the very early morning. The comparative freedom from pain and lethargy usually granted him in these early hours he felt to be a peculiar blessing, and his "Matins" (as he termed them) were the brightest part of the day. It was then that he enjoyed his Scripture readings in Greek and English; and Anna Shipton's books,* recently brought under his notice, were a source of great comfort and help to him. It was at such times before returning to bed that he made most of the brief records in pencil which form the continuation of his Diary.

3 mo. 23.—Weariness and pain. Many a prayer for patience amidst the trials of the poor body—not in vain.

3 mo. 31.—Faith not failed, but longing for light and love.

To Rebecca Thompson.

4 mo. 6, 1875.—I thank thee very much for thy encouraging and comforting texts. How wonderfully does a visitation of illness, especially amidst the weakness of age, enhance the estimate of the priceless value of Holy Scripture—its glorious promises—its *assurances*—its setting forth of the infiniteness of

* "Wayside Service;" "Asked of God;" "The Lost Blessing;" "Waiting Hours;" "The Secret of the Lord;" "The Promise and the Promiser;" "The Watch Tower in the Wilderness;" "Tell Jesus;" and "Footsteps of the Flock."

our Heavenly Father's love to us, in and through His dear Son our adorable Redeemer. * * * I should be an ungrateful receiver of blessings did I not thankfully acknowledge that I am not permitted to distrust my Saviour's love, notwithstanding intervening clouds of weariness and pain sometimes drift across the sky, and partially obscure the sun for a time.

To Isaac Brown.

4 mo. 14.—As regards the body and its varied ailments, I am many stages lower than when I saw thee last. As regards the spirit, *that* was a time of most especial favour. I have thought of it since as a brief sojourn in the land of Beulah and of intercourse with the "Shepherds" on the "Delectable Mountains." I did indeed experience the *joy* as well as the *peace* of believing, arising partly perhaps from a near prospect of *home*. And now, through the clouds of the discipline of pain, I have faith to believe that the sun is shining *above* the clouds, and through occasional rifts I see its brightness and feel its glow. I will not speak of my increasing ailments; it would be a depressing catalogue. They do not seem to point to a speedy issue. Is it wrong to long for home, with a full reservation "Thy will be done?" I *may* tell you of my blessings and alleviations and exemptions; I have no oppression on the breathing when at rest—no head-ache—no confusion of intellect. I have numerous kind friends. * * * You know that I have a most kind and faithful, watchful attendant in my old servant, for whom I have made a life provision. I am still able to enjoy reading. * * * My more than daily prayer is for "grace sufficient" for every hour—every moment.

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4 mo. 19.—Earnest prayer for entire resignation. The future moment by moment, referred solely to Thy keeping and direction.

4 mo. 23.—Why do I long to go home? To avoid suffering? Or for love to Christ and desires to be with Him? Oh give me this for His sake, and faith and grace to bear.

4 mo. 24.—In "The Lost Blessing," (pages 161 and 162) most precious promises brought home to my great comfort. The refrain,

"Follow the Master's footsteps,
Drink of the Master's cup."

Prayer for patient acquiescence for each moment—Grace sufficient. "Christ hath sufficed thee, and He shall suffice;"—sufficed in action formerly, in suffering now.

4 mo. 25.—More exalted views of Gospel ministry. Retrospect of very imperfect service. Is the present teaching a preparation for the perfect service of another life, in which "His servants shall serve Him?"

4 mo. 28.—Many an upward look for patience.

5 mo. 6, 1875.—Reading Anna Shipton's little books has impressed me with the imperfection of past services, and led me to believe that one purpose may be accomplished in the present discipline of pain,—and I have prayed that it may be so—a preparation for the more blessed service at *home* in Heaven. Another purpose is, I believe, accomplishing,—more and more meetness for that service—more and more of "wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption."

5 mo. 25.—Ailments increasing. My refuge is prayer for Grace sufficient. Peace still—no fear—longing for home.

5 mo. 31.—My prayer is now for help "to pray without ceasing." Kneeling and rising are times of great pain. He is not a hard Master.

6 mo. 1.—Whilst arranging my pillows, my kind, faithful attendant gave me that most precious text, "As thy days so shall thy strength be." Enabled to accept it, my heart overflowed with thanksgiving in the peace and joy of believing.

6 mo. 5.—The thought sometimes occurs that the end may be remote. My prayer is, "in Thy own good time, Lord—hasten the day."

6 mo. 7.—Some abatement of pain in this nocturnal vigil. A

poor sick child longing for *home*—peaceful and helped in prayer—therefore—*to God be all the glory.*

6 mo. 10.—Enjoyments *still*, but not in them—seen and heard from my nice day-room :—the advance of Spring—the beauty of the opening buds and flowers—the gushing rain—to-day, the rolling thunder, the bass of the great anthem, "Spring has come forth, her work of gladness to contrive."

6 mo. 17.—The happiness of the boys at Bootham,—present and impending—about to *go home* and then to be *there*, is even now (4 a.m.) sweetly associated with the thought of going to, and being *in* a home, —purchased, prepared,—one of the many mansions. "What will it be to be there ?"

6 mo. 21.—"When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid." Not afraid now, nor when lying down at last—through Thy redeeming love, adorable Redeemer.

6 mo. 22.—The Spirit Himself witnessing with my spirit that I—even I—am a *son*, redeemed by the precious blood of Christ and by that alone. To God be glory a thousand fold. Thankful for a long midnight vigil of clear intellect and abated pain.

The decay of bodily strength progressing slowly but steadily, at last confined John Ford entirely to his bed-room. He was wheeled in his chair into the sitting-room for the last time on the Fourth of Seventh-month. The lethargy which for months had been very trying to him became so much more oppressive, added to constantly increasing debility, that he could read but little, and writing was very burdensome. Then came complete confinement to bed. In addition to almost constant internal pain, the sense of extreme exhaustion, often as trying as pain, tested his patience to the utmost. Those who had known him in his earlier days, and remembered his nervous temperament, his ready excitability and his extreme sensitiveness to pain, could not but marvel at the patience and unmurmuring spirit with which he bore his days and nights of suffering and unrest. But He who gave the assurance, "My Grace is sufficient for

thee,"—a promise which the sufferer loved to dwell on during the whole of his illness,—did not forsake His servant, but was ever present in the hour of need. Though the outward man was perishing, yet the inward man was renewed day by day; and so to the last he could thankfully testify that as his day so had his strength been.

The great pleasure he had always taken in hymns and devotional poetry, proved a constant source of comfort and enjoyment. The love of Jesus was a theme on which he delighted to dwell. "Oh," he exclaimed one day in the earlier part of his illness, "if I should ever be permitted again to preach the Gospel in Meetings, how earnestly would I set forth the exceeding love of Jesus."

Rather more than six months before his decease, such a vivid sense of acceptance in Christ Jesus was granted, that he frequently afterwards referred to this period as being "in the land of Beulah:" and this sense of acceptance was mercifully continued to the last. During the protracted period of pain and weariness through which he had to pass, he was never permitted to doubt that through redeeming love his name was written in the Lamb's Book of Life. The precious sense of entire peace which was so often felt in sitting by him, was more than can be expressed. The sting and the fear of death were removed. In sending messages to friends at a distance he would say, "Tell them I am troubled in body, but with undisturbed peace."

As he became unable to write letters, he would request one or other of those about him to write for him, and would make a few memoranda in pencil of what he wished to say. One of these, dated 7 mo. 16, is as follows:—

My kind substitute ——— most readily undertakes the duty of amanuensis to one who each morning on awaking feels himself a poor *sick child* under the notice of a loving Heavenly Father, and a Saviour close at hand; and thus faith and hope and assurance are sustained even amidst much debility and intervals of acute pain. Very dear love, though very weary and feeble.

It was touching to hear his fervent expressions of gratitude and thankfulness for any alleviation of pain or uneasiness. One evening he was much disturbed by a band of music in the street. On the following night he remarked that the absence of this annoyance was a cause of thankfulness, and he felt that favours and mercies however small should not be unacknowledged. Many a time he would say, "Take hold of my arm—and now a prayer for a blessing on the means used—that there may be a little alleviation for the coming hour.—And now I will try and get a little sleep." Then like a weary child, when his pillow was smoothed down, he would settle for a brief rest. Again and again would the simple prayer arise, "If it be Thy will—if it be *Thy* will—give a little relief from suffering to Thy poor sick child."

One evening about three weeks before his decease he said, "I wish to say emphatically in the presence of you all as witnesses, that I have found the grace of God sufficient on all occasions." He used nearly the same words more than once subsequently, adding to them the declaration that his faith and trust had not been permitted to waver.

During a time of extreme suffering on the 8th of Eighth-month, John Ford hastily sent for an absent friend who had been much with him during his illness, and who thus describes the interview.

"On going to the bed-side, he said, 'I want thee to pray for me, and with me.' And as the words were feebly uttered, 'Heavenly Father, we ask Thee for Jesus' sake.'—he interposed, 'Oh, yes! that is it, for Jesus' sake.' We asked that the Saviour would be very near through all the journey; and again he joined in,—'and to the river's brink.' We added 'and through the river.' The next words were his,—'and to the very gates.' And when we added, 'and into the presence of the Saviour whom he so loved and served,' the dear invalid gave a most emphatic 'Amen.' His soul seemed satisfied."

In the morning of his last day upon earth, his mind wandered a little, and the power of speech for a time seemed gone. Occasionally the suffering expression of his countenance was changed for one of exceeding brightness, and his eyes had a very far-away look, as if gazing on something beyond the ken of those about him. Once when thus gazing upwards he beckoned with his finger; and when asked if he wanted something, he said, "I want to go home:" and after awhile, "Tell them to come quickly:" then more distinctly, "He knows me better than any human eye," adding emphatically, "and I know Him." Words of prayer followed, but only one sentence could be gathered, "Thou knowest all the process to the *very end.*" Faith and patience did indeed hold out to the close. His breathing gradually became quieter till it gently ceased, and the redeemed spirit entered into the joy of his Lord.

John Ford died on the 16th of Eighth-month, 1875, aged seventy-four years and five months. His remains were interred in the Friends' Burial Ground, York, on the 19th. One of the many who loved and honoured him, and who came from a distance to pay their last tribute of respect, has given the following account of the day's proceedings.

"I had the privilege of attending the interment: it took place in the Friends' Burial Ground, Heslington Road, York, a mile or so out of the city. The place is retired and rural, prettily planted with shrubs, and intersected with walks. Here and there on that occasion, some bird occasionally gave forth its sweet note; and the afternoon sunbeams were falling brightly on the graves of the silent dead. Friends from many places, near and far off,—old pupils,—teachers who had served under the deceased as their chief,—City acquaintances,—the then pupils of Bootham School, and old servants of a former day, made their way, some on foot, some in equipages, to the place of sepulture. When the more immediate mourners had arrived with the remains, all drew around the open grave, a mixed but reverent company. The grave was the one in which Rachel Ford had been interred some years before,—a woman of no common virtues, and eminently graced with the ornament of a

meek and quiet spirit. On headstones in immediate proximity, I read the honoured names of Samuel Tuke and Joseph Rowntree, two of John Ford's most loved and chosen friends. A heavenly feeling of unusual solemnity overspread the gathered throng, and fitting, teaching, soul-inspiring words were spoken in memory of the dead, and in praise of the efficacy of Christ's sustaining Grace. Years fulfilled, service accomplished, suffering over, an eternity of bliss begun, were thoughts, no doubt, that passed through many a mind.

As the company slowly moved away, Fielden Thorp, once John Ford's pupil, then a teacher under him, and eventually his successor as Superintendent of Bootham School, was seen to lead to the grave-side an aged pilgrim, who reverently looked down into that deep and narrow resting-place. This was Thomas Richardson, bravely bearing the weight of four-score years, a clergyman of the Church of England, a practical member of the fraternity of Teachers, and long one of John Ford's personal friends. Many others also passed over the newly upturned earth to take a last look at the coffin and the grave, and then there was a general adjournment to the Meeting-house in the City. A good and solemn Meeting ensued. The vocal offerings, whether of comment, exhortation, or prayer, seemed to me peculiarly fitted to the occasion,—judicious in their references, alike to the living and the dead.

After the Meeting a gathering of many of John Ford's old pupils, teachers and friends took place at the Bootham School, under the efficient direction of John Firth Fryer, the present Superintendent. We broke bread together under cheerful yet mingled feelings; and then a brief sketch of our dear honoured friend's last illness was read, which took us most touchingly through his lingering hours, his triumphs of faith, his passage of the Jordan of death, and his ascent to the very Gates of Heaven.

On my way to the Railway Station to return home, crossing the handsome Lendal Bridge that spans the Ouse, the sun was seen hanging low in misty yet gorgeous splendour over the river. With what keen zest of enjoyment had I known my departed friend to gaze on similar sights. The splendid view became at once a reminder of the glorious land he had entered, where flows a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, and where no earthly mists obscure the light of Him who is its Sun."

SECTION VI.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

John Ford's long professional career presents phases differing widely from each other. His earlier scholars retain impressions in some respects very dissimilar from those which are cherished by his pupils of a later period, when under the power of Divine grace and the influence of his happy marriage, the asperities of his character and the impulsiveness of younger life were softened down and brought into subjection. Thus the personal reminiscences of one may present a portrait, which however truthful and life-like at the particular period, is hardly recognized by others whose acquaintance with the original was limited to a different stage of life. With the hope therefore of presenting a more comprehensive picture than if it had been drawn by one limner only, the Editor invited the assistance of some of his friends, who either as Teachers or Scholars (or both) had been intimately connected with John Ford; and he feels much indebted to them for the kindness and readiness with which they have responded to his application. He has preferred giving the sketches separately at the risk of occasional repetition, rather than attempting to combine or condense them.

I.

Reminiscences of Lawrence Street School, 1829 to 1835.

It is difficult at this distance of time to recall the exact condition of the School at its commencement, but if in answer to his request the following jottings will in any way serve the Editor's purpose, the writer has pleasure in placing them at his disposal.

I well remember arriving at the School at its opening under John Ford in 1829, in the old-fashioned six-inside "Trafalgar" Coach, which set a fellow-scholar and myself down at the door, after a journey of forty miles occupying over six hours. I wish I could as readily recall my early impressions of John Ford and of the school at that time; but as I find this is impossible, I must be allowed in attempting to put down a few reminiscences, to give them as belonging to the whole period I remained at Lawrence St. School.

There was, I remember, a mixed element in the School at its commencement, some boys remaining over from the previous régime who were not "Friends." One of these is distinctly impressed on my mind from my having seen him, when calling at the School prior to John Ford's becoming the head, stripped for a pugilistic encounter. I never remember an actual "fight" taking place in my school-days, and this, like the free use of the cane which had previously existed, was entirely abolished. I do not mean to say corporal punishment was *never* used, but I only remember one boy—and he was a most troublesome one—who after spending some days in "————'s Castle," (as the room he was placed in was called), was flogged, whether for his good or not I cannot say: and beyond an occasional boxing of the ears I do not remember any other.

If my recollections are correct, as I believe they are, that corporal punishment was in fact abolished, it will be readily seen in looking back to the condition of the public mind and the practice of schools generally at that period, how far John Ford was ahead of his time in thus preferring to depend upon moral power and suasion, for the government of the School.

That he was successful in this, I feel no doubt; and I should think that the actual amount of other punishment was decidedly small. That this government was one which worked easily in all cases, or to the equal satisfaction of all concerned, it would however be a mistake to suppose. Many would have preferred "a good flogging" to the prolonged interviews or long silent sittings in the Library or in seclusion.

There was also at the period under review, what I have no doubt John Ford struggled hard to overcome, (and did to a large extent overcome in later years,)—though we boys knew nothing of this and judged him hardly in consequence—great

irregularity of temper, and at times much petulance was shewn. I well remember that the manner in which a certain door was shut behind him as he entered the School in the morning, was looked upon as an index of the way in which we might expect to be treated for the day; and thus whilst some carelessness or want of attention was one day treated with much good temper, and some allowance made for the stupidity or infirmity of the boy, the same offences were on another treated with undue harshness, and a class might be suddenly sent to its place, or a book sent at the head of a poor fellow stammering over his Latin or French, which it is needless to say only increased his difficulty and made the lessons an object of dread and aversion. Not that there was intentional unkindness in all this, but the uncertainty had an injurious effect on some boys, and made his reign to them one of fear instead of love. And thus it may easily be imagined that with sensitive boys or those who could not easily forget these explosions, school reminiscences were not so unmixed as might have been desired.

But it seems unjust to one whom I so heartily loved in after years, to dwell so long on the weaker side of his character, and in doing so, I can make every allowance for the difficulties he had to encounter with his warm, impulsive nature; and as is usually the case with such natures, the sunny days were really delightful ones. To the stupid boy he would explain the lesson as few others could, so clearly and kindly that he must needs understand it, and what brought tears one day, caused a smile then: for the restless or inattentive the fullest allowance was made consistent with good order, whilst the warm, hearty approval given to those who did their work well, went far to efface the less pleasing recollections of other days. Most delightful also under such influences were the excursions or long walks, when gathering around John Ford, he would be the centre of all that amused or interested us—a good joke, a good natured quiz, an apt quotation, a few lines of poetry, a race or a jump in which we were of course beaten:—then his deep interest in Natural History and his quick observation, helped to strengthen and form that love of Nature which has always been so prominent a feature in York School.

How many there are to whom the remembrance of "Langwith" in connexion with these excursions, will bring back a rush of pleasant thoughts, and make them perhaps for the moment sigh

that they are not still boys, and able as then to drink in with the freshness of a boy's delight a draught of the elixir of childhood.

I have very little recollection of what may be called any directly religious influence in the school. There were not more than two or three boys who ventured to read their Bibles in public except when expected to do so on First-days; and I remember during the last year I was at school being taunted by the head teacher, why I know not, with "trying to be *relegeous*," as he called it. As to John Ford's own earnest desire to promote and encourage a religious tone in the school, I have not the slightest doubt; and I can recall certain occasions, as in the instance of severe illness or a death in the school, when his earnest addresses impressed many young hearts, and sowed or helped to water seeds which have since borne good fruit.

Great as the difficulty may be supposed to be in the present day in obtaining good Teachers, it is nothing compared with the period under review; and the Teacher to whom I have just referred (not a "Friend") would not now be deemed worthy of the post he held; and in passing I cannot but note the great benefits which the Flounders' Institute has conferred upon the Schools of the Society of Friends.

If this retrospect may seem to have brought out in too sharp or distinct a form the failings of one, who in after years became so admirably adapted for his post, it may not be without a service in showing how with increasing years came increasing wisdom and self-control; and if I and others may have had to bear what may be compared to the rule of a "'prentice" hand, which was not at all times wise or equal in its pressure—we cannot but rejoice that others have benefited by the experience thus gained; and whilst feeling that there were matters in the early years of his administration which may be regarded with regret, there must ever remain in the memory of his pupils, the image of one who never descended to anything that was mean or unbecoming, and who endeavoured to uphold in his life as well as in his words the high standard of Christian character put before us in the words, "Brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

JAMES H. TUKE.

II.

In the year 1844, coming as a little boy to School at Lawrence Street, I first became acquainted with John Ford; little thinking how largely my whole life would be influenced by my intercourse with him. Great was the awe, though mingled with a cordial feeling of esteem, with which most of the junior scholars, myself included, regarded him.

There was a little ante-room partitioned off from the Library in Lawrence Street, where I believe some books and papers, shoes, slippers, and the like belonging to J. F. were stowed; but the current tradition of the school maintained that it was there that the cane was kept. As, however, I never knew it to be brought out from this or any other hiding-place during the thirty-one years over which my acquaintance with John Ford extended, I may use the language of the Roman Historian, and say, "de ea re nihil satis comperti affirmare velim."

Acute physical sensitiveness was associated in John Ford's case with a keen perception of the beautiful in nature, and a quick appreciation of that which is lovely and of good report in the characters of those around him. An amusing instance of the first point occurred to me as a little boy:—In the course of a game in the playground I had wounded my head by a knock against a tree, so that it bled profusely, and a school-fellow in alarm took me off to the old nurse who then presided over the infirmary department. She, I suppose, deemed the case beyond her skill, and forthwith fetched in John Ford, who proceeded to apply plaster in a very skilful style. But while engaged thus he noticed that a Dutch clock which hung in the room was on the point of striking. He could not endure the interruption of this noise; and instantly clapt his hand on the pendulum and stopped the clock.

Of his delight in the beauty of the outward creation his frequent references to it in addresses to the boys bore witness—and not unconnected with this was his keen relish for poetry. Some of us can remember with how much effect he would bring out, after reading with us in the school-room the Scripture narrative of Saul's interview with the spirit of Samuel at Endor, the powerful lines in which Byron has depicted the scene:—or remind us at a Meeting of the Natural History Society, in Cowper's words, of Him

" Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels His throne upon the rolling worlds."

Old scholars who knew something of the discipline of sickness while under John Ford's care, will well remember his kindness. Along with somewhat of sternness in manner there was a depth of sympathy and consideration for suffering that at once gained the loving confidence of the patient. He was once visiting for the first time at a friend's house, where two boys were staying, one of whom was evidently in delicate health. After they had left the room, the two were exchanging notes about the visitor. The elder, a youth in vigorous health, remarked, "What an eye he has! it seems to look right through you!" "*I* think it is a very kind eye," was the response of the invalid.

Very early in his career, John Ford became fully alive to the importance of providing useful and pleasant occupation for leisure time. Even while closely pressed with the ordinary work of the school, he devoted many hours to editing a manuscript magazine, called *The Naturalist* which circulated among the boys. Every York scholar must remember the interest he took in the various pursuits promoted by the "Natural History and Polytechnic Society," of which he was the founder, and, up to his decease, the president. As long as health permitted, he delighted to attend the half-yearly and other special meetings of the Society—where a cordial welcome always awaited him. He would tell us from time to time, in his old lively way, how a botanical box carried by one of the party when he and two of his scholars were in Wales together, procured them an introduction to one of the leading officials employed on the construction of the Britannia Bridge over the Menai Straits, and a walk over the tube in his company: or would take up the specimen of the Ziczac (the *Trochilus* of Herodotus), and recount, to the amusement of the youngsters, the cleverness of the bird and its friendship for the Crocodile;—and would add a few words of loving, practical counsel on the employment of leisure time.

Thirty years ago, when Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, with a smattering of French, history and geography formed the staple of ordinary school instruction, he was fully alive to the value of natural science as a branch of education; and though the appliances now so abundant were almost unknown, he contrived to interest his scholars by means of lectures, in geology, physiology, mechanics, chemistry and astronomy. These lectures

were at first often delivered by himself, and gradually entrusted to some of the resident teachers, whose attention had been directed to one or another of these sciences.

As a teacher or lecturer, he was somewhat deficient in method —but his discursiveness was to a large extent compensated for by the lively manner, awakening the sympathetic interest of his scholars. He had a great dread of resembling Quintilian's description of the "magister aridus"—the "dry stick" as he used to translate the phrase. But I had comparatively little experience of his teaching in ordinary class work;—his influence in the moral government of the school is what lives most in my recollection of those earlier years. He was eminently successful in inculcating a high standard of truthfulness—not the mere abstention from direct falsehood, which he would characterize as a very poor idea indeed of the requirements of truth, but the avoidance of all shifts, evasions, and underhand doings—the endeavour to act, and speak, and live in perfect sincerity and straightforwardness. The frank acknowledgment of an offence went very far to secure his overlooking it, while any attempts at prevarication generally resulted in the utter shame and confusion of the offender.

In the prospect of entering the school in 1850 as a Junior teacher, I wrote to John Ford to enquire the nature of the work that would be likely to fall to my lot. After giving some details in reply as to the subjects taught in the lower classes, J. F. proceeds:—

"In replying to thy father's letter I mentioned that the indescribable part of our work was far the larger portion. To attempt to describe the indescribable would probably be a failure. To discriminate wisely between that which is merely the result of the liveliness and volatility of youth, and that which indicates moral obliquity, and to treat each accordingly; to be yielding yet firm; to be all things to all boys, in the apostolic sense; to cultivate large sympathy with the cheerful spirit of youth; to see that our humility keeps ahead of our knowledge;—these, and many other faculties and endowments will be needed for that part of our work which I have not attempted to describe."

One secret of John Ford's success lay in his power of making his influence felt through his teachers. We have known very conscientious, pains-taking schoolmasters quite unable to attain

this: their personal oversight, their constant presence, seemed necessary to the working of the machine; or, if this were not the case, the under-masters were left to carry through the discipline of the school by the mere weight of their own authority, with little guidance or support from the Principal. John Ford's own experience at Rochester had shown him the importance of such guidance and support from the head-master; and some of those who were long associated with him at York can bear testimony that he had learned the lesson well. Vividly do they remember his kind, almost fatherly sympathy with the young teacher in his difficulties and discouragements; his readiness to interpose his personal influence and authority for the support of a subordinate officer, and the relief experienced, in cases of difficulty, from transferring the responsibility to him.

Eminently characteristic is the following piece of advice; and those who were privileged to be associated with him in the School, will bear testimony how fully he carried out in his own practice the precepts he inculcated. "Watch your opportunities; help your pupils in their little difficulties, answer every request so as to invite another, aid them in their pursuits of science, or natural history, in prosecuting their inquiries, in determining and naming their plants, their fossils, and their shells:—avail yourselves of every occasion of making yourselves acquainted with their parents and their home; there is magic in even a small amount of this community of interest and of feeling: be the first to detect any little ailment, or indisposition and whilst guarding against anything that would minister to effeminacy, or that would discourage them from bearing with manly fortitude, their portion of pain or of sickness, let them see that your liveliest sympathy is awakened, and your kindest care manifested. Above all, watch the precious moment of affliction, or sorrow, it is then that the portals of the youthful heart are open; wisely, gently, unobtrusively, unofficiously, perhaps almost silently, seek to soothe and console them then."

Amongst the various papers written by John Ford for the Friends' Educational Society is one entitled "Influence and Authority," from which the extract just quoted was taken. Another of great value is on "The Duties and Difficulties of Young Teachers." A careful perusal of these papers will give those who did not know John Ford a fair idea of his professional character. I will conclude my remarks with a single extract

from the latter, in which I cannot help feeling he was describing somewhat of his own happy experience. "Bringing to the service a sense of duty and of love; that genuine interest and true earnestness, without which nothing worth accomplishing can be brought to a successful issue, the teacher will find that his honourable profession amply rewards its votaries. He will win the grateful affection of the young by ministering to their thirst for information, by exciting and gratifying their curiosity in the boundless fields of knowledge, as well as by checking their wayward tendencies, and attracting them to the paths of peace and safety. As years roll on, still distrusting himself, being a constant and earnest applicant for that wisdom which is from above, he will become a happy and an honoured man. Still endeavouring faithfully to fulfil his trust, he will find his power to influence others increased, and his sphere of usefulness enlarged. The affection of the schoolboy towards him will be matured into the grateful esteem of the young man, whose heart is still open to the word of counsel from him whom he learned to love in his earlier years. Not in the spirit of self-exaltation, but with self-renouncing gratitude to God for the ability which He has given to labour in His vineyard, he will sometimes be cheered and encouraged by seeing those whom he has taught, exemplifying the christian principles he has laboured to instil. To see truth and kindness and purity still the stamp of their character, and as years increase, to mark in them the consistent and intelligent advocates of the right, exemplifying that moral courage, firm yet gentle, which he strove to implant—to see them the faithful servants of Christ, consecrating to Him their talents and their learning, laying all their gifts upon His altar —this may be at times his happy experience, and he may say with the apostle, in the spirit of thankful gratitude, "what is our hope, our joy, our crown of rejoicing; are not even ye in the presence of Jesus Christ?" Though bowed down at times with a sense of poor imperfect service, confessing himself an unprofitable servant, yet trusting in his Heavenly Father's mercy in Jesus Christ, he may hope at the end to receive the crown of his labours in the approving sentence of "Well done!"

FIELDEN THORP.

III.

I had the privilege of serving as a Teacher at Bootham for three years; and that, during what may perhaps be called the Augustan period of John Ford's administration,—his physical energy still large, his mind lively and vigorous, the asperities of an earlier day almost entirely worn down, and his Christian character, though, as we know, still further to be matured, even then shining with distinguished lustre.

On first crossing the threshold, I perceived, at a glance, that he was master of the place. His will and word were law: but that will was so happily regulated by heavenly wisdom, that only on one occasion, was I cognizant of anything approaching to arbitrariness in his management of the boys; for which, his subsequent demeanour clearly showed his humiliation and regret.

The assurance he gave me before entering the school, that, "from his wife and himself I should receive all the assistance their position and ability could afford," was well fulfilled. Though expecting from a Teacher the right discharge of his duties, he was truly sympathizing with him in his difficulties. One instance is vividly before me, when, at inconvenience to himself, he sought me out as I was sitting withdrawn from others under a temporary feeling of much discouragement, and poured balm into my wounded spirit. With all his kindness, however, my three years under him never quite wore off a feeling of restraint in his presence somewhat painful to bear, notwithstanding his evident effort to put me perfectly at ease.

I knew scarcely anything of John Ford as an actual class teacher, maintaining needful order, and laboriously instilling book-learning from day to day. That part of a Teacher's vocation, he had, at the period referred to, almost entirely discontinued. But, as a trainer of youth, as a director of mental effort and leisure hour pursuits, as a moral preceptor, as an expounder of religious truth, and as an advocate of all that is pure, and lovely, and honest, and of good report, I had the pleasure of knowing him at his prime.

That he had great influence over the young is undoubted: and this influence resulted from a combination of qualifications. Love alone will not give this power: but when on this foundation

stone rests a true understanding of a boy's nature,—a perception of his legitimate tastes, and ability to aid them,—a vivacity that attracts the juvenile mind,—a power of will, an honesty of purpose, a readiness of expedient all exerted on a boy's behalf,—a sympathy with his joys and with his sorrows,—the gift vividly to pourtray and to recommend what is right, and equal power in denouncing what is wrong,—mental acquirements, which, if not profound, are yet varied, and amply sufficient to command respect,—a disposition not blindly, but hopefully, to look on the brighter side of a young delinquent, and whilst faithfully pointing out his errors, not always upbraiding him,—and when from the basement to the very topstone of this goodly column is mingled the unyielding mortar of true Christian interest,—then a teacher, under the Divine blessing, is signally gifted for tutoring and moulding the minds of his precious charge. And those who knew John Ford in his full and mature development, will readily admit, that these endowments were bestowed on him in no ordinary degree.

His method, stated without detail, was threefold:—daily mingling with the boys, and so exerting an almost unfelt but powerful influence;—private, loving labour in its many forms;—and public exhortation; in which he addressed himself with remarkable skill, to school-boy needs, virtues, failings, dangers, or privileges, as the occasion might require. His style in these addresses was peculiarly his own; and I cannot doubt they often left many of his young audience fired with a true desire to tread the road he had been depicting, to climb those heights of mental or moral excellence which his graphic language had clothed with brightness, or to walk as disciples of that gracious Saviour, whose love, from practical acquaintance, he could so winningly proclaim. The teachers, too, participated in the benefit of these exhortations: delivered, as they mostly were, on the Sabbath evening, they often acted as a stimulus to my own mind, to discharge to the best of my humble ability, the various duties of the week.

THOMAS PUPLETT.

IV.

In reviewing the professional career of our late friend, it must

be remembered that he did not enjoy the advantages of training now open to those who pursue the profession of teaching. The extreme difficulty of obtaining trained helpers was one of the most formidable difficulties in his early years as a schoolmaster. No one rejoiced more than John Ford when the establishment of the Flounders' Institute, the enhanced estimate of the teacher's office in the Society of Friends, and the opening of the door to university honours, began to attract to the profession larger numbers of our talented young men. The meetings and publications of the Friends' Educational Society, founded in 1836, exercised a powerful influence in advancing the cause of education, and in promoting the change of feeling we have referred to in respect to the profession of teaching. Along with Samuel Tuke, Josiah Forster, William Thistlethwaite, Thos. Pumphrey, Joseph Rowntree, and others, John Ford took a prominent part in the gatherings held for a series of years on the day succeeding the Ackworth General Meeting for the discussion of educational subjects. His review of the History of the Association, his essays on Influence and Authority, and on the Duties and Difficulties of Young Teachers, remain to attest the quickness of his mental and moral perceptions, as well as the felicity of his style, and the aptness of his illustrations when handling topics that called forth his special powers. John Ford was a warm admirer of Dr. Arnold, and often quoted him. Their characters were, however, widely dissimilar. Dr. Arnold governed Rugby as a powerful statesman might have governed a great province. John Ford's mind was cast in another mould. His *forte* was not in logical or sustained reasoning. He attained his position as a schoolmaster from the natural force of his will, combined with strong sympathies, warm emotions, and an almost feminine sensitiveness of the perceptive faculties.

The progressive nature of the work of Divine grace was conspicuously illustrated in the life of our late friend. With advancing years Christian experience mellowed, softened, and tranquilised his character. It will be in the remembrance of some of our readers how, in one of the last Educational Meetings, having counselled the young teacher to be no striker, he avowed the wish it were possible for him to recall every instance when he himself had transgressed this rule.*

JOHN S. ROWNTREE.

* Extracted by permission from a leading article in "The Friend."

V.

As a School-boy my knowledge of John Ford extended over the seven years which I spent at Bootham, entering at nine years of age. I shall ever look back to York at that period as a School where boys were well and considerately treated. Their best interests, spiritually, morally, intellectually, and physically considered, were well looked after; and the principle of honour fostered in the happiest manner.

John Ford never either caned or birched; and the moral influence which he had with the boys was I believe far more effective than corporal punishment. We not only respected him, but we feared to grieve him. No boy will forget the grasp of his hand when there was "nothing up;" nor will any boy forget the awe of being summoned to the Library as a culprit whether for wilful disobedience or other aggravated offence. Leaving the offender in the Laboratory alone perhaps for an hour or two, he would take him into the Library, and seating him by his warm fire would kindly and in a gentle and fatherly manner remonstrate with the boy. Such a course generally attained the desired end, and John Ford had rarely to do more. But if needful to resort to an ultimatum, he would show a hardened offender a letter written to his father expressing his (J. F.'s) extreme regret in having in the interest of the school to dismiss the boy. I do not remember this ever failing to bring a boy to his right mind—thus rendering it needless to post the letter.

John Ford made the Bible a book which was really attractive to us boys. His lessons on Scripture History, enriched by most interesting details and illustrations from Dr. Robinson, Lieutenant Lynch and other Eastern travellers, specially caught the attention of myself, and hence they were always looked forward to with pleasure. He took great pains in their preparation, writing copious notes.

My sunny memories of York School would not be complete without referring to one beloved and esteemed by all—Rachel Ford. Tender and loving as a mother, it was the greatest of pleasures to take a picked rose, the best in our little garden, up to the parlour and offer it to her; though she might have many infinitely better, she would always receive it kindly and courteously, and give it an honourable place.

After leaving York, up to the time of John Ford's death, I ever esteemed it a privilege to meet him, or to call on him, and again realize the grasp of his hand and see his cheery countenance, —the countenance of a Christian now gone to his reward, whose memory is ever fragrant, and whom I can truly say, whether as a boy or man, I esteemed and loved.

THOMAS WHITWELL.

VI.

I was indeed grieved to hear of dear John Ford's death, though I do not know why we should grieve that one like him should, after finishing a long and useful life, be taken to his reward. For myself I cannot tell how much I feel I owe to him. Whatever I may do will be largely owing to the training which he gave me at York. He had in a most wonderful way the faculty of exciting enthusiasm in boys, and giving them a healthy, honest and manly tone, teaching them to look at life as a place in which there was something to do, and that something had to be done well and courageously. It would be hard to estimate the depth of his influence in forming the minds of the present generation. I for one shall always hold him in most affectionate remembrances.

JAMES BACKHOUSE WALKER.*

(HOBART TOWN.)

After the contributions of so many of his friends well able to form a correct estimate of John Ford's life and character, the Editor may feel excused from adding much, especially as he can endorse to a large extent the views advanced by the various writers.

It was my privilege to be associated with John Ford as a Teacher in York School for nearly a quarter of a century; and the close friendship which existed between us was broken only by his death. He had largely relinquished regular

* From a letter addressed to Elizabeth Backhouse, Holdgate, near York.

teaching before my time; but for a few years he continued to take classes in one or two subjects. Whilst there was a want of exactness in his teaching, his earnestness and animation made the lesson interesting to most, and compelled even the careless to learn; yet it was at the expenditure of so much physical energy that however advantageous it might be to the learners, it was evident such an exertion could only be maintained for a limited time. The trait which impressed me most throughout the entire period of my acquaintance with him, was his force of character. He seemed born to command. He constantly reminded me of the Centurion of Scripture; "I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another Come, and he cometh; and to my servant Do this, and he doeth it." This force of character remained to the last. To it, when brought into subjection to divine grace, in conjunction with his intense sympathy for the young—extending as it did even to very little children—may be largely attributed his success as an educator. To these qualities must be added his manliness and straightforwardness. He despised all underhand dealing; and espionage had no place in his system. The high standard of truthfulness which he upheld in his addresses to his scholars, was maintained in all his relations in life.

The readers of these pages will have noticed how deeply John Ford lamented the irritability and impulsiveness which marked his earlier days. They will have noticed too as years rolled on how these besetments were brought into subjection. To those who were intimately acquainted with him for a long series of years, the gradual toning down of these asperities under the powerful influence of Divine grace, was very instructive.

If there is one point more prominent than another in John Ford's practice as exhibited in his diary, it is his prayerfulness. Page after page reads almost like a practical commentary on the injunction, "In everything by prayer

and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God;" and often did he realize the fulfilment of the accompanying assurance, "the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Thus living in the love and fear of God, drawing his supplies of help and strength from Him, he was enabled to be an "ambassador for Christ" and to feed the flock committed to his charge; and now through the love and mercy of that Saviour on whom alone all his hopes were placed, he has entered upon the higher service of Heaven which he anticipated with such delight, for

"THERE HIS SERVANTS SHALL SERVE HIM."

William Sessions, Printer, Low Ousegate, York.

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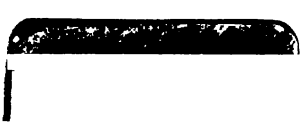

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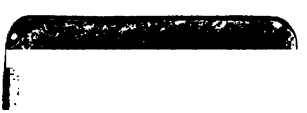

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